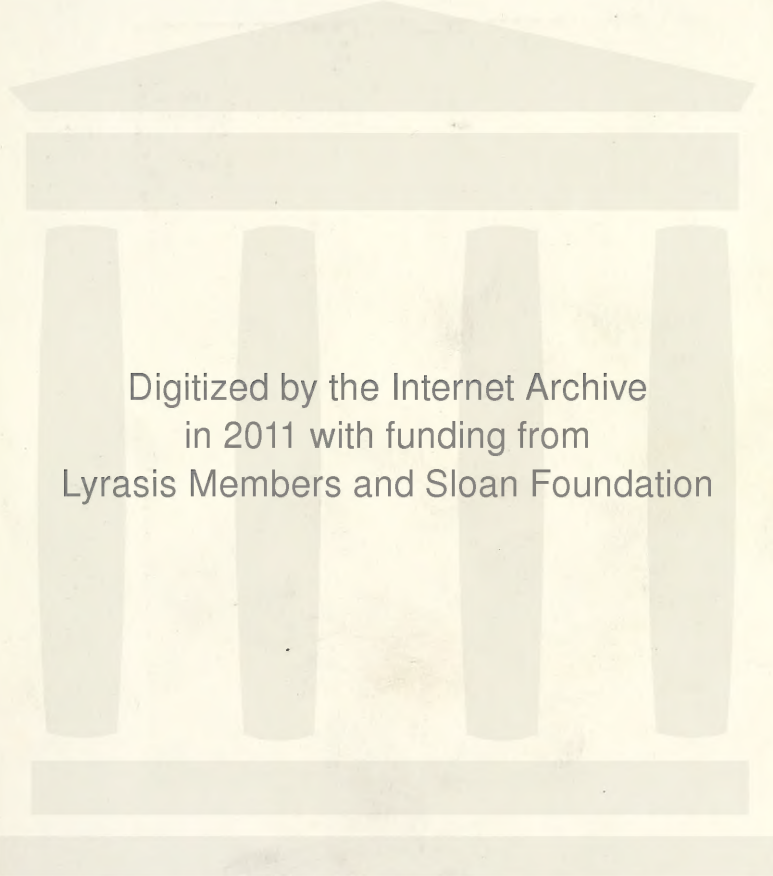


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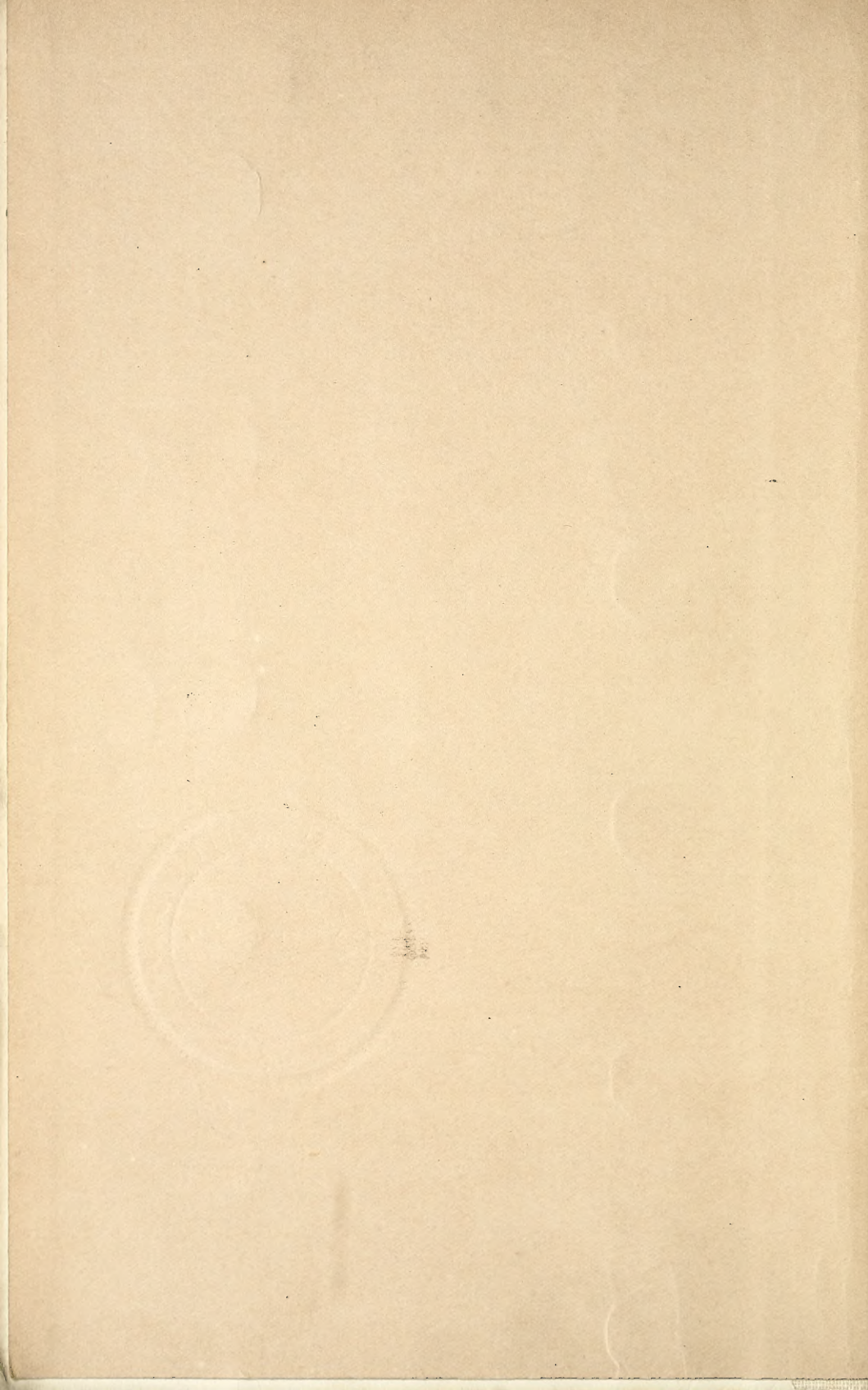




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Duquesne Monthly





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No. 1

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Number 1.

Starlight

THE lurid night slow creeps upon the day,
As thief-like crouching for a hapless prey;
While darts of sunset line her cloak of gloom,
Tired Nature, restless, waits the morning bloom.

But loving ever, with a mother's heart,
Contrives a passing pleasure to impart,
Displaying gems, she strews the Milky Way
And guides the moon thru enemy's array.

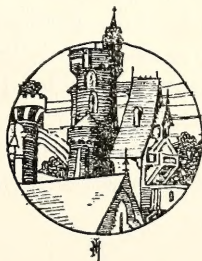
Each gleam of fire, each candle of the night
Reveals a maze of crystal, silver light,
In serried ranks they march athwart the sky,
(And, fearless, glance at earthly passers-by.)

The fleecy clouds, so lately wrapped in sun,
Their nightly roving have e'en now begun;
And stars that used them for their weary heads
To rest, are rising from the downy beds.

They dot the sky like pearls of beauty fair
By merchants set in rows of brilliance rare.

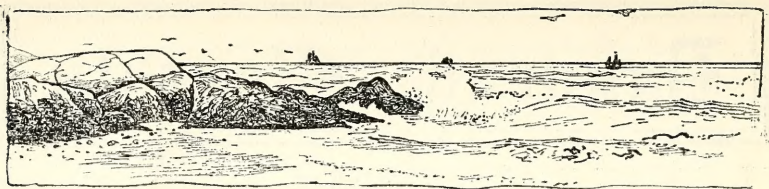
May we on earth, as stars in heaven shine,
Reflect, O God, the beauty that is Thine.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, B. A., '23.



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University Ideals

THE opening of a school year is an event of deep meaning. The blood of a fast-developing society is concentrated as it wishes to be shown the *way* to the mountain of knowledge, to see the *light* illuminating its path, to reach the summit of unerring *truth*. Universities are the torches of civilization. They point out the highways to men. Universities are like the mountain masses that once were under the billows of the sea, and yet are composed of many organisms. So the thinkers and explorers of knowledge came and went in the course of ages, each one leaving his life-work behind him; but constant if slow the process goes on till now the mass rises from its original strength, a gigantic mountain, high over the plain. I might say that the high schools are like the sea, containing in its bosom thousands of waves. All that the mind of man has accomplished throughout the ages is spent again in fructifying and vivifying. The sea supplies the clouds and the clouds, the sea. So too, knowledge once received into the mind is not dead. Theory necessarily tends to practice, and is not for the few but for the many, who by its light will shape their destinies and reach the goal of their ambitions.

What wonder and awe, for the student who enters the lecture hall of a University for the first time! The sweetest dream of all is that of knowledge, and the deepest and fullest and most potent life is that of the mind. So many questions remain unsolved in the mind of youth, questions which he hopes to have answered clearly in the university. The bud of his knowledge is ripening now, it will burst and bear fruit.

But, shall all his questions be answered rightly? Shall the buds instead of flowering, not, perhaps, be dried up? For, alas, not everything that is so-called is knowledge. Error often borrows the garb of truth and hides itself in its folds; and many a channel that boasts of the name of "Fountain of Life" has naught but water poisoned at the spring. So, too, darkness instead of light, death instead of life, can go forth from a University.

Is there any human, earthly power to shield us from such a danger? Where is the created knowledge that can never err? Is not all created truth, precisely because created, limited? It is like a star that gives light indeed, but is not strong enough to illumine our human paths. If we would be sure of the way, we must walk in the light of the sun, we must walk under the beaming light of Him Who says: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." If we really wish for truth unalloyed, we must go to Him.

Look around you and see. See the ways of the stars above, search the darkness of the abyss below; bury yourself in the study of man's history, sink your minds into the mysteries of numbers and the labyrinths of life. Lift the veil from some heretofore undiscovered truth, lay down a law hitherto unknown, a law that works and proves its own actuality, and you have reached the highest point of human knowledge. But, tell me, whence come these objects of knowledge—and knowledge must have some foundation in being? Whence those laws, so potent and fundamental that they underlie every force, and so mysterious and hidden, that man, despite the outlay of incalculable energy, needed centuries to formulate just one of them? "What hath laid the measures of the earth, or who hath stretched the lines upon it? Upon what are its bases grounded, or who laid the corner stone thereof? Who shut up the sea with doors...? Who is the father of rain, or who begot the drops of dew? Who gave a course to violent showers, or a way for noisy thunder?" "He hath made us, and not we ourselves," is creation's answer to it all. They are His witnesses; they are the stars that reflect His light; they are parts, so to speak, of the infinite reality of God, the radiations from the treasure-house of His power and wisdom.

Look again, but now, into your own soul. Whence come the power of knowing, the understanding, the memory, the creative imagination? Why is it not with us, as with some Alpine lake that looks as with a seeing eye to heaven, but soulless and dead only reflects the exterior magnificence of snow-capped hills surrounding it? Who gave you your power to penetrate beyond the shell and find the very kernel of truth, to touch the very essence of things, to find their causes, and thence build up unto yourself a veritable palace of ideas? From that same soul comes the answer: "He made us, and not we ourselves." Thus, the truths we know point to God, as their cause. But He is also their end, the summary and perfection of all truth.

Here on earth, we can never know all things, never even know any one thing adequately. Where is the mountain from which we can behold the entire world at one glance? Infinities almost stretch themselves far and wide which the eye will never see. It is even so in the world of spirit and mind. It might seem a paradox, but it is none the less true, that nowhere will we be brought face to face with the limitations of our knowledge more than in a University. From what numberless sources flows the knowledge which we seek! how manifold the departments into which this knowledge is divided! Who can encompass them all? If it could be done, how many problems would yet remain unsolved! When centuries as yet unborn shall have rolled by, the earth shall yet have its secrets; and what is the earth but an atom of sun-lighted dust? Even if we should know all this, we know nothing of the life and existence of systems beyond our own. Knowledge really knows no bounds; and the more we seek the deeper we go, and all the wider stretch out before us the endless undiscovered lands; all of which makes our greatest and truest knowledge fragmentary at best.

Withal, there is within us that unquenchable, undying thirst for knowledge. Our soul shall never be satisfied until she can with one glance behold the answer to all her problems, to see all truth in one shaft of light. But, is this striving of our innermost soul born to be in vain? Is this but another of nature's tortures; to long, and long and never know the fulfillment of our longing? 'Twere unworthy of God. He has imbedded this craving in our hearts, in order to draw us near to Himself. Created truth should awaken in us the desire for the uncreated. The beauty and magnitude of the creation are calculated to make us think of the beauty and magnitude of Him, who, by a word, calls these into existence. And if the little that shows us the work of His hands is sufficient to bind captive our wondering minds, who will not rejoice at the thought that once the end and the hour come when we shall no longer be groping in shadows and images, we shall have all truth, and knowledge in unending clearness, shall know even as we are known, because we shall see God and possess Him?

J. F. C.

(To be continued.)

Soul's Passage

THE road is dark, the way is steep,
On bended knees, my God, I creep,

Sad, sinful, groveling, alone,
Unto Thy dread majestic throne.

Oh, show me, Lord, one ray of light,
To guard and guide me thru the night—

A ray to pierce the dismal gloom
As black as death's deep confined tomb.

All else, save me, moves down the slope
Of guiding nature's blissful hope:

The heaven's aisles with stars are bright,
The winds are chanting to the night

Their paeans loud or pleadings low;
Alone I know not where to go.

The storm rolls on in awing blast,
My tide of life is ebbing fast.

My lips are parched, my eyes grow dim,
Cold death is stalking gaunt and grim;

A ray, a light of sunburst gold,
A cheer and happiness untold.

My wayward gropings now at length are past,
The way is clear. I am at home at last.

ANTON RADASEVICH, B. A., '25.





The Administration of Municipal Law *

HOW different the American City today both in size, activities and groups of citizens from the American city known fifty years ago. Then every citizen had some special duty along with his daily occupation which helped the city. He was a member of a voluntary fire department or assisted the town watchman in enforcing the law, disposed of his refuse and had his own water supply. Today we find all these duties performed by men who devote the greater portion of their lives to such vocation. Our cities are becoming larger, our citizenship more cosmopolitan until it includes almost every race, color and religion. For years our cities have been growing larger and cities are more numerous until we have fifty per cent of the United States population classified as urban. This means the municipal law affects sixty million people in their daily pursuits. Municipal law is that branch of the law which governs the activities of our cities. It includes the local ordinances of City Councils and State Statutes affecting municipalities.

There has been such a great increase in our city population that the problems of municipalities have so increased and along with it the tax rate has increased. The cities are called upon to do things that twenty years ago were unheard of. The cities of this country like those of Europe grew up because of geographical situation.

The original cities of this country were located because their site was favorable for sea trade, or in the west because of protection from Indians.

The cities of the United States are now so numerous that the old theory of geographical location is historical. Industrial reasons are causes for large cities.

Municipal law's chief function is to regulate the health.

* Master's Oration delivered June 20, 1922.

safety and property of the citizens. The greatest importance to any community is the health of its citizens.

When the cities were first established all water used by the inhabitants was taken from a nearby river or creek. No attempt was made to determine what drained into the creek or river. Often cities dumped their sewage into the same rivers and later used the river water. We can remember the typhoid epidemics which caused great numbers of deaths. The municipalities then began to study water supply and sewerage systems. Some cities found they would have to bring their water supply a great distance. Reservoirs had to be constructed, water lines laid throughout the city, filtration plant installed. The water plant of the City of Pittsburgh pumps forty billion gallons of water and it costs one million six hundred thousand dollars to operate this plant, and has six hundred employes. Now almost every American city has a supply of filtered water. Sewage is no longer disposed of in a haphazard manner but is disposed of by a great system of sewers installed throughout the city. Refuse is collected and profit made from what was thrown away.

Another item concerning the health is the inspection of food stores and milk depots. There are five hundred meat shops in Pittsburgh that must be inspected.

The cost of the Health Department in 1913 was \$625,000, in 1921 \$2,000,000.

The Safety Department has charge of the protection of lives and property of the citizens. The chief duty of a well-organized police department is to protect. With the growth of our cities the function of the safety department has greatly increased. Fifteen years ago it did not require corner men and traffic officers to prevent congestion of city streets. Now the safety department with 1,084 employes is facing constantly increasing traffic problems. Our streets are now congested. There are three solutions to this problem. First, increase the traffic force; second, forbid automobiles to park on downtown streets; third, condemn additional areas for street widening purposes as was done in Second avenue improvement in Pittsburgh. The chief objection to the latter course is the great cost to the taxpayer.

The Safety Department has charge of fire prevention. The loss of life and property annually from preventable fires is greater than can be supposed. With stricter enforcement of the building inspection laws and regular examination of buildings this loss can be eliminated.

The great number of people who attend the theaters, motion pictures and other places of amusement make it imperative that these buildings be safe and conform to the requirements. Recently many motion picture houses in Pittsburgh were closed until changes were made to conform to law. The owners had refused to follow recommendations and the only alternative was to close them.

In the enforcement of municipal regulations the cities must keep these things in mind (1) That the health of the city must be maintained to a high standard; (2) That the lives and property of citizens be given complete protection.

The American city has been criticized both by Americans and Europeans. The chief criticism has been the absence of a city plan. One administration plans a certain improvement and does not consider the relation of that improvement to the existing or future conditions.

Our cities have like Topsy "just grown." Real estate operators lay out plans which have no connection with existing streets. One man buys a lot and erects a fine home, placing his house about thirty feet from the street. Several years later after every lot has been improved some enterprising individual sees the commercial advantage to the street and erects a garage, drug store or all night grocery store.

This would be impossible under a city plan which would declare certain streets commercial, others residential, and keep it so. We must adopt a city plan in Pittsburgh before we consider any other matter in the nature of progress.

The city in carrying out large public improvements meets with large expense. Property owners seem to hold property in certain districts, hoping to secure a needed improvement in the district. When the city begins to take the property it becomes immensely valuable and their property has been destroyed. Quite different when they were petitioning the city to make the improvement. A wide street is a benefit to the whole community, but the abutting property owners secure a special benefit and they should pay for this increase in value to their property.

The whole subject of Municipal Law increases as the city is called upon to perform other services. Ten years ago the play grounds of the city of Pittsburgh cost annually sixty thousands dollars, now they amount to one hundred seventy-five thousand and we don't have sufficient playground space. I show this as an example of how municipal costs have increased.

We are fast becoming governed in all details by government. The war brought problems which must be solved by municipalities. The shortage of houses makes it necessary that the cities regulate many questions which are now left to the citizens contracting with profiteering landlord. The city must receive in increased assessments additional taxes based on rental values. A state government cannot understand local conditions to regulate rents. This must be looked after by the cities, and it will be an additional duty soon, put upon the municipal governments in Pennsylvania.

The transportation problems of a large city cannot be handled adequate by a private corporation. Transportation should be based on service not on a return of profit. Municipal operation will bring rapid transit. The city has already undertaken this problem in the downtown subway. However, the amount voted for the beginning will not be sufficient, either we will have to secure additional amount or have that charged against the city's indebtedness released for other improvements. Municipalities must continue to make needed improvements in order to promote the progress of the cities. One city in Pennsylvania has made plans to expend one hundred million dollars for improvements to streets. The city that does not advance will be because those in charge of the policy of the municipality cannot see the growing needs of the community. A city must make improvements now and make the benefit be useful and at the same time have the future pay some of the costs by long time bond issue.

Municipal Law because of the number of people affected by it has become one of the chief studies not only for the lawyer, but every citizen. Let all citizens realize that they are a part of the community and not only take civic pride but assist by a constructive criticism rather than criticism based on a political situation.

H. STEWART DUNN, LL. M.



A Midnight Search

GLEN MANOR was a delightful place to spend a week's vacation. The magnificent new house, built about the center of its beautiful grounds, cost my uncle a small fortune; but everyone that had seen its construction said that it was worth the price.

It was Monday afternoon. Jimmy Preston, my cousin, and Mildred Preston, his sister, with my aunt and myself had just finished a foursome on the links. The conversation went on gayly when the topic was gradually turned to that of fear. We spoke about it in general when Jimmy began boasting that nothing could frighten him.

"Oh, I don't know, Jimmy," said Mildred sarcastically, back over her shoulder, as she darted up the porch steps. Jimmy and I were the same age and Mildred was a year younger than her brother. Jimmy's seventeenth birthday had just passed.

It was Wednesday evening. We had all gone into the parlor except my uncle who went in to his study to look over the day's mail. When suddenly he burst into the room, holding in one hand a single piece of paper and an envelope which was addressed as follows: Mr. Henry Preston, Glen Manor, Templeton, Indiana. But the slip of paper read: "Dear Sir:—Something is going to happen at your home at exactly twelve o'clock midnight Friday, August 13. It was typewritten; and the 13th was the coming Friday.

This was Friday evening nine o'clock. My uncle was sitting in the center of the parlor with the rest of us and at each end of the room stood two stalwart detectives. Several others guarded the surroundings.

Eleven o'clock, and everybody was beginning to get nervous.

Eleven-thirty and a wierd, undesirable atmosphere filled the room.

Eleven-forty-five and everybody was extremely nervous.

Eleven-fifty-five and everybody was so worked up in a pitch of nervousness and fear that my aunt used smelling salts a few times. Mildred tore her handkerchief into shreds with her teeth, and the men took handkerchiefs from their pockets and mopped the perspiration from their brows.

Eleven-fifty-nine and the situation was extremely tense.

Twelve o'clock, midnight, and as the clock struck out once, my uncle sprang from his chair with a scream, my aunt fainted,

and Mildred screamed. The lights went out and everything was silent for a moment.

Then somebody found the switch and snapped the lights on. My aunt was back to consciousness, but Mildred was missing and in the chair where she had been sitting was a note. It read.—“In the old vacant house five miles from the Templeton Post Office on the north road, James Preston with one other person should come.”

This meant that Mildred had been kidnaped and that Jimmy with one other person should go to the old house and get her if possible. The letter seemed to be more of a challenge than a threat.

Jimmy said that he would go and get her if it cost him his life and that he wanted me to go along. So I went with him. Each one of us put a revolver in his pocket before leaving the house.

Before long we arrived at the postoffice and turned into the north road. Jimmy knew the roads in that country and made the little roadster travel as fast as it could.

We were traveling for about ten minutes when Jimmy stopped the car in front of a very lonely, wierd, and ghost-like looking house.

“Some people say that this house is haunted but I don’t care and I’m going in and get my sister if I have to tear it to pieces,” spoke Jimmy in wild rage as he jumped from the machine.

The house stood back about a hundred feet, among old dead trees, shrubs and tall grass. No one had occupied it for fifty years, and it was the tradition of the townspeople that an old miser had died there and that his ghost still roams about in its rooms.

The gate opened with a squeak and closed with a bang that made Jimmy jump, for his nerves were beginning to get unstrung. Once inside the gate and on the porch we began a midnight search of the haunted house during which we saw many strange things.

Before opening the door we both took out our guns and made a hasty examination to see that they were all right and ready to fire.

The door was not locked, so Jimmy slowly pushed it inward and I followed. It closed with a slam that made Jimmy jump again. We lighted an old oil lamp in the hallway. Bats were aroused by the dim light and began flying around from room to room, casting wierd shadows upon the ghost-like walls.

I stood guard in the hall while Jimmy went into what I thought was the parlor. He lighted a taper, and after a little while I heard a bump as if a chair had fallen, when suddenly he came from the room in one mighty bound.

"For God's sake, Dick, don't stand there like a fool," he snapped at me.

"In that very room a chair tilted over without anyone being near," he said, pointing to the parlor.

"We came here to fight kidnapers and not ghosts," he continued.

He again entered the room and I followed. Shortly after we had entered, another chair tilted over without any assistance, a book fell from the old table, and then one of the small pictures fell to the floor with a crash. After each one of these incidents Jimmy gave a nervous jump, and by the look on his face, I could see that the strain was beginning to be too much for him. His lips were dry and compressed, his face pale, and his whole body was worked up into a nervous pitch.

He imagined he saw the eyes of the portrait of the old miser move. I turned toward him again and I saw him staring wide-eyed at something behind me. I turned to see what he was looking at, and saw as if through a gauze curtain two skeletons sitting at an old table in the dimly lighted adjoining room; then two distinct rumbles were heard and the light in the room was gradually growing brighter, as if to heighten the effect. Jimmy and I raised our guns and fired through the gauze curtain simultaneously.

Just as soon as the shots rang out, the room with the skeletons was in total darkness. I tore down the curtain, Jimmy lighted a match and slowly advanced into the room and nothing could be seen but an old coal oil-lamp in the center of a table and what made it worse was that the room was lighted with electric lights.

This was too much for Jimmy's strained nerves, and almost too much for mine too. He sprang back and out into the hall, closed the hall door with a bang that rocked the whole house and dashed down the grass-covered path toward the auto, leaving me alone in the house.

A few moments later as I was opening the door to leave I heard sounds of voices in the rear of the house which sounded too human to be ghostly, so I closed the door again and proceeded to that part of the house.

"Did you pipe the expression on his face when that first chair fell?" somebody said.

I slowly pushed the door in and softly stepped into the room in which the voices were and I stood before three husky young fellows. As soon as they saw the gun in my hand up went their hands.

"What does this mean?" I demanded.

"Miss Mildred asked us if we would give her brother a good scare; we told about this old house and the contraptions which we built in it to scare people, and she said she would attend to the rest and that her brother would be at this house tonight a little after midnight," said the spokesman of the party.

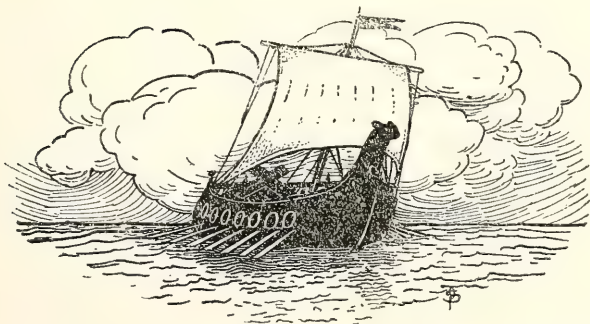
"And I think you succeeded very well," I answered and left the house, satisfied that Mildred had not been kidnaped; when we arrived at Glen Manor she was talking to my uncle.

As I afterwards learned she had written both notes and had been sitting near the switch, had turned out the lights, then simply stepped out into the hall and up into her bedroom until Jimmy and I were off.

Every time Jimmy would ask his sister how it happened she would ask with a merry twinkle in her eyes, "Were you frightened, Jimmy dear?"

He would turn disgustedly away and mumble a "Never again."

RICHARD WILHELM, H. S., '23.





Capital vs. Labor

THE long heralded clash of Labor and Capital is now at hand. . Since the spring of the present year the cauldron of labor has been boiling furiously. Every community in the country has felt and been affected by present unrest in the ranks of labor, organized and unorganized.

The ending of the war and the consequent readjustment along economic lines have brought an aftermath that is dangerous and threatening. The federal government has demonstrated its inability to cope with the situation, in several ways. It failed to prevent the coal strike and the gigantic walkout of the rail shopmen. Further, it blundered in its vain attempt to bring about peace, and finally climaxed its inefficiency by ordering an autocratic and tyrannous injunction. The proper time for mediation is before the break between the contending parties; for, then, there is no bitterness nor ill-feeling and neither party is forced to "back down." But to return to the question, since the injunction has not killed the strike the public will be forced to wait until the bitter end. In the meantime, faulty railroad transportation, unsafe conveyance of passengers, wholesale arson and dynamiting will continue, and as usual the sufferer is—General Public. After the strike is settled rail rates will advance to meet the deficits of the companies, caused by hampered production during the strike, the extra wages paid to "loyal" men and the upkeep of the strikebreakers; just as coal has already taken an unheard-of jump because the winter is near and fuel is scarce.

Why can't labor and capital find a common meeting ground? Why must there be strikes? Why will capital persist in treating the workingman as a chattel? These questions can be readily answered by the average citizen. Capital *must* tolerate the unions and the unions *must* be just. Can the unions be just? Experience shows us that the unions have never called an unjust strike. Even in the present crisis, there have been no sympathy-strikes, and very few outlaw strikes. Why not have the unions and their respective employers through the medium

of capital on one hand and the Federation of Labor on the other, form a co-operative council and place it under the direct control of a federal board presided over by the right man, the Secretary of Labor? From a practical standpoint a move like this would be a move in the right direction. Labor has always maintained its right, and it is a legitimate one, to ask for a fair wage and good living conditions. Why then attempt to break the unions?

The smashing of the unions seems to be the objective in the present fight between the rail strikers and the road executives. Certain railroads are at the present time paying more money per hours to "loyal" men and strike breakers than the striking men have asked for. Why? Strike breakers, who for the most part are professional "hoboes" and retired undesirables are being hauled across the country in luxurious Pullman coaches, receiving a magnificent wage and living in a way they never dreamed of even in the palmy days when a hay-mow was their berth and a can of tomatoes and stolen poultry their bill of fare. Why? A child can answer: defeat the unions. But if the companies have cash to defeat the men why, then, could they not meet the small advance that was asked, or in some cases, only the continuation of the old scale? And why prolong the struggle? The end is inevitable. Organized labor throughout the country will never stand for the losing of the strike. The men must return with full unimpaired seniority right. For, if they lose their seniority, they lose the strike, even if they were offered three times the present working wage to come back. But capital, represented by several powerful railroads of the east, is 'standing pat' and thus the fight is on. The long predicted struggle has materialized, and it seems as though both parties are in for a stubborn and enduring conflict. And all the while winter is rapidly approaching. Coal already mined is being moved slowly. Industry is being hampered. Home consumption is demanding coal. But where are the cars?

And the patient public can only hope in watchful waiting.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.

Discipline

IT IS a prerogative of man to follow the line of least resistance. It is a weakness of human nature to be self-willed, and this selfish habit if pursued from childhood, reacts on man and proves his undoing.

Every man is born with free-will but when a child shows symptoms of weak will, he must be restrained and corrected, otherwise he will come to ruin.

In spring the tender shoots have a tendency to lean this way and that, tossed by every passing wind and shaken by every shock. What must be done to support and sustain the tender sapling? A frame-work of strong timbers is placed about the growing tree by loving hands, and thus restrained and held firm by its props, the young bark grows to maturity, a straight and stately poplar, perhaps, or a sturdy oak unshaken by the wind, unaffected by any passing storm.

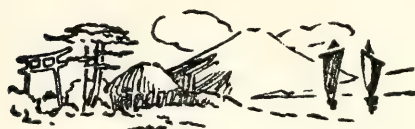
So, too, with children. In the time of their thoughtless waywardness and deviltry, the prop of discipline is placed about them by those who love them most and whom often they appreciate least, so that they may weather the storm of life.

If one cannot master himself, how can he hope to master others? He cannot and will not influence others. He who conquers himself is strengthened morally and strengthens the morale of others by his very personality. He is self-restrained, honest, loyal, obedient. By the cultivation of these virtues, he has laid the foundation for success. He must and will succeed.

But, then, take the case of him who rebels against authority, against discipline. What is his fate? In his youth his weakness may not have been so apparent that no direct bad results ensued, but later, when he is forced to go out into the world and grapple with life, he will prove weak. He will, in his selfishness, shrink from shouldering responsibilities, and choose to drift alone, a bad citizen, a menace to society. He is a fruitless blossom for he does not survive the elements, therefore he cannot bear fruit. But he must live, and, weak-willed, reasons along the line of least resistance. He steals in one way or another, he kills perhaps, he robs, and finally ends a career of lawlessness in prison. The prisons are full of such men as these and will continue to be filled with them as long as children are allowed to grow up, lacking in respect for authority, obedience and moral strength.

Take heed, then you, tender blossoms in the springtime of life; rail not against the seeming bonds and bars that restrain you and keep you in the straight and narrow path; rather ponder over the matter, consider the real purpose of life, and help to lighten by your own development the weight of the guiding force that will enable you one day, by reward, to bear fruit a hundred-fold.

ANTON RADASEVICH, B. A., '25.



A Vision

TWO eyes of deepest blue,
Two lips of ruby red,
Two ears of shell-pink hue,
One tiny little head.

Two dimpled, precious feet,
Two pudgy little hands,
A cherub, winsome, sweet—
A boy in baby bands.

ANTON RADASEVICH, '25.

DON'T FORGET

The D. U. Commercial Club will hold a Reception at the Fort Pitt Hotel at 9 P. M. Wednesday, November 15, 1922. Alumni and undergraduates are invited. Bring your friends.

Friday the 13th, 1913

FOR the second time in the annals of Tin Can Colony, the "Back Benders" circus came to town. As my years numbered but nine, you may be sure that I was deeply desirous of seeing that wonderful animal with the fire-hose nose. It was on Friday 13th, that Ma and Pa set out for the carnival lot, leaving me at home with my chagrin and a little monkey that was a side show in herself.

"Well," thought I, "I'm all alone. What a coveted chance to ransack the house for the family history, secrets, etc." I had just completed my tour of the third bureau drawer and was wondering how granduncle Henry Higgins could ever succeed in coaxing vegetable soup thru that moustache that leaned from his upper lip, when there came up from down below a series of yipes and howls. I think I overlooked several of the steps in my flight down the stairs. Arrived upon the scene, my heart at once went shoeward. There upon the floor lay Mrs. O'Brien's brand new punch bowl. Le Chien, our pup, was performing a pinwheel in a vain effort to overtake his tail upon which the punch bowl had more than likely lit. Beneath a rapidly moving table cloth, there kicked and screamed my little sister, Darling.

Of course, I had to extricate the poor creature, but Hail Columbia! Wha an African int she had taken on! For explanation I threw a very reluctant glance toward the coke-strewn kitchen. "Well, my coal black rose, here goes for a dip." After about twenty minutes of Palmer Method muscular movements, the pink began to appear thru the black. "That's the end of another piece of lemon soap. Now, lover, run along and keep out of harm's way, while I perform the obsequies on the punch bowl."

By the time I had tidied up the sitting room, I noted that Darling had ceased her lung expansion exercises (an omen portentous of anything but good). At first, my keen eye failed to see anything of Darling. "Stop, Baby! Don't pull that!" as I leaped across to the stove. Alas, too late! Already she had done the deed, so down came the stove pipe, covering her and me with the dirty soot, and causing the house to fill with escaping smoke. I began to choke and cough.

"Confound that dangling wire. Why don't they do things right around here? I never saw such a place. I wish they'd stay at home where they belong!" All these sweet scented sentiments as I filled and threw a bucket of water on the fire. Up

went a cloud of vapor and the windows also. Darling ceased to bawl only to make room for a good healthy sneeze.

Baby's language knew but a few exploded vowels, while with mine it was different; and why wouldn't it be? There was the broken punch bowl, baby black for the second time in the space of a half hour; the stove pipe down and the fire out; the kitchen partly afloat, and Darling ka-chooing, the first symptom of the flu.

"I think you've done quite enough damage to suit me, little one, so out in the shed you go. We may need the roof this winter. Oh, howl if you like, I'll just close the door so that I cannot hear your off-hand harmony."

At last I succeeded in replacing the stove pipe. With the fire rekindled, I commenced waltzing the mop across the kitchen. However, I made one serious blunder. I paid too little attention to my SILENT sister. "Thank heaven, she's asleep and will rest till they come back."

Talk about your mental radiotelepathy! Why, just then that kid uncorked such a howl as to send me and the mop across the kitchen in double-quick tempo.

"Moly Hoses! She's killed!"

With her tiny hands gripping her little body, she rolled from side to side in a paroxysm of pain. Beside her lay the tell-tale fly-poison plate—EMPTY. I remember having had sufficient presence of mind to run my finger down the child's throat, but the desired effect failed to follow. I must phone for a physician, and then administer a quart of milk. Next, I thought of removing the little one's dress in order to better alleviate the pain. This done, I simply took a step backwards and collapsed into the nearest chair. To cry or not to commit suicide, "that was the question" for me just then, as:

"Sis, her thanks thru soot din grin,

When I removed that pesky pin."

At the front door a sharp rap; from me a nervous start. "My stars! That's the famous poison specialist, I. O. DINE, M. D. Well, he don't get in." Up the stairs I flew to have a look out of the front window, and, woe is me! There stood the medicine man and my excited parents. Here I seemed to swoon as the window sash crashed down upon my head. In reality, however, I was only aroused from a sound sleep by a stiff tap on the top-piece from Darling's pet play-toy, while from herself, the little dear, came a gleeful "Da-da, coo-coo."

J. A., '23.

The Principle of Adjustment in Christ's Method of Teaching *

Too much stress cannot be laid on the necessity of having none but well-trained teachers in our schools. The more important the subject taught, the more thorough should be the preparation in content and method. These are vital principles—principles which are strikingly illustrated in Holy Scripture and in the organic activities of the Church.

For our purpose, let us follow the life of our Lord as it is recorded in Holy Writ. We find that the Will of His Father and His own mission among men were ever uppermost in His mind. He knew the means men had for acquiring the knowledge they needed to save their souls, and he knew the capacity they had for comprehending this knowledge. When instructing, He used no coercion. Instead He aroused appropriate feelings, awakened desires, stimulated curiosity and presented truth in concrete form.

Christ insisted on adjustment in the people, especially in their leaders, the Doctors of the Law, and later in the Apostles and their successors. By example, He showed the necessity of this law—He became Man that He might thereby adjust Himself to the conditions required for the world's redemption.

The Pharisees refused to see virtue in the adjustment Christ so strongly recommended. Christ proved His mission by the most obvious miracles and urged them to see justice in His claims. He would not have them governed by the "letter of the law," but they "made a consultation against Him, how they might destroy Him." (Matt. XII, 14). Christ appealed to their previous knowledge by referring to David, and to their customs; "Or have ye not read in the law, that on the Sabbath days the priests in the temple break the Sabbath, and are without blame?" (Matt. XII, 5). While the Pharisees rejected Christ's instructions, the people accepted them and followed Him who "healed them all." (Matt. XII, 15). Again meeting Christ and intending to entrap Him, the Scribes and Pharisees drew upon themselves the well merited rebuke for their rigid adherence to their traditions. The incident is related in St. Mark, Chap. VII, 5-10, as follows, "And the Pharisees and Scribes asked Him: Why do not thy disciples walk according

* Thesis presented to University for M. A. Degree by Sister Augusta.

to the traditions of the ancients, but they eat bread with common hands? But He answering said to them: Well did Isaiah prophesy to you hypocrites, as it is written: This people honour-eth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. And in vain do they worship Me, teaching the doctrines and precepts of men. For leaving the commandment of God, you hold the tradition of men, the washings of pots and cups; and many other things you do like to these. And He said to them: Well do you make void the commandment of God, that you may keep your own tradition." Then turning to the multitude near Him, He showed the necessity of desire and willingness in the words, "If any man have ears to hear, let him hear." (Mark VII, 16). When teaching, Christ never presented His doctrine in abstract formulas. Sense-perception, association, expression, imitation were constantly used by Him. "Behold the lilies of the field," "Work out your salvation," "Be perfect as My heavenly Father is perfect." These and many more of His sayings show that the principles only recently discovered by our leading educators were in that early day embodied in Christ's method of teaching, and through Him in the Church which He established for man's salvation.

Turning now to a consideration of the activities of the Church itself, we note that in the buildings themselves, in the rites, ceremonies, language and ritual of the Church, the principles left in germinal form by Her Founder are brought into a state of perfection by the gradual growth and unfolding which comes in time if the organization is vital. From the days of Pentecost, the Church has gone out to every people, and adjusted herself to their needs and conditions. Everywhere is the Savior's message carried by her priests. "She has incorporated into her ritual, ceremonies and rites that were dear to the people whom she converted. She transformed their Pagan feasts into Christian festivals. Like St. Paul, she makes herself all things to all men that she may save all." (Shields Psychology of Education). After the manner of her Founder, she appeals forcibly to the senses. Everything attractive in architecture, art and music is pressed into her service to tell him who worships within her portals of her doctrine, her history, and the obligations she imposes upon those who would profit by her blessings. Christ stands between the two great systems of ceremonies that have been teaching the world for ages: One, that of the Jewish tabernacle which points to the sublime drama of the world's Redemption. The other, the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, made by the Apostles and their successors and

directed by the Holy Spirit, tells the world that Christ has come. All this points not only to sense-perception and association of ideas, but principally to adjustment to the needs and capacity of those who are to receive truth.

The Church in order to reach the souls of her people through their senses, and to teach them God's truths, daily preaches eloquent sermons through the ornaments and beauty of her sanctuaries, spires, windows, altars, statues, vestments, lights, flowers, incense and music used for divine worship. All these carry special messages of God's love to man. Thus she hopes by means of beauty in nature and art to draw men's souls to God.

Now it is evident from the foregoing that the Catholic teacher beginning her work of instructing in religion should have a good training in content and method. The first, content, should contain courses in Christian Doctrine, Holy Scripture, Church History and Liturgy. In addition, the teacher should be familiar with the Lives of the Saints, especially those that furnish for the young good inspirations and models. As to the second, method, the teacher can find no worthier model than that of Our Lord's life as He, Himself, instructed the people of Judea day by day. A careful study of method based on this idea will serve not only for teaching religion but for all other subjects. The fundamental principles are the same. In "Upward and Onward," Archbishop Keane says, "Truth is a harmonious organic whole. It is rightly seen only when it is seen in its logical unity. Those who divide truth, assigning the spiritual to the Church, and the material to the world, miss the balance and harmony of things. Jesus Christ brought the 'fullness of the truth.' In Him we see the unity of all truth, the harmony of all existence. He sheds light upon all thought. He teaches the human intelligence, as it advances in the knowledge of nature and of men, to see everywhere the light of God, and thus attain to the true comprehension of all reality and the meaning of all things."

Through her vocation the Catholic teacher is close to Jesus Christ. This dignity points to the fact that she should prepare for her work as a profession, not as a stepping stone to a profession which in the eyes of the world may be considered higher; for next to the priesthood there is no higher office on earth than that of the Catholic teacher. She is a member of the greatest teaching organization in the world, the history of which presents to her mind the methods, trials and successes

it has attained, and therefore gives her stimulation to undertake the work, gives her models which she can safely follow.

The necessity of education lies right in the nature of man and also in the fact that high and humane life cannot be achieved without it. When speaking of education we generally mean education as it is given in the school. Here the teacher is the most important factor. The teacher that has achieved the most progress—and this includes religion as well as science, aesthetics, institutions and literature—will be the most successful in rousing the child to follow the divine impulse of growth in knowledge, in strength, in virtue.

There has been much discussion recently as to the choice of those to whom the work of educating the youth should be entrusted so that the individual and the nation will receive the greatest benefit possible from it. If we eliminate the cherished delusion that education consists in the ability to read, write and cipher, and in its place accept the meaning generally attributed to it—it follows that only a teacher whose life is in close proximity to the world's model teacher—Jesus Christ—can fulfill all the requisites.

Education is a vital process. The teacher can give only what she has. If her springs of truth and beauty are dry, she cannot give to others living waters to drink. Education should transform the individual so that he will be strong enough to control his environment, to purify and to elevate it. This seems to have been Christ's plan, for He devoted His time to the individual rather than to the state, thereby indicating that strong pure, private lives are conducive to social and political honesty.

The Catholic view of the school question rests on the grounds that man is created for Heaven, and that the Church is divinely appointed to enable him to reach his destination. If man's complete development is the end of education, religion can not be eliminated; for life apart from God is life maimed. Only a Catholic teacher can bring about this development, for he is in communication with the source of truth, and can teach religion which is the source of all virtue.

SISTER AUGUSTA, M. A., '22.



SANCTUM

Editorials

The Opening Day

On September 6th, the old bell resounded with a clang. Across the campus the sound playfully made its course. It gave this message as it traveled—the first day of the school year 1922-23. What significance it had to the many students who listened to the loud and solemn sounds as they went forth!

Some were answering the call for the first time. What a thrill! Like the day when they wore their first long pants, or when they first attended a circus, just as that day had its peculiar import, so this first day at college had its sharp tingling sensations on the new-comers. It marked a never-to-be-forgotten event in their lives. Some of those who made their initial appearance on the Campus that clear morning walked about with drooping heads, but after a day or so they made new friends and soon together they labored industriously to reach their destined goal.

To the older students it also had its significance. It meant the reunion again of those who have been true friends in the past; of those who studied together, played together or fought for dear old Duquesne on the athletic field.

To those who will be graduated in June, the opening day also had its message. It meant the beginning of their final year at college, at Duquesne. They will perhaps never behold such a remarkable scene which they so many times saw on the college Campus on the opening day. The scene where friend meets friend; where friendships are made, never to be broken.

To the faculty it was a pleasure to see so many students. This shows that people are beginning to appreciate higher education, Catholic education. Students, placing ourselves under

the protection of God and of her who is the Seat of Wisdom, and the Angelic Doctor, let us commence the new school year. Let us strive earnestly, work faithfully, in short, let us do as we are directed, and then, in time to come, we will be rewarded.

JOHN L. IMHOF, ARTS, '23.



Write for the Monthly

A college magazine is called a college paper because it is written by and mostly for college men. But a journal that is written by only a few college men is not a real college work in the true sense of the word: it is a private bulletin masquerading under an assumed name.

Students, this year's journal is to be typically a collegiate work. Five respective professors of English will ask you to write with a view to publishing your essays. You will do yourself a world of good if you take your work seriously and hand in all interesting papers to any member of the staff after your professor has corrected it and you have re-written it. We are glad to get anything you write and you can not write too much. We will benefit by your industrious application for in having many contributors we will of necessity have a varied program every month.

It will broaden the scope of your work and at the same time give you the valuable experience of seeing your work in print. Once the ice is broken and one of your attempts is printed you will see the ease and facility that will mark all future attempts.

Write on anything. You are not limited. A critique on Parisian fashions or Pekinese pups stands the same chance of acceptance as a stolid essay on Longfellow. You are free and unhampered in choice. Write conscientiously and try to be interesting. The rest is easy.

Observe these "don'ts":

Don't think you *can't* write.

Don't say you are too busy.

Don't say you have no ideas, for in trying to create an alibi you are showing perverted ingenuity.

Don't think you are *too good*

And—

Don't let the other fellow do it.

C. M. S.

Eliminate the "Sour Grapes"

A couple of weeks ago we chanced to be wending our way homeward from the ball park. Our line of march lay past the tennis courts of one of the city's large clubs. Being rather more than casually interested in the net sport, we braved the perils of after-the-ball-game traffic and crossed the street to see what was doing.

As we drew near we noticed a match in progress on an end court between a couple of young chaps of about college age. The one closest to us was serving. He got his first ball over nicely and his opponent returned an easy loft to mid-court. Now it should have been a simple matter to play almost any kind of a shot effectively in driving the sphere back, and evidently the server was quite aware of this fact, for his preliminary movements bespoke the confidence bred of certainty.

But then, as the comic sections proclaim, "the fun began." No doubt our embryo Tilden had miscalculated somewhere for his return landed in the net a good foot from the top. Now it is altogether probable that neither the game, the sea, nor the contestants' future, depended on the result of that point, yet the loser acted as though it meant eternal perdition for himself, friends, benefactors, and family.

He slammed the remaining ball onto the ground, kicked up enough dust to start himself coughing, and stormed around generally, making a complete fool of himself before several hundred people who, like ourself, were passing at the moment. As an after-thought he made a number of remarks to himself which would scarcely have borne repetition even if we had heard them, which we didn't.

What did come to our ears, however, were the comments of several of the men who had witnessed the outburst.

"Sorehead!" exclaimed one.

"That fellow has a big handicap to overcome," declared another.

"He ought to learn the game before he pulls off that stuff," was the opinion of a third.

Happening to be alone, we indulged in no wise saying which we might now quote and claim as our own, but frankly, the whole exhibition was disgusting.

It is entirely superfluous for us to call attention to the moral behind these lines, but we'll do so merely because editorials are supposed to be graced by a closing paragraph wherein the writer elucidates to the extent of giving his readers some

idea of what he is trying to put over. So here's the text of this sermon: If you wish to gain the respect of real men, be a good loser; if you have any desire whatever to pursue your destiny unscathed by their freely-manifested scorn, DON'T be a bad one!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, ARTS, '25.



Common Honesty

The items in the curricula of schools, colleges and universities are not yet exhausted; we are informed that a new branch is to be added in the University of Pennsylvania by the Associated Advertising Clubs, and a series of lectures is being prepared, for institutions of every description throughout the United States, in teaching "common honesty." A truth-telling campaign is to be inaugurated; and a prominent New York paper majestically bears the news to the unsuspecting world that "truth-telling is the basis of sound business." That paper's dictum makes it unanimous. Schools of all kinds are to be asked to lend their co-operation: then a new era, crimeless, theftless and lieless, will be ushered in. The lessons of the Seventh Commandment are to be inculcated. So this is progress.

I would add a few remarks which I deem apropos.

The Catholic educational system has badly fared at the hands of the public press. The Church, where not maligned and hindered, has been hampered beyond expression, by semi-official organs and organizations. Yet she alone has taught her youth and the youth who came under her influence, "lessons in honesty;" she has for centuries built civilizations on those foundations. She has preached it to the known world and imposed it as an obligation binding consciences under the pain of sin. So, the proposed course have been taught by her since her institution, and by the religion sanctioned by God since the time of Moses. Much labor and expense might be saved by adopting her teaching.

The Ten Commandments, however, are very synthetic. They bear the stamp of divine unity, nor do they admit any theory of selectiveness. They, being but the manifestations of God's will, must be all equally true, important and binding; it is, therefore, in order, to teach charity, worship of God, respect and obedience to authority, purity, and so forth.

Finally, let the proposed reformers observe and inquire, and

find for themselves the reason why many business men and industrial firms, chain stores, private individuals, choose in preference, Catholics, to fill positions of trust in their offices, factories and homes.

Indeed, a course in honesty is needed in our civilization, but it can never be given with success, except where it has been given heretofore in the Catholic Educational System.



Pay As You Please

It is a pleasure and a consolation in these days of personal aggrandisement and selfish interests, to find a man, sound in body and mind, doing his utmost for the uplift of degenerate humanity. Mr. E. H. Bristol, Roxboro, Mass., has started a bus system, with a new slogan. It is not "Pay as You Enter," nor "Pay as You Leave," but "Pay as You Please." Pay for your trip what you think you should pay. If you drop in a perforated dime, it only shows that your conscience needs a plumber, etc. It is a novel system, to say the least, and may well be worth the local experiment; all the more so because, in the founder's mind the "New Civilization" "leaves out politics, religion and other matters in which people do not agree."

We may ask: how long it will last without politics or religion? Who is going to form an "unplugged" conscience? If the "Old Civilization is constantly breaking down," as Mr. Bristol avers, is it not precisely because of "new civilizers" or pseudo civilizers. The "old civilization" is all right. All we need do is to follow its dictates. "Do all things that are right for all," "Do the things you would like to see others do," "Be the kind of person you would like to have for your best friends," besides being paraphrases of the Christian religion are ". . . a consummation devoutly to be wished."



"Quitter"

There is a certain class of people among us, the most piteous, in my opinion in all the world. It is not necessary to search the slums of our cities, nor visit our houses of correction to find this afflicted class. I mean the quitters. Their motto is: "What's the use?"

Fate will hand you many a blow and the road will seem

rough at times. Obstacles without number will come in your way, but do not be a quitter. Difficulties simply prove that your task is worth while. So, don't stop where you are, but try again.

Don't sit by the way to make up a story to tell men who ask why you have failed. The thousand excuses you give will not suffice. Tell the truth that you were frightened and quit.

There is no disgrace in failing, but it is anything but praiseworthy to give up. It's the effort that counts. The little lad brought his report card home to his father expecting to be reprimanded because he had a few "unsatisfactorys" and several "fairs." The father, however, had not failed to see the "excellent in effort." He was a man who had come to know that men rise to positions of command by hard and patient toiling. To the boy's surprise his father praised him highly.

If you keep "excellent in effort" all else will come to you. Don't drop from the struggle, that won't lighten your load. Stay with it to the end and you'll win if you do.

"Stick to the battle and see the thing through
Don't be a quitter whatever you do."

JAMES A. REILLY. B. A., '23.

Alumni

The Very Reverend President has received a letter, most of which we reproduce, from the Rev. T. J. McDermott, C. P., written from the Catholic Mission of Kieniang Hunan, China, on the seventh of August.

"Everything is going nicely here. Thank God, the worst part of the famine is over, and the plague has spent its force long since, though we still have a few cases of cholera, and I had one here of smallpox.

"This is a little town of some twenty thousand inhabitants. I am the only white man in it. My nearest neighbor is my companion, Padre Hypolito, up in Yuanchow. I have been here about four weeks now, and I expect to start back tomorrow at dawn. This has been a very poor mission from a material standpoint since it was opened a year ago. It has been rich in trials, contradictions and crosses, and has brought forth only eleven Christians to date.

"However, in the past few weeks, the response was gratify-

ing. I have had in the past fortnight seven baptisms, three Confirmations; one Extreme Unction; thirty-one Confessions; eighty-five Communion and three funerals. I have heard catechism morning, afternoon and evening, and have had many sick calls. One day I had to tramp eight miles over the mountains in the noonday sun, to baptize a dying catechumen. It just happened, too, that I had that morning merely a cup of something they call coffee; however, it was hot and I let my imagination supply the rest. That takes me back to the splendid coffee we used to get First Fridays at the University. In fact, very often I find myself back there in fancy. These past four weeks I have had plenty of time to think, as I came prepared to remain here but a few days; consequently I brought only my breviary and a Chinese book, so you see my reading table was rather empty.

"I have spoken English only once in four months. That was about a month ago, when I saw Father Celestine. He is the only one of our Fathers I have seen since some time in April. The rest of the time I speak either Chinese or Latin to my companion, Padre Hypolito. Since June, however, we have had thirty miles of bandit-infested mountains between us, with the exception of four days in July, when we changed places.

"Speaking of bandits reminds me that twice since I have been in Yuanchow they have descended in force and attacked the city. In January they came two thousand strong and stormed it for eight days. With its famine, plagues, wars and bandits, China is surely a lively place, and keeps one hopping.

"I have been blessed with the very best of health since I reached here, though I think I have come in contact with every disease known to the medical profession, and many they don't know. However, God's providence has watched over us, and I have done my best to be reasonably cautious, as far as I could.

"It is a wonderful work that has yet to be done among these people. It looked for a while as if we were going to have violent opposition but it has blown over temporarily at least. In some places the Missionaries were expecting trouble similar to that of 1900. To me it seemed more like Bolshevism than anything else. However, God is good and nothing has come of it."

Father McDermott's address is Catholic Mission, Yuan-chow, Hunan, China.

Before this issue of the monthly reaches its leaders, another alumnus, Rev. Paul J. Ubinger, C. P., will have left for the

Catholic Mission at Shenchowfi, Hunan, China. The departure ceremony is set for Wednesday evening, October fourth. The Right Rev. Bishop, Hugh C. Boyle, D. D., will preside and Rev. J. L. Quinn will deliver the sermon. We wish Father Ubinger *bon voyage* and a plentiful harvest in the land of the "heathen Chinee."

Every year there is a very natural curiosity to know what has become of the graduates. In this issue we shall indicate the choices of our 1922 B. A.'s. Michael A. Cusick, Herman J. Heilmann, John S. Pawlowski and Gerald A. Schroth have gone to St. Vincent Seminary, to study for the Pittsburgh diocese. Igor M. Maczko and Jerome G. Marecki have registered for theology in Orchard Lake, and Herman J. Sieber has taken up the study of law under the direction of our Dean, Judge J. M. Swearingen, LL. D.

Alumni ordained to the holy priesthood in the early summer have received appointments as follows: Father Forney is stationed at Crafton; Father Galvin, at St. Mary's, Lawrenceville; Father Ganber, at SS. Peter and Paul's, East End; Father Gawronski, at St. Josaphat's, South Side; Father Kernan, at St. Rosalia's, Greenfield, and Father Nee, at Monessen with one of our oldest alumni, Father Wigley.

We received in June an invitation to assist at the ordination of Leo J. Zitzman in St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Paul, Minn., and at his first Mass in his home parish, Cumberland, Md. Father Zitzman figured prominently in football and basket ball, in the class room and in the battlefields of France. When the war was over he hesitated long between the religious and secular priesthood; eventually he decided to study for the diocese of Duluth. We shall be pleased to hear of his labors in the wild West.

We read in a California paper an article by Charles R. Boden, praising the work of Thomas W. Kenney as coach of the Santa Clara Preps. The writer refers to him as "former center at Duquesne University, the man who has piloted his aggregation through two terms of football without being scored upon." He goes on to say: "Any ordinary mortal would be content to rest on his laurels, hang up the grid spikes and buy a season ticket in the grandstand. Not so with Coach Kenney. Already he has started things humming out Santa Clara way, and over thirty men have answered the summons in an endeavor to have a third season of clean wins. If Tom Kenney does as

well with his men this year as he did with Uncle Sam's Marines in France, the good citizens should be prepared for a celebration. . . ."

Thomas Meighan having starred the country on the legitimate stage, some few years ago transferred his activities to the movies. He is a representative of a type of hero much in demand—tall, handsome and attractive looking, with a rare facility for expressing thought with mobile feature and appropriate gesture. During the last week of September he was seen to advantage in the Liberty Theater, heading the cast in Cecil B. DeMille's "Manslaughter." We are pleased to hear that Mr. Meighan distributes in charity much of his large income.

John M. Kane was united in the holy bands of wedlock to Miss Evelyn Marie Shanahan. The marriage was solemnized with High Mass in St. Paul's Cathedral on the twenty-first of September. We wish himself and his bride many happy years of wedded life.



Duquesne Day By Day

September 4 and 5.—These were busy days and happy days for those who were waiting to see the old faces. No doubt they were days of dread presentiment for the new-comers. The registration record was unusually high and the prospects very bright.

September 6.—The electric bell again rang out over the campus at 9:45 today. The students assisted and sang at the Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost. It was a scene of piety worth while beholding; and certainly the arms of the chapel were well filled with eager and earnest students. All went to the class rooms assigned and an "enjoyable time was had by all."

The students of the College department looked a winsome look, almost sighed as they passed by the handball courts and then wended their way to the Maloney Building, their isolated habitat. Between ourselves they rather like the idea. Not only that but there is a rumor afloat to the effect that they refrain from smoking on the plea that every little bit helps to make Pittsburgh a *sootable* place to live in. These College gents boast of more than one hundred stalwart Dukes, who, from what I hear, are leading in the fight for school loyalty. Come in some time and see or hear them, our visiting hours are 8:30 to 12:30 daily. I hear it said, too, that the freshman can't get on to the idea, and are inclined to be tardy. "Andy" and "Ben" are doing their bit for the elevation or uplift of men. These gentlemen are most obliging. Walk in, ring the bell, say "Eight, please," and there you are. P. S.—We don't like the odor of tobacco, so please leave all traces of the noxious weed downstairs.

September 7.—I had a long exercise in Horace and Bradley to prepare, a composition or story to write for the "Monthly" and I didn't finish all I had to say yesterday about "Duquesne Dukes Daily Doings." I'm in arrears and will be, I doubt it not, for a couple of weeks. My! but that home work is difficult, dry, dreary, drastic, dreadful, drudgery. But as I was saying to you, you know, about the "Monthly," reminds me, yes the staff electively selected. Thank you, that's just what I was going to say, you're right, yes indeed I'm proud to have my named affixed; I feel you'll like my diary muchly. But, as I began to say before you interrupted me, our

Editor-in-chief, Mr. Strobel, being convinced that the "Monthly" has been too small, has started things, adding sixteen full pages of reading. He tells us he has given out the printing contract to the "Pittsburgh Observer" press. How my mind is active tonight; I stole a glance at the Editorial page, and found a glaring mistake of omission. Pardon my digression. But, I can't refrain from saying a word of grateful praise to Mr. P. J. Fahey, who from the infancy of our college, had published our paper. Helpful, obliging, kind, a past master at his art, Mr. Fahey took an interest in the "Monthly" seldom equaled, and never excelled, and I regret that I will not see him as often as heretofore, nor be able to profit by his counsel, to say nothing of my missing his never-fading smile.

September 8.—Editor, this job is too big for me. I'm losing sleep; moreover my Latin and Greek exercises are beginning to suffer. Here I am today with but little of my debt paid to the past.

I was standing in the second corridor front, waiting to be called "up" or "down" when, whom do you think I saw? Guess again; no, if you were to make your living at guessing you'd starve to death. Well, then, I'll tell you: Rev. H. J. McDermott. What did you say? Come out of the chloroform. Sure, he has been in Ireland all summer. Now you know what I mean well enough, but you're contrary today. Yes, the very man who played handball thirty years ago, and who plays it today, who wrote your excuses, or punished you more than if he had given you forty stripes minus one. He does indeed, he sure does write billets yet. If I appear to be jumping, prythee, excuse. Good: now you have the right party repeat the number lest you forget it. Father McDermott left New York for Ireland and arrived there in safety. He also went to France, England, Monaco and Rome. He saw the Holy Father on two occasions and brought back the blessings of the Supreme Pontiff. Yes, indeed, he needed a vacation, after seventeen years away from his native city and his fond relatives, and it did him a world of good. He looks fine, and is working away today as if he had never left his room. I will. That's a good idea. I'll ask him: and I feel sure he will write a graphic and elegant description of his travels. It's too late now: maybe in the next issue.

September 9 and 10.—These days being Saturday and Sunday. I have no items inserted. I walked out the new boulevard.

Came back, finished a piece of poetry and listened in on the regular radio concert in the Students' Library. Come in and see it sometime.

September 11.—I was returning from vacation and paid a visit to St. John's Hall; and of all the surprises I ever got this one was the biggest. I knocked at Fr. Dodwell's door, and who opened it, think you? Father F. X. Williams. As sure as I am here he is, and a good one he'll make too. He is an honest-to-goodness V. D. (vice-dean). I'm told he is having a sign printed with the inscription: "All *smoke* abandon, ye who enter here." A specially engraved copy of the Hall's rules shall be framed and presented to John Witt when he returns.

September 12.—"Where is Father Dodwell," did you ask? Well, main building, second floor; he too has a vice: Treasurer. Incidentally, he is coaching the High School squad.

Father Fullen too, I notice, has been called to fill other posts of duty. We miss his genial smile and kind disposition. He is stationed temporarily at St. Anne's Church, Millvale, and visits frequently his erstwhile home.

September 13 and 14.—I spent these days looking at the future buildings. The excavation for the gymnasium is finished, and a flock of carpenters are working today on the forms for the concrete foundation. The work entailed is beyond conception. It was a work of quarrying forty feet into solid rock. The amount spent in blasting alone runs into high figures. The steam-shovel held our attention during recreation: when it departed much the worse for the wear, we felt lonesome. How long, think you, would it have taken to do the same work twenty years ago? How long would it have taken horses and wagons to haul away the quarried stone?

The foundation is ready in the Canevin Hall and next month, I'll be telling you all about the corner-stone laying. Did you see the plans? Well you have a thing of beauty yet to see. Gradually, the remains of the old brick-yard are disappearing, and the ancient alumni will find some difficulty in recognizing the spot when they flock back soon to visit their Alma Mater.

September 15.—My friends of last year are almost all back now. I saw all the Boarders together for the first time today. In the dining room, of course, where else? A number of new faces appeared. On asking, I found out the

names of towns in three States of which I never heard. They (the Boarders) are as gay as ever, and enliven the campus with their impromptu concerts. The Juniors are taking to handball, and will soon be issuing challenges. The dormitories are taxed to the utmost. What do you know about that? There have been bitter fights waged on account of the Mass-servers dorm. All want to serve early Masses. Good for our brave Boarders.

September 16.—I noticed tonight after supper that the work of the Prefects has been made easier by the placing of three powerful flash-lights on the roof of the Sacristy. One can read now by their aid. Night handball is a fact; and no matter how foggy the air might be, it is easy to see any part of the campus.

September 20.—The days are beginning to look all alike. It is class, and study, day and night. I assisted at two Mass-meetings this week. Enthusiasm is a mild way of describing the effect. Well, Father Mack spoke on loyalty, school spirit, football prospects, and insisted on the necessity of moral support. On another occasion, yesterday, we had cheer rehearsals, and practiced the Alma Mater song. Have you a copy of it? If not, apply at once, learn the verses and imbibe the spirit of Duquesne.

September 23.—The Editor calls for "copy" so I must conclude. Beg pardon! Oh, that man's name is Father Stephen Bryan. He taught higher mathematics here before you were born, in 1903; spent five years in France and Switzerland, taught classics for thirteen years in Trinidad, West Indies. He is what we call a prince, a scholar of note and a born teacher. You'll like him all right.

* * * * *

We just heard of the death of James M. Connolly of Brooklyn. He was a brother of our esteemed professor, M. J. Connolly, and father of Lieutenant R. Connolly who received the "Croix de Guerre" during the recent World War. The "Monthly" extends its sentiments of profound regret to Mr. Connolly on the death of his beloved brother.—R. I. P.

C. S. M. C. Notes

Fellow Crusaders:

As I stood at the gate directly behind the chapel last Friday afternoon and watched the different students leaving the school in one vast unending throng, I was struck with the fact that so many of you wore the emblem of our universal organization known as **THE CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE**, if not in material form, yet in a spiritual form that is as evident as the emblem itself. For you all possess these three characteristics of the real Crusader, you are all students, you are all still youths and consequently battling against wayward influences, and you are all animated by that spirit of faith that is ready to spend itself for the great cause of Catholic Missions.

This year the Father Simon Unit expects to accomplish many things, and among other things to enroll each and every Catholic student in the building. This is possible only if one and all of you will co-operate with your fellow-crusaders in as much as you are called upon to do. The idea of the Crusade is to enroll every Catholic boy in the country, and if you, individually "do your bit" for the Great Cause, you will have added a mite to be used in spreading the gospel of Christ among the various pagan peoples by means of our Missionaries.

We mean to **SPREAD** this year as we have not dared to conceive as possible during the past, and it is only by your co-operation that we can get results.

Here are a few things that each one of you can apply to yourself:

1. Make it your daily practice to collect all the old stamps and tin foil available.
2. **ADVERTISE** the Crusade, tell your friends about it. Wear the emblem pin and get your friends to wear them too. Sell the Crusade Seals, and get your neighborhood to spread the cause of Christianity by using these Seals on their stationery, on parcels, on books, etc.
3. Subscribe for the "Shield," the magazine that every Catholic family should read. The magazine of the **CRUSADE**, edited by your fellow crusaders.
4. During the course of the year, in order to raise money to carry on the great work more extensively, plays will be put on by you or your co-workers. Advertise those plays, bring

your friends to see them, and in every way help to spread the CRUSADE SPIRIT. In truth, BE A CRUSADER, in heart, in mind, in deed.

A. M. R.

BOOK REVIEW

"Cloister Chords"

Every reader of the "Magnificat" will welcome this second volume of "Cloister Chords" by Sister M. Fides Shepperson. In that periodical, which is responsible for monthly-recurring hours of peace and happiness to many a tired and distracted mind all the world over, there was no section that had a greater charm than Sister M. Fides' "Cloister Chords." They appeared to be the calm, sober, supernatural judgments of men and things by even such a one as is described on Page 78 of the present volume, a nun "whose victor-struggle fought darkly down in the soul, looks calmly out from the eyes," with the "inscrutable look of peace and the utter unworldliness of opinions and judgments."

These papers, reflections and musings on human life, on passing events, on literary or historical personages, were written originally for various periodicals. They are now collected and published together and this is the second volume. It is divided into four parts, dealing with "Hope," "War Echoes," "Our Sisterhoods" and "Christmas."

Their particular value lies in the message they convey, the need of valuing things from the view-point of eternity. It is an endeavor in a simple, homely way, to stem the tide of modern superficiality and thoughtlessness and pleasure, to get the reader to sympathize with and to realize the secret possibilities in the little neglected things of life. In the treatment of her subjects the author is able to call upon vast stores of erudition, but it is rather in the simple passages which require in the reader no special or unusual information, that the beauty of these papers lies. To illustrate this noble simplicity all can not refrain from a quotation: "And all our coal-dust shall be Koh-i-noors! Why not? If in the natural order a thimbleful of carbon may be-

*Cloister Chords' Vol .II—Hope, by Sister M. Fides Shepperson. Published at Mt. Mercy Academy, Pittsburgh, Pa.

come the diamond—the rich ‘mountain of light’ that sparkles on the diadem of kings . . . may it not be that likewise, by some spiritual crystallization, in God’s good plan, our pure thoughts, our kind words, our good deeds, our sacred sorrows, may shine as starry Koh-i-noors for ever?”

This volume suggests at once Canon Sheehan’s “Under the Cedars and the Stars;” its appeal will be more widely felt, perhaps, than Canon Sheehan’s book because the reflections and musings are in a simpler key.

The style is suitable to the subject, clear and condensed. The desire of condensation may have been the cause of the introduction of many somewhat daring compounds, which are more in place in a work like the “Hound of Heaven” than in these sweet Cloister Chords. The printing and binding are excellent. We can heartily recommend the book to every one, to be kept at one’s elbow, to be read as an antidote with pleasure and profit wherever life appears dull and wearisome and meaningless.

S. J. B.





September Snapbacks

New coach, new team, new spirit! Something encouraging to start the year with.

Might also mention another innovation while we're at it. The Campus Club, which aims to promote the interest of sports on the Bluff as an organization to be proud of. The members represent the livest gang in the College Department and any chap who's asked to join can consider himself honored.

And since we're on the subject of "novae res," why not a tennis team next spring? We have the talent now and we'll have the courts when the gym is finished. Furthermore, the roof of the building will be the scene of net activities, which means that the action will take place on concrete, the stuff Bill Johnston, Willis Davis, Maurice McLaughlin, the Kinsey brothers, May Sutton Bundy, and the rest of the Pacific Coast luminaries began their careers on. The artificial stone base for a court not only makes it permanent and extremely easy to keep in shape, but it speeds up the game to such an extent that one accustomed to playing on the hard surface becomes so fast that he has a well-defined advantage over those trained on clay or grass courts. In view of this fact, and after beholding the form displayed by quite a number of varsity raquet squads, we've arrived at the conclusion that the Dukes can cope with any of them.

The battlingest bird we've lamped since Hector was too much of an infant canine to chew bones properly is McNamara, present incumbent on the grid captaincy job at this man's school. Mac is a fightin' fool on the barred field. By this we don't wish to convey the impression that he seeks personal combat with his opponents. But he's here, there and everywhere, tackling, clipping, pushing, raving, oblivious to slams, knocks, kicks, in the thick of the fuss all the time, ever ready to laud

clever work and encourage the wavering. He thinks not of his own glory, is all for the team. In short, a real captain.

This Ben Martin boy looks like the goods. He's a Schenley High product, though he never donned the moleskins there, and consequently lacks experience and knowledge of the fine points of the game. He's something short of a mile high, and tips the old beam at 175. Despite these qualifications the biggest thing in his favor is his willingness to learn. The fellow who takes to skilled instruction with the right attitude is bound to get ahead.

If the Red and Blue can lay claim to a better end than Cingolani among her sons, we've yet to hear of him. Some classy terminals have cavorted on the Campus, but "Ching" need sit behind none of them. His equal at the gentle art of capturing forward passes has never been seen here on Duke aggregations or in the ranks of the opposition. The Butler Comet is one wingman who always was and always will be a prince of toss-chasers. He was born and raised to it and it's his specialty. We're pretty darned lucky to have him, for it's a rooster of his feather who is likely to be the deciding factor in more than a couple of tough embroglios.

Should this column fail to remark the par excellent play of Dan Rooney, it would be handing itself a healthy wallop in the optic. Yet anything we say is old stuff. Let this suffice: if Dan developed a case of mumps or some similar ailment and was out for the rest of the season—which Heaven forbid—he did enough in the Denison go to entitle him to letters for the remainder of his life.

It was a slam-bang, put-and-take affair that greeted the 5,000 grid fans who hit the trail for the Bluff Saturday, August 31. Denison downed the Dukes, 9 to 0, but the Ohioans knew they'd been in one whale of a battle before the final whistle blew.

It was a combination of weight, clipping, and general tough luck that gave the Red and Blue the short end of the verdict. The Hill forwards were scarcely up to snuff in their play and thereon hangs the tale. The result was determined by the inability of the Pittsburghers' line to smash along and break up the Buckeye Staters' defense.

Denison uncorked an unexpectedly powerful display of straight, old-fashioned, "biff-ahead" football, frequently resorting to the rather antiquated indirect pass with astonishing success. It was precisely the sort of thing best calculated to insure victory over the light Bluffite machine, and when the decidedly heavier Ohio backfield swung into action, it was a case of an

ordinary human being attempting to grapple with a steam-roller.

The initial score chanced along in the middle of the second quarter when Lady Luck rose right up and smote the Dukes on the proboscis. The home gridders took the ball on downs on their own 25-yard line when Packard smeared Kniebler after the latter had traversed a distance of three yards through left tackle. Packard was injured and Cingolani, a star of last year, replaced him at right end. Rooney was thrown for a four-yard loss when his interference failed him at left end. Caffrey made one at right tackle. Rooney punted to the Denison 40-mark, but Duquesne was offside and the ball was brought back to the locals' 15-yard line with a five-yard penalty. Then came the break. Rooney fell back to the goal line to kick. The oval was snapped—and it soared two feet above his head, falling behind the line. Like a flash Bridge tore through, and though Rooney recovered quickly and attempted valiantly to carry the ball out, he was nailed for a safety, giving a two-point advantage. That ended the scoring for the first half.

Cross Line in Third.

The lone touchdown of the contest came in the third period. Duquesne received the kick at the start of the second half and after a couple of ineffective thrusts at the line, Rooney punted. Rogers caught it on the Duke 40-yard line and was downed in his tracks by Cingolani, who was putting up a wonderful game at end. Allen made seven between Houston and Lemon, Kniebler failed at the opposite side and Rogers blew himself to a 15-yard run in a repeat attack on Bluff right. Two more line bucks netted a couple of yards. At this juncture Allen hurled the ball 25 yards to McConnaughey. Mac pulled a sensational catch and was brought to earth on the 19-yard mark. Three plays made another first down, whereupon Hunley's number was called and the giant Ohio back skirted Cingolani's end for nine yards and six points. Denison chose Allen to drop-kick for the goal after touchdown. The ball sailed low and would probably have passed under the bar, had not a Duke player poked it with his hand and given it the necessary elevation to make it good. The scoring stopped then and there.

The Pittsburghers came to life in the last frame and threatened to ruin matters for their Granville opponents. Coach Ballin withdrew Quinn from center, shifted Capt. McNamara to the pivot post and sent Packard in at left end. The changes injected new life into the team. Schneider rose to the heights and tossed Hunley for a three-yard loss. On the next play,

Denison fumbled and the same Red and Blue lineman recovered. A minute later Cingolani grabbed a forward pass from Rooney and ticked off 35 yards before being dropped. The ball was touched by a Denison man, but the Duke end hugged it ere it could reach the turf. He was injured, but resumed his position amid the cheers of students. Two tries by Rooney and a dash by Buehler made it first down on the six-yard line. Here the Ohioans became desperate and their line held until Rooney fumbled after receiving a long pass near the side lines. Denison recovered and gained a breathing spell by punting out of danger.

Start Another Parade.

Duquesne promptly inaugurated another parade toward the Granvillians' goal. It was pulled off in almost the identical manner in which the previous cakewalk had been worked. Cingolani dragged a second lengthy throw from the atmosphere and set the ball down 30 yards farther on. Rooney dropped back for the same stunt again, and this time Caffrey took the toss.

Right there was where the Dukes lost their big opportunity. The crowd had surged to within a foot or so of the side-line as a touchdown seemed imminent, and seeing the spectators so close to home as he caught the oval, the former Kiski star fancied himself within a yard or two of the boundary. Under this impression, he cut in toward the center of the field and was stopped on the six-yard line by a pair of Ohio huskies. Then the pitcher went to the well once too often. Caffrey, who was calling signals from halfback, gave the high sign for another forward. Rooney took care of the snap from center easily enough, but the rub came when he sought to dispose of the ball. No one was set to receive it and as a last resort he shot it in the general direction of Cingolani, who had been co-operating with him nobly at the aerial game. Unfortunately for the Hillmen, the brilliant little terminal was having troubles of his own eluding three or four Granvillians, and was unable to be on hand to meet the occasion, and the pellet smote terra firma behind the line for a touchback, putting Denison on the offensive on its own 30-yard line, with the Red and Blue followers in a pandemonium of sorrowful hysterics. There, as the story-writers say, we leave them, for the final whistle shrilled before the pigskin could be put into play.

Winners Have Edge.

It was a real grid skirmish from first to last, with Denison

having the edge by virtue of the afore-mentioned heft and the beautifully concerted action of the Buckeye line-plungers, Allen, Kniebler and Hunley. The Dukes were unable to get going until it was too late to accomplish anything practical. They lost, but unless a perfectly good guess goes absolutely awry, Ballin hit the proper combination when he shunted McNamara to center and gave Cingolani his old job at the wing. Ching proved himself a hero by his work and it's difficult to figure how he can be kept out of the lineup from now on. He, Dan Rooney and Caffrey stood out far above their fellows, and must be placed in a class with the cream of the tri-state football talent.

Duquesne-Denison Lineup.

Duquesne.		Denison.
(C) McNamara.....	L. E.....	Lyne
Schnieder.....	L. T.....	Willis (C)
Papapanu.....	L. G.....	Steadman
Quinn.....	C.....	Calhoun
Lemon.....	R. G.....	McLain
Houston.....	R. T.....	Henderson
Packard.....	R. E.....	Jefferson
Buehler.....	Q. B.....	Rogers
O'Connell.....	L. H.....	Allen
Caffrey.....	R. H.....	Hundley
Rooney.....	F. B.....	Knebler

Score by quarters—

Duquesne	0	0	0	0—0
Denison	0	2	7	0—9

Substitutions: Duquesne—Cingolani for Packard, Packard for McNamara, McNamara for Quinn. Denison—Bridge for Henderson, McConnaughey for Lyne, Henderson for Bridge, Benson for Steadman, Rutherford for McLain. Touchdowns—Hunley. Goal from touchdown—Allen. Missed goals from field—Allen. Safeties—Denison. Time of quarters—10 minutes. Referee—McFarland, W. & J. Umpire—Pearlman, Pitt. Linesman—Slack.

A decidedly large athletic month has just passed into the history of the University. Taking it chronological, the fun began just previous to the rather early opening of school. First the Varsity candidates reported to Father McGuigan for a few days' preliminary workout. A week later along came Hal Ballin, former Princeton captain and twice all-American tackle, who is guiding the Duke grid destinies this fall—and for a number of successive falls if students' opinion should happen

to be heeded and he so desires. The ex-Tiger took hold from the initial minute and made it plain to the men that he knew more football than the yegg who invented it. It is also worthy of note that Ballin impressed forcibly on the embryo Thorpes, Brickleys and Pecks the fact that he is the absolute boss—which is a mighty good thing for if our usually reliable memory is not playing tag with us, there seemed to be some difference of opinion the past couple years as to who was running things and as one of several poor results the entire squad was up in the figurative air and received numerous jolts immediately north of the shoulders. One of this fair village's dassust dailies recently broke into print with the information that the well-known "Greasy" (nee Earle) Neale, of some repute as a pedagogue specializing in the elements of the autumn pastime, is on the point of leaving one of our neighboring institutions of learning flat on its cauliflower ear, merely because some doubt exists in certain alleged minds as to whether or not Mr. Neale is the officer-in-charge. Hence, we interpose the suggestion that the various students, alumni, and followers of Duquesne congregate in groups for the purpose of patting one another's backs in a spirit of self-congratulation, for to the best of our knowledge such a state of affairs does not prevail at present within these classic walls. However, to resume the thread of this chronicle, the Red and Blue mentor shoved his proteges ahead in a fashion that belied the existence of several well-nigh insurmountable difficulties. The greatest of these obstacles was a lack of regularity among the men in reporting for practice. Some were on hand every afternoon, others condescended to drop around occasionally, and a number delayed making their appearance until the middle of the month. The latter two classes amounted to little enough, but they retarded progress to a considerable extent, and the truth of the matter is they weren't so much to blame anyway. The situation can be attributed almost solely to the custom of beginning the school term on different dates in different departments. The College of Arts, Pre-Med, and Prep-Law assembled on September sixth; the Law School took to its Blackstone and jurisprudence on the twenty-fifth; Economics and Finance broke the barrier on October second. The conclusion to be drawn is obvious: there will be an epidemic of stragglers every season until the fault is remedied.

Anyway things have been rattling along pretty smoothly, and though the Denison game went by the board there is every reason to believe that the 1922 outfit will be a success. Father

McGuigan, Coach Ballin and Clem Strobel are behind the squad and with this trio lined up, anyone who looks for failure is talking under the influence of ponjola and is the victim of a pessimistic toot.

The High School Teams.

Earlier in the season the prospects for football in the High School were none too bright owing to the cramped conditions resulting from the building operations here. However, the Faculty favored the great autumn sport and room was made for the usual two squads, the Preps and the Juniors. The great amount of work entailed by his position as Director of Athletics made it necessary for Father Mac to relinquish the position as coach of the Preps and the squad was reorganized and augmented through the united efforts of Father Dodwell and Mr. Ligday.

The prospects of this year's Prep team look extremely bright. The two coaches have succeeded in getting together a fighting crowd of footballers and much is expected of them. Loebig, the husky fullback, is this year's captain and he will lead an eleven into the field selected from the following: Gil-day, Murphy, Monaghan, Uhrine, McGall, Woods, Furer, Loughren, Clary, Vogel, Viragh, Hurley, Barrett, Malone, F. McCarthy and Ryan.

The schedule is in somewhat of a muddle at the present writing as there has been a change of student managers for the team, but such teams as St. Thomas H. S., Steubenville H. S., Mingo Junction H. S., Sacred Heart H. S., and Connells-ville H. S. have already been listed and six more games are pending.

The newcomers in High School football in the above mentioned squad are Murphy, Monaghan, Uhrine, McGall, Woods, Furer and Ryan. Murphy is a promising tackle; Monaghan, an elongated end who looks good; Uhrine and McGall are powerful guards, whilst Woods and Furer bear all the earmarks of good backfield men. The vets are all that could be hoped for. They are not merely satisfied with living on past performances, but seem determined on improving, and that is the spirit we want and appreciate.

The Juniors.

After collecting what seemed to be the most promising of the candidates for this year's Junior team, Father Dodwell undertook the job of molding a team that had only one member of last year's Junior team on it. This was a tough assignment but there was a team ready to play, St. Rosalia H. S., on Oct.

3 and though the youngsters were beaten by their much heavier rivals, they were not outplayed. A blocked punt and a lucky forward pass made two touchdowns possible for the Greenfield lads, score 14-3 favor of St. Rosalia H. S.

There was quite a different story to tell about the game of the following Monday, as the Juniors took the measure of the second team from Schenley H. S., score 12 to 0. McCarthy starred in this game as he scored both touchdowns from forwards thrown by the skillful arm of Cary who played fullback.

In the practices and games held to date the Junior team has shown great promise. Their backfield, composed of Karabinos and McCarthy at the halves, J. Rooney at quarter and Mason at fullback, forms a fast and brainy group of pigskin chasers. On the line there are the ends, Burke and McCullough, the tackles, Whalen and Bradley; the guards, Burns and Straub, and the diminutive Butler at center.

Rooney and Karabinos are the brainy combination upon which the team depends for a successful season, the latter being a very valuable young man to have as he can punt and drop-kick as well as hit the old line for substantial gains and is fleet of foot when it comes to skirting the ends.

Watch the Juniors' record and see if they do not justify the confidence placed in them by their coaches. Father Dodwell has left most of the business of coaching the team to Mr. Mielnicki whose enthusiasm and deep interest are sure to keep his charges going in the right direction in the matter of winning games.

Several good games are pending with leading teams in the Junior class. The features of the St. Rosalia game were furnished by the Junior line and the individual work of the Rosalia fullback. McCarthy was hurried in making one of his punts, the punt was blocked and thus the visitors were put in a position to score with ten yards to go and four downs to make it in. Karabinos saved his mates by a pretty drop kick from the thirty yard line, which accounted for the three points and averted a shut-out.

The Juniors resorted to the forward passing game against the Schenley lads, and Clary, by throwing two thirty-yard passes to the outstretched hands of McCarthy, put the latter in the open field with no one near enough to get him till he had crossed the Schenley goal line. Karabinos faileld at both tries for goal from placement, mostly because he was hurried.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, ARTS, '25.

Duquesnicula

Two lawyers were conversing about a case when one said:
"We have justice on our side."

"What we want," said the other, "is the Chief Justice."

Mrs. Gossip—"My husband ain't been arrested for 25 years."

Mrs. Goofus—"Mine's up for life too."

Jimmy—"Sister's beau is coming to our house."

Bobby—"How do you know?"

Jimmy—"Papa told me that I can play with my bank tonight."

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively now, break the bones in Mr. Jones' chops and put Mr. Smith's rib in the basket for him."

John (briskly)—"All right sir, just as soon as I saw off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

Cuckoo—"Would you mind getting me a nest?"

Visitor—"What for?"

Cuckoo—"I am a scenario writer and I would like to hatch a plot."

Prof.—"What is meant by the lot of man."

Wise Cracker—"His feet."

A judge pointing his cane to a prisoner before him remarked: "There is a cheat and a liar at the end of this stick."

"At which end, your honor?" innocently asked the prisoner.

Hugh Tellem—"My daughter shall marry an English Peer."

I. Kidem—"That's nothing; mine will marry an American Doc."

Krazy Kat's Kolumn

LATEST SONG HINTS.

"I didn't like her apartment so I knocked her flat."

"She is only a bootlegger's daughter but I love her still."

"Now that I need a new hat 'I love her Truly' (Warner)."

JOHN E. MONAGHAN, '25.

Duquesne Monthly



Duquesne Monthly

NOVEMBER, 1922

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A Literary Magazine

No. 2

John B. Harvey, B. S. C., '25 Cyril Heim, H. S., '23
Richard Wilhelm, H. S., '23

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Number 2.

Parce, Deus

There's a tree, tall and fair, in a wilderness lonely,
'Mid briars and mosses, where lichen cells grow;
Then I found it one day, and it spoke to me only
The words and the lessons I wanted to know.

There's a branch from its trunk spreading over the heather,
It shelters and covers, at noon, night and dawn,
From the cold and the heat, in all inclement weather,
The fluttering bird, and the timorous fawn.

There's a flower, and a fruit, only lately I found it,
It quenches the thirst of the traveler too;
And a blessing from heaven hangs always around it,
That's known to the many, and loved by the few.

The Church is a tree, in life's wilderness growing,
And we are the branch for protection and need;
Whilst the flowers are the seeds of the prayers we are sowing
The weary to comfort, the famished to feed.

As the winds of November around us are sighing,
And souls of our loved ones are pleading in grief;
Let the fruit of our works, and the prayers be undying,
In efforts to aid, and to bring swift relief.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



Debate—The Soldier Bonus

(Affirmative)

The subject for debate this evening namely: Resolved, That the Soldiers' Bonus Bill should be Passed Immediately, has caused considerable comment and discussion during the last few years. Indeed it has been one of the basic principles of the platforms of enthusiastic office seekers. Now we do not expect that the outcome of this debate will have any immediate effect on Congress, but we intend to set forth the "pros" and "cons" of the question as they appear.

The affirmative side maintains that the Soldiers' Bonus Bill should be passed immediately, that is, Congress should make it a law, as soon as possible, that the soldier boys be given some remuneration for the services during the war. Now we do not mean that this bonus be paid in one lump sum immediately upon its passage rating during such a period. In addition to this a bonus system was inaugurated, thereby increasing his income. The manufacturer received an enormous profit. During this period of prosperity money literally rolled into his coffers. But what of the soldier boy who shares not in this industrial boon? His pay is one dollar a day; yet day after day he surmounts the terrible hardships of war that those at home may be unharmed. Yes, all this he does and one thing more: he insures the capital of the country, for if he fails wherein can the promisory note be redeemed and whence goes our money?

After the war a depression in business followed. Those who remained at home are well equipped to meet such a period. The soldier boy returns home to meet this condition, without funds. He has no money, yet he must survive. His needs are the same as other men's; he must pay the same for his goods, yet he has no surplus from which to draw. He must inevitably incur a debt; the debt increases with no apparent relief in view bodily. In reading the economic history of ancient Greece we find a similar condition. Greece, in reaching the supremacy she then enjoyed, had to conquer many a foe in battle. This cast upon the Greek society many a needy veteran, whose condition was much like the soldier of today. In relief of this we find Pisistratus ordering him to be paid. In the toll of war does not confine itself to the battle field. In the shell torn fields of distant France lies many a soldier boy in an unknown grave, but

his earthly wants faded as he closed his eyes in death. But come back home; gaze upon the wreck wrought among our young manhood. Behold, if you will, the lame and the maimed. Their's is a pitiable case, and the wants are many but the resources few. Be there a Congressman so dead who never to himself hath said: these are mine own, my native lads; if such there breathe go mark him well. For him no minsterl's raptures swell; and he shall go down, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Come then, let us urge the passing of the Soldiers' Bonus Bill, for the soldiers need a bonus, and it is only logical to apply the remedy when needed. In justice they ought to be rewarded for their service.

E. J. CAYE, B. A., '23.

(Negative)

The question of a bonus for those men who were in the service of our country is certainly worthy of consideration on our part, aside from a sense of appreciation and obligation. However, the general tendency of men is to be biased in favor of those who are nearest to the human heart, and surely, no one can deny that the soldier boy is close to the heart of the nation. Nevertheless, while sentiment necessarily enters into our lives as human beings, still we should endeavor to reason out logically the facts of the case, before arriving at any definite conclusion.

In the first place we must admit that there are none more deserving of financial aid, in the form of a bonus, than those men who risked their lives every minute on the firing line, that the principles of our country and the people of this great nation might live. Yet, soldier bonus is not something new; its origin dates back to the ancient Greeks at the time of Pisistratus and Pericles, and for this reason we can commit ourselves more easily.

Our country, in this period of reconstruction, is just recovering from that strife which rocked the world. Our finances are low, in contrast with the huge debt contracted by our government in waging war. The nation is nearly taxed to its utmost, yet the revenue is hardly large enough to keep the chariot of State rolling. The officials of the government say that the coffers of the nation cannot mete out the bonus because they have dwindled down to a lowly sum. Would it be wise then to tax the people,—the common people, I mean, on

whom the burden of taxes falls heavily, and who now are sharing the expense almost to the limit of their ability? The very ones to benefit by this bill would be heavily taxed to pay for the bonus. The middle and lower classes comprise the majority of the country's population, while the majority of soldiers are in this division, too; so naturally the burden falls on these for any extraordinary taxation. So this mode of acquiring funds would, in general, oppress rather than benefit the majority of our people. Then immediately some individuals cry, "Tax the Corporations," and refuse to be convinced that this is not the solution to the problem. All such organizations are taxed heavily and will have a difficult task to pay their income taxes alone. Capital is the backbone of any industry; on it depends not only the nation's trade, but also occupation for her citizens. Yet, if we look up the history of these useful and necessary promoters of industry, we shall find that such organizations do not thrive or tend to progress when weighted down by oppressive taxes. There must be some incentive more than mere existence to make the wheels of industry hum. Thus, we see that this means of increasing the revenue of the government shows a flaw when we consider the welfare of the country at large.

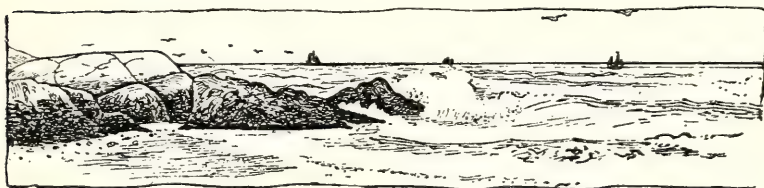
Now, let us consider this question of soldiers' bonus from a different angle. Would this bonus really be a benefit to the ex-soldier or would it be a detriment to him? I am not referring to the wounded and disabled, for it would surely aid them, although the government is expending large sums for their welfare; but I have in mind the others, who are in the majority. They are, for the most part, back to their pre-war time pursuits, and having a sum of money thus presented to them would tend to make them shiftless and unindustrious.

Finally, we ask, are our men to lose sight of the fact that American soldiers march to battle and fight for their country as a patriotic duty, regardless of pay or post-war money? Our forefathers minded not what their stipend would be, but rather stood firm for their principles. The spirit of '76 should be the prevailing spirit now. What have other countries to offer in order to spur their men onward to victory in ghastly wars? Nothing but oppression from despotic kings and rulers, who offer them a little gold to die on the battlefield. Is American patriotism to be brought to this? Can we even imagine it—America the greatest of nations? Are not the American stand-

ards of freedom and justice enough to arouse our soldiers? Shall the term Patriotism be blotted out by the word Bonus? Think what it means.

Therefore, we should give the officials of our government our moral support because they legislate, not for a class or section of the country, but for the nation as a whole, and we should be loyal, even if they deem it necessary for the common welfare to reject the Bonus Bill.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, B. A., '23.



Lord Northcliffe, The Man

England lost its most distinguished journalist when Lord Northcliffe succumbed to a long siege of illness. It was an illness which he could not diagnose. When afflicted with it, his boyishness gave way to a spell of melancholy; and in this mental state the great editor was not at his best. He was the most successful journalist of his time, and the keynote to his success was his love for youth.

When Northcliffe possessed good health he graced himself with all his amazing qualities. He loved romance, and if he could have had his way this grim world would have been converted into a fairy land. He delighted in evading the monotony of everyday life. The most commonplace events were picturesquely described by him. He prided himself on being able to face reverses with a smile. It was this smile, too, that surrounded him with so many admirers.

Like a boy who just begins to read Stevenson, Northcliffe built his imaginary cities of fortune. He viewed life with an ambition for adventure; and it was not difficult for him to find it; in fact, it was all around him. He had just to take up his journalistic duties and he was in the midst of romance, adventure and excitement.

One must remember, too, that Northcliffe did not possess

a trained mind. Its functioning was as changeable as the present Near-East question. He shifted from one discussion to another with an uncertainty that was at times bewildering. However, it is not to be concluded from this that he was fickle in his convictions. When he was convinced of his opinions, it was practically impossible to alter them. It was this changeableness that he liked. It bespoke youth, and one could not pay him a higher compliment than to connect his name with the spirit of boyhood.

The genius of Northcliffe was not evident in the organization of his newspaper endeavors. He was no organizer. He assigned this task to men of a more business-like cast. He was a romanticist; a lover of young manhood.

So, in the story of Northcliffe's life one might say that youth was his god. He worshiped at the shrine where old age is converted into youth. If he was physically unfit to partake in boyish games, he could always depend upon his mind to abate the disappointment.

Northcliffe was a capable man. The pen he wielded was significant of power and authority. He fought for his convictions with a vigor that disheartened his opponents. He was fearless, straightforward and frank in his speech. Many projects that he attempted were declared futile, but he usually emerged with the wreath of victory. And all these accomplishments he attributed to the spirit of youth which he was able to maintain, even until his death.

C. J. HOFFMANN, '24.





Across The Atlantic

On the Adriatic.

On Saturday, the twenty-fourth of June, I boarded the *Adriatic* at New York. This White Star liner has been appropriately called "the Old Maid's Delight," so steady is it even in comparatively rough seas; not once did it roll perceptibly in the three thousand miles it covered during our trans-Atlantic voyage.

The afternoon passed quietly. Passengers located their state-rooms, put away their light luggage, and became acquainted. Stewards assigned places at meals, and soon the day was done. Forced draughts of air kept the quarters below decks deliciously cool, and sleep sat lightly on tired eyelids.

Sunday was necessarily a day of rest. The purser conducted the Church of England service, and this he does even if an Anglican clergyman is present. Catholics assembled in the library or dining rooms, to assist at Mass. At the end farther from the door, a table was set, and on it was placed a cabinet containing all the requisites. In the framework of the lid, the crucifix and footless candlesticks fitted into holes drilled for the purpose. The Canons were pasted on the interior of the lid, and the lid was kept in an upright position by means of a movable brass prop. The sacred vessels, altar wine, hosts, cruets, missal, stand, bell, alb and sacred linen rested in the interior on a folding altar table; beneath it had been laid the vestments, gold on one side and black on the other. After Mass a collection was taken up for the Mariners' Charities.

Beginning on Monday, passengers indulged in a variety of games, the most popular being shuffleboard, deck tennis and handball. Book-lovers dipped into current magazines, fiction and books on travel. Devotees of the weed and thirsty souls released from the restrictions of prohibition, patronized the smoking room and its exhilarating bar. All enjoyed the music, song and dance, that whiled away the evening hours.

The appearance of porpoises, flying fish, spouting whales,

distant icebergs, passing ships, and the day's run furnished topics for casual conversation. The *Daily News* was carefully scanned; world happenings, and baseball scores and standings were animatedly discussed.

The bracing air and gentle exercise on board ship develop keen appetites. The sound of the bugle or gong is impatiently awaited and heartily welcomed. The abundance and variety of dishes served satisfy the most exacting epicurean taste. For the information of the curious, I reproduce a copy of a luncheon menu:

Potage Mongole
Boiled Sea Trout, Hoteliere
Marinated Herrings
Ox Tail, Jardiniere
Roast Loin of Pork a l'Anglaise
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce Ormskirk Brawn
Braised Gosling Smoked Ox Tongue
Baked Jacket Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Salad, Bretonne Tomatoes
Sago Custard Pudding
Rhubarb Tart
Cheese: Young American Chidder Edam

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle traveled with us on the *Adriatic*. The creator of Sherlock Holmes is, as we all know, the creator of a new religion destined in his judgment to supplant the old. In a half hour's lecture he endeavored to explain in what the new religion consists. Whether his explanations were meant to mystify or were beyond our comprehension, it would be disrespectful or humiliating to state. We all regarded them as very nebulous. When asked for proofs on which he based his theories, or sanctions he could cite in their favor, as the Apostles did for the doctrine they taught, he acknowledged very candidly that he had no proofs or guarantee to offer. At the conclusion of the lecture we regarded the honorable knight as mentally unbalanced by the loss of his son in the World War, or involved in Cimmerian darkness since he had the fatuity to renounce the religion in which he had been baptized and in which he has been schooled by able teachers. When one falls from grace, *facilis descensus averni*.

As we neared the shores of Ireland, we were in hope of seeing the picturesque coast and verdant mountains of the

County Kerry, but daylight faded into darkness, and we entered Cobh (Queenstown) Harbor on the verge of midnight. In the distance we could discern lights on the range of hills on which the town is built. Before we could disembark we had to show our passports to representatives of the Free State, and to be furnished with landing permits which we surrendered on crossing the gangway to the tender. Within twenty minutes we had left the liner far behind us and had stepped on Irish soil.

Cobh.

We landed at Cobh (Queenstown) at 2:15 on Sunday morning, experiencing no difficulty with the Customs' officials, and were speedily accommodated in one or other of the several hotels of the town. I may say in passing that these hotels compare unfavorably with our American mammoth establishments; elevators are rarely found in them, and bell-hops are frequently conspicuous by their absence. But what they lack in these respects is amply compensated for in the luxuries of choicest mutton, sweet, fresh butter, appetizing bread and succulent vegetables.

After saying Mass for a goodly number of the passengers, I had the pleasure of meeting the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne. He is still hale and hearty with a robust constitution, though he has already celebrated the silver jubilee of his consecration as Bishop, and is seventy-eight years of age. He is well informed in matters American as he often entertains our Bishops and other distinguished guests from the United States.

The afternoon was agreeably spent in visiting the residential section of the town. Its beautiful homes shaded with foliage, made attractive with flower gardens, and set off with emerald lawns, with occasional orchards rich with ripening fruits, are usually set back at such a distance from the public highway as to give them an air of seclusion and privacy. Not a few of our American visitors made a little pilgrimage out into the country yellow with corn fields and variegated with clusters of trees on the hillsides, to say a prayer for the victims of the Lusitania laid to rest in the churchyard. The graves were dug in the extensive lots which are cared for at the expense of the Cunard Steamship Company. Where these one hundred and seventy ill-fated seafarers—the rest having been carried out to sea or taken by relatives to the family burying grounds—sleep their last sleep, the grass is regularly trimmed, and six golden

yews and cypress trees shed their morning dewy tears in mourning over blighted lives of sterling promise or famed achievement.

Every train that steamed out of Cobh carried its burden of passengers to the western or southeastern counties of Ireland. Connection between Cork and Dublin had been suspended owing to the destruction of bridges and the tearing up of railroad lines by Republican forces. Though I had not yet determined how I was to reach the capital, the goal of my journey, I resolved to travel along the picturesque banks of the River Lee as far as Cork, to pay a visit of sympathy to the Very Rev. Cornelius O'Shea, formerly head of our American missionary band, known to our students for the practical, soul-stirring and eloquent sermons delivered to them during retreats, and, until the time of his illness, provincial of the Irish province. I found him a very sick man, utterly helpless, but cheerful and chatty as ever. He knew that there was no hope of recovery, and he longed for the day that he would die and be with God. In Ireland, Trinidad, and the United States, he had won many sinners back to the practice of their religion, and many more he directed along the path of perfection in religious and secular life. To him is eminently applicable Oliver Goldsmiths' beautiful tribute to the village clergyman:

"And as a bird each found endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

I parted with him in sorrow, but still with the hope that I should see him on my return to the seaport. On the occasion of my first visit, he assured me that his nephew, George Hefernan, who was engaged in the development of Irish commercial intercourse with foreign countries, would secure for me a passage to Dublin on the American freighter, *Eastern Tempest*, commanded by a personal friend, Captain James D. Simmons. Whilst waiting for the boat to arrive, unload and load its cargo, I had the time and opportunity to see what was most interesting in the city. In the neighborhood of the post office, and especially at the head of Patrick street, I saw the ruins of the once flourishing stores destroyed by the vengeful, inhuman Black and Tans. Across the River Lee, at a distance of nearly half a mile, they also wrecked the City Hall and Carnegie Library by setting both on fire. When questioned in the House

of Commons as to the cause of the burning of these two hand-home structures, Sir Hamar Greenwood betrayed his ignorance of Cork topography and attempted to shield the perpetrators of this unjustifiable piece of vandalism, by explaining that they caught fire from the flames of the houses burning in Patrick street.

My visits to the hospital took me past a barracks occupied by Republican troops. They were mostly young men in their 'teens and were distinguished from civilians only by their rifles and ammunition belts. When I asked one of them why they did not wear uniforms, he replied, "We can fight just as well without them." This indifference towards the stipulations of recognized warfare had this advantage: when confronted by Free State troops and the dangers of action and capture, they could cast aside their characteristic marks as soldiers, mingle with the crowd, and escape detection. Their courage was questionable, for when one of the government leaders proposed that those taken in arms should be tried for sedition, Michael Collins suggested that they should be made to stand trial for cowardice.

Like every other visitor to Cork, I admired the beauty of its streets—the Grand Parade especially—of its churches, public buildings, enterprising stores and private residences. The church of Shandon Bells, the subject of Father Prout's onomatopoeic verses; Henry Ford's extensive factory, and Blarney Castle are magnets that draw visitors irresistibly to their sites. The grave of Terence McSweeney in the stately cemetery near Sunday's Well had its claims on me. I admired him for his scholarly attainments and literary ability. I revered him for the sacrifice he made of a promising career in order that the eyes of the world might be riveted upon the agony of a country devastated, plundered, and harassed by the iniquitous Black and Tans. His remains are laid to rest in the Republican Patriots' Plot bounded with an iron fence draped with mourning all around. Sixty wreaths beneath glass shades, laid lovingly above him, testify to the sense of loss his native city experienced when his fast of seventy-six days released his unyielding spirit from his wasted frame. Twenty-one of his townsmen are buried within this enclosure, and simple but eloquent tablets tell the touching story of their death in the cause of freedom.

Visiting a friend in Victoria Road, I met Eamon de Valera's eldest son, Vivian. The boy is eleven years old and very like

his father. His home is in Greystones, County Wicklow. He suffers from asthma. It was thought that the change of air would benefit his health.

On Thursday I met the captain of the *Eastern Tempest*. He graciously offered me the freedom of his vessel, and invited me to come on board at noon the following day. I most gladly accepted. Just as I reached the dock, a stevedore who had been engaged to work less than an hour before, was taken out of the water after nineteen minutes' immersion. He had slipped, and had fallen head downwards between the wharf and the side of the vessel. As he lay on the dock waiting for the ambulance to take him to a hospital, I gave him a conditional absolution. The news of his premature death was a sad blow to his young wife and three little children.

On the Eastern Tempest.

At six-thirty, the freight having been all loaded, orders were given to cast loose the cables, and to head the vessel down stream. This operation consumed a little time as its length was three hundred and seventy feet, and the river at the point was only four hundred and twenty approximately. With a pilot on board, we steamed down the Lee, admiring the wooded uplands, the emerald green lawns and the pretty residences lit up to the east with the golden rays of the setting sun. We noticed with interest two vessels moored on either side of the passage, with armed Republicans on board prepared to prevent ammunition or other supplies from reaching their Free State opponents. Soon we passed the British destroyers, some eight in number, anchored at the mouth of the river as a privilege extended to them by the terms of the treaty drawn up and signed the previous December. To the right we saw the island of Haulbowline with its governmental jail and huge navy stores built by Irish prisoners captured during and after the rising of Easter Sunday, 1916. To the left we were charmed with the tiers of houses, white and brownish yellow, rising in a wide semicircle along the hillside capped with the beautiful Gothic cathedral, its lofty spires pointing heavenwards and its belfry of chimes sending out in mellow tones over the waters its 'witching invitation to "Come Back to Erin."

Before we reached the frowning fortresses that guard the narrow entrance to the harbor, we dropped the pilot, and the captain took command. With the tide helping along we made

twelve knots an hour, standing out to sea until we reached the fifty fathom limit that made traveling secure. In the twilight we saw the promontories of Cork and Waterford jutting out to meet us.

When darkness fell I retired with the captain to his office on the upper deck, and studied the chart with which he guided the ship's course. The soundings for twenty miles or more from the coast were marked within little red circles, and the nature of the bottom of the sea was indicated, so that, if one had lost his bearings, by dropping a line weighted with lead, the lower end of which is hollow and filled with grease, one could practically determine the ship's whereabouts by the clinging matter hoisted up.

After a good night's rest I awoke to find myself on the eastern coast ascending the Irish Sea. Vessels hove in sight and were gradually lost to view. Lighthouses appeared at intervals and indicated our course. Towards noon we remarked on our left Bray Head, on which Cromwell once stood and exclaimed as he saw the beauty of the surrounding scenery, "This is a country well worth fighting for." Gradually we distinguished Killiney Hill, Dalkey Island, and the piers of Dunlaoghaire (Kingstown) harbor reaching out as if to welcome us. In front was Howth Head rising high above the sea, and I could imagine that its wealth of magnificent rhododendrons was wafting its treasures of perfume all about us as we approached. Dublin Bay opened up before us with its lovely villas extending from Monkstown, through Blackrock, and Booterstown and Merrion, on to Landosdowne Road. They and the woods between them and behind them stood out in relief against the green of the Dublin Mountains. After passing close by Clontarf, where Brian Boru broke the might of the Danes, we docked in the mouth of the Liffey. H. J. McD.

(To be continued)



Withering Leaves

Softly flutter autumn leaves,
Down they fall in wood and fen,
Nature looks, and silent grieves,
Over hill and vale and glen.

Orphaned leaves with trembling cling,
Sad and sorrowed to the tree;
Wailing winds on weary wing,
Make of joy a memory.

Bedded deep along yon bank,
Where, lo! laughs the silver stream,
Leaves of lingering life, now dank,
Noiselessly in torrents teem.

Softly glide the yearning years,
Orphaned many a heavy heart,
Bedded under bitter tears,
Lives, like autumn leaves, depart.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.



The Near East

The Balkan and Turkish situation is resolving itself into a so-called Holy War, as in the case of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the Christian nations combined to capture the Holy Land from the Turks. This time, though, the Easterners are on the offensive instead of the defensive.

This war is not of recent origin; for the Balkans began fighting Turkey long before the World War. At the interruption of hostilities at that time, practically all the European possessions were taken from the Mohammedans. The Sultan was far from satisfied at the arrangement, but the Great War prevented him from making an effort to recover his land. In that bloody conflict, Turkey and two of the most powerful Balkan states—Greece and Bulgaria—were allied with Germany. This complication of affairs was undoubtedly due to the German power, both military and diplomatic.

Now, Turkey and Greece are again in arms. The former, about three times as powerful as she was at the close of the World War, is crushing the latter. Kemal Pasha, the Turkish nationalist leader, captured Smyrna, a city in Asia Minor, and is bent on gaining a foothold in Europe.

The new outbreak, according to Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, is the start of a new, or as one might say, a renewal of the old world war. All the Christian nations are suffering, in as much as their citizens are being massacred by the Turks and passage through the Dardanelles for merchant vessels is hindered.

England already has ships in the danger zone and is mobilizing all the obtainable troops on the scene of activity. The United States is also sending ships to Turkish waters. But England is the main aggressor. She says that the Dardanelles ought to be free, but can anyone imagine the one and only "John Bull" sending soldiers and ships to make the Dardanelles free? That does not seem to be his way of acting by the precedents he established in similar cases in history.

But, let that be as it may. This war promises something greater than a struggle between Turkey and England. The Russian Reds are mobilizing troops and the Christian nations fear that these semi-barbarians will form an alliance with the Turks. In that case it would take all the Christian nations

combined to successfully resist the assaults of an army such as the Reds and the Turks are able to put in the field.

Such a war would virtually be a struggle between barbarism and civilization, materialism and true Christianity. It would be a war that could not be settled favorably for the Christians until those eastern maniacs would be completely subdued. There could be no armistice like the one made at the end of the last war, when the victors were left in almost as bad a condition as the supposed conquered; for each side would be fighting for its existence and defeat would mean complete annihilation of the governments and principles of the conquered.

This war may be far from materializing or the present tussle may be stopped before it has gone too far, but if such a gigantic conflict should come into being (and the prospects do not look too good), the people would have no poor excuse for looking upon it as a criterion of the end of the world.

NORBERT J. SCHRAMM, '24.



Pittsburgh, The Picturesque

As the quiet observer stands on the height of the South Hills and views the fantastic panorama that unfolds itself, he is thrilled with the rugged beauty and stalwart symmetry of the city. On his left and right, two rivers rush together and from their junction flows out a beautiful majestic stream, wide and deep, that sweeps away hundreds of miles to join its waters with those of the far-famed Mississippi. Between these two tributary streams the mighty pulses of this giant city throb. The Allegheny, rushing down from the cool foothills of the north, and the muddy waters of the Monongahela, meet at such an angle that the city proper is hemmed in between their shores on a low-flung, wedge-like tract of land. Almost abruptly from the river's edge rise the gaunt, rock-ribbed hills upon whose heights the large and beautiful suburbs lie.

But it is in this wedge-like triangle already mentioned that

we see the heart of the busy city, as its veins and arteries pulsate with stupifying rapidity. Here, rise the giant skyscrapers, rearing their lofty heights into the face of Heaven. Here, dense crowds tramp the streets in undying procession, each individual in its joshing depths busily intent on some predestined mission. Here, noisy trolleys, packed busses and darting taxies flood the thoroughfares as the tidal wave of traffic surges to and fro. In these narrow confined limits untold wealth, material and potential, is represented. Here, we find not only the massive foundation but the giant superstructure as well of the world's greatest and mightiest steel industry.

Indeed, it is but a stone's throw from the heart of the metropolis to the vast mills and foundries that stretch for miles along the rivers. Tapering chimneys belch forth smoke and soot as some fiery dragon of mythological times. Glowing furnaces, like Moloch of old, satiate their fiery appetites, and vomit forth the matter used in various ways in the formation of steel products.

But if one should leave his vantage point and reluctantly enter into the jam of the city, and travel out Fifth avenue, what a totally different sight would greet him! No roaring blast furnaces, no blackening smoke, no rush of traffic nor jam of pedestrians, no hurry nor confusion greets him; but what?—a stately magnificent beauty, so rich in nature and tone, so absolutely startling, that he stands astounded. Here are spread the classic halls of a great university, here rise the finely proportioned outlines of the historic Memorial Hall, the stern figure of the immense Temple, the delicate moulding of the Athletic Association, the closely knitted group of a famous technical school—all these climaxed by two beautiful shafts of stone reaching high into a cloudless sky, the twin spires of the wonderful Cathedral. Out and beyond, fringing the horizon in a low sweeping curve, and rolling gently toward him, are the verdant hills of Schenley Park.

Yet, not all of the city's beauty is contained here. Out in the clean-cut suburbs of Sewickley, Oakmont, Wilkinsburg and Brookline, the keen observer finds many a gem. Broad, heavily-shaded avenues, wide-spreading golf links, bathing beaches and camping colonies, afford the tired merchant and banker a much-needed rest. But stranger by far, even here, we do not find the ultimate in beauty; for, just beyond these suburbs, nature's own handiwork begins. Vast stretches of rich farmland, small

struggling villages, and ridge after ridge of heavily-timbered hills roll into view. It is here that nature's artists hung their masterpieces. Out where the crude and blundering hand of man cannot go, or has not reached, we find nature in her untrammelled glory. Lofty oaks, guarded chestnut, beech and maple, walnut and sumach, rangy locust and lonely pine, flourish in unbounding and aboriginal luxury. The air is permeated with the sweet perfume of the wild flower. The fields are dotted with daisies and buttercups, the woods with lilies and ferns, common flowers indeed compared with the hot-house roses of the city,—yet man has grown the latter in an artificial and toilsome way, while the former have neither gardener nor florist to shape their destinies. Before the horticulturist was they were, and most probably, long after he is gone they will continue to thrive.

Now, quiet observer, you have some idea of the picture I would paint. Hurry back to your position on the South Hills, for night has come. What do you see? A silver shimmer on the left, a golden gleam on the right, and only the splash of the water betrays the river's presence. The city is spangled with shaded lights, the towering skyscrapers loom up in ghostly silhouette, the encircling hills stand sentinel guard. But the roaring furnaces?—yes, they continue to roar, the gaunt stacks belch forth fiery smoke and the clang of hammered steel must reach you.

Unyielding and unceasing: The workshop of the nation: Pittsburgh, the Picturesque.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.



The Yellow Streak

During the football season at our College, the boys were divided into two classes, viz., those who were on the football squad and those who sat Saturday after Saturday and watched the game. The cheering section of any school is a mighty interesting place at a football game and I do not hesitate to say that many a glorious victory has been won because of the encouragement given by the lads who gave the College yells and sang the College song. Now at our school everybody considered it a strict obligation to attend the games, and, accordingly, it was unnecessary to ask if So and So were present. The boys were unrivalled in the manner of their cheering and it was said they could make more noise than any three colleges of our size put together. In matters of football the boys were mines of information, and a fellow did not have to play in more than one game to be classified by the boys in the stands. As a rule that first classification needed no amendment as the season progressed. But there was "Shorty" Jones who proved a great exception to the rule and if I live to be a hundred I do not expect to see the "dope" so badly upset as it was by Jones in 1914.

Jones was a Sophomore when he came out for the football team. That year's team was made up almost to a man of veterans, and much was expected of the Varsity. The general opinion was that Jones did not have the ghost of a chance to make the team. He was a fine lad and well liked by his fellow students, but he had never had a great reputation for feats of prowess.

"Ever played football before?" was the Coach's laconic reply to "Shorty's" request for a tryout.

"Three years at half-back on my High School eleven," quoth Jones.

"All right, report for practice tomorrow and if you have any football togs bring them along when you come for class."

It must be admitted Jones showed up well in the practice sessions that preceded the first game of the year, but the veterans showed up a little better and were given the call when the day arrived for the first game. Jones was content to sit on the bench all through that game till the last quarter when, to the surprise of every body in the cheering section, he was substituted for Callery, our right half-back, who had been playing

a great game, and had much to do with the making of our two touchdowns. Jones was evidently very nervous, and his failure to tackle a man carrying the ball for our opponents put the latter in a position to score their first touchdown. The critical cheering section weighed Jones in the balance and found him wanting. "He's got a yellow-streak" was the grumbled decision of the fellows who never played football but gloried in the task of cheering, a much easier business than that of playing football.

That was Jones' first and last chance for many a day. The yellow-streak decision stuck somehow, and even the Coach tried to convince himself that Jones did not possess the courage that is a necessary condition of great football playing. "Shorty" remained with the squad; followed the rest on their trips abroad, but remained forever an onlooker during the games.

Our team came up to expectations in fine fashion. Seven games passed into history as having been won by our boys. The season's schedule called for three more games. The eighth game was with a team that was not reckoned in our class at all and we blundered into the false step of putting a team of subs on the field with the result that before half time was reached we were seven points behind Rockland College, our opponents. We won that game but it was only after the regulars were rushed into it, and the margin of our victory was three points, the results of a field goal. Callery was badly hurt in that game, and the Coach was in a quandary to find a good substitute. Jones wanted to volunteer, but his friends advised him not to think of it; for the cheering section had decided he was "yellow," and it would not do to defy that august body.

Coach Lennon felt certain that he had not given Jones a fair chance, that there may have been reasons for the lad's misplay, but like everybody else, the Coach had a great respect for the opinions of the cheering section. Kelter, a youth, weighing one hundred and eighty-three pounds, seemed a likely substitute for the injured Callery, and he was accordingly groomed to play the latter's position in the season's most difficult game.

"Kelvey's got the goods," was the word of approval that ran through the stands, as the new player made his first dash through the line for twenty-five yards. "That's a football player for you. Why the deuce didn't Lennon let that guy play be-

fore this?" No one could answer that question, but all were agreed that if this game were lost it would not be Kelvey's fault. He became the idol of the hour, and the din was terrific when he hurled his bulk against the opposing line, and kept going till he fell over the goal line, thus making the first score of the game. Fate was playing into Kelvey's hands, but Fate is a mighty fickle thing, just as fickle as the critical cheering mob in the stands at a football game.

Failing to gain on three downs after the next kickoff the Jellico College fullback elected to punt. The ball sailed very high. It was a perfect spiral and traveled sixty-two yards, a mighty effort, as all football fans must know. Kelvey was the only one near enough to attempt to catch the ball, and death-like silence pervaded the cheering sections. Kelvey was all set to make the catch and an end of the Jellico team was racing towards our right half-back. Kelvey got excited and fumbled the ball. That pesky end just scooped it up from the ground and raced onward till he crossed our goal line. The goal from touchdown was made, and the score stood 7 to 7. Groans and hoots and cat-cries issued from our stands and no epithet was too strong to be applied to the recent hero.

Jellico kicked off to us and this time Kelvey did not fumble. Before he was finally down he had gone fifty-three yards with the ball. When the lad was finally tackled, he was thrown so hard that his right leg was badly twisted, thus forcing him to the side lines. Jones looked beseechingly in the direction of the Coach, and the Coach hesitated but a minute before ordering Jones to take the injured player's place.

"You've got to make good this time, 'Shorty,' or both of us will get the merry razz."

"I'm going to make good, Coach, even if I get killed doing it."

"That's the right spirit, kid; go to it."

The cheering section heard nothing of this. They only saw a lad accused of having a yellow streak being sent into a game that was to make or break our football season.

"O Lord, that ham in again. Good-night, we're beaten now. Let's go home."

Whether Jones heard all this or not, has never been known. He took his position in the backfield and the quarter-back, who had the same ideas about Jones as those in the stands, decided he would give everybody a sample of "Shorty's" yellow. Ac-

cordingly Jones was called on to make an off-tackle play. He caught the ball, tucked it under his arm and, skillfully following his interference, clipped off thirty-two yards before he was downed. Again he was called on to carry the ball, and this time hit center for eleven yards. Those in stands merely gazed dumbfounded.

Before the teams could line up again the whistle blew for the end of the first half. The stands were not yet convinced they were wrong in their estimate of Jones. They cheered the team as a whole, and then decided to adopt the watchful waiting attitude. The case was quite different with the football squad. In the dressing room all the players had a word of commendation for Jones' fine play and they cheered him to the echo.

"That's fine spirit on your part, boys," quoth the cautious Coach, "but the game is not over yet. Save the shouting till we have won." A sound bit of advice, but the desired effect on Jones might have been attained by silence on the Coach's part, for Jones was convinced that he had not yet made good. Someone called in the dressing-room that it was time to renew hostilities, and the team ran out into the field again.

Casey, our fullback, kicked off to the opponents and the ball was run back to the Jellico forty-five yard line. The visitors on three downs made thirteen yards through our line, but the boys braced and in three downs Jellico had only made seven yards. Here the giant fullback of the visitors took everyone by surprise by dropping back to his own fifty-yard line and with the wind at his back, kicked a field goal straight between the uprights of our goal. Of course, everybody in the stands got gloomy and a few pessimists settled down to the task of getting reconciled to a defeat. Somebody who was willing to brave public opinion yelled out:

"Come on, Jones, old boy, make a touchdown, make a touchdown!"

Jones did not seem to hear this invitation or challenge or whatever it was. The ball was teed up and the Jellico fullback gave it a mighty kick that carried the ball over our line. Jones got his hands on it and with the speed of a thoroughbred shot down along the left side of the field. Involuntarily the fickle cheering section yelled its approbation as the new halfback dashed past one chalk mark after another.

"Go it, Jones, go it. Atta boy, Jones. Look out, there's a man after you."

He was brought to earth with a bang after having run sixty yards. On the next play the quarter-back elected to carry the ball and around the end made four yards. Jones was limping and his face was twisted in pain. No one seemed to notice it. He was chosen to carry the ball on the next play, and, by summoning all his remaining strength, succeeded in eluding one would-be tackler after another until there was no one between him and the Jellico goal line save their quarter-back. The latter attempted a flying tackle and as he drove forward the oncoming Jones leaped high into the air, hurdled the fellow, and kept on till he had crossed the goal line. Then a very strange thing happened. Jones lay still and silent on the ground. At first everyone thought he was merely doing this to get his wind. But when the referee came to take the ball out for the goal from touchdown he saw that Jones was unconscious. The doctor and trainer were summoned from the sidelines, worked over the prostrate form and finally revived him. As he stood up he received one of the greatest ovations ever accorded a player on our campus.

"You're hurt, 'Shorty,' said Captain Cullick. "You'd better go out."

"I'm not hurt, Dick. For God's sake let me stay in. We are not going to quit now. We've just got to win this game and I'm going to show the gallery I'm not as yellow as they think."

So, Jones stayed in, though it was afterwards found that he had a broken rib and a badly twisted ankle. The game went on and the only other score was registered by Jones who booted a twenty-five yard field goal. So we beat Jellico and the hero of that game was a fellow who was supposed to have a yellow streak. He had such a yellow streak that in the Thanksgiving Day game he scored two of our three touchdowns and his forward pass to Gaskill was the reason for the third.

We asked Jones why it was that he had failed to tackle that man in the first game for our college. He merely smiled and with a shrug of his shoulders said:

"A guy had kicked me in the stomach, and I was dazed so that I did not know what was going on." But that little incident made a gridiron hero of Jones, so we suppose he has no hard feelings for the cheering section that goaded him into being a hero. Oh yes, he was a regular Varsity player after that season and was captain of the team, his last year in college.

J. F. D.

Roses and Thorns

Soft, velvet bud, in leafy bower,—
The rose, my fair, my perfect flower,

Whose beauty thrills my soul; it seems
To ever haunt my errant dreams.

Its thorn will wound with piercing pain,
The careless hand upon it lain.

Its flower brings a lustre bright,
To tearful eyes in sorrow's night;

To faded cheeks, a freshened bloom,
To heavy heart, a lessened gloom.

* * * * *

Life's way is strewn with roses fair,
That fragrance bring, yet, also bear
A thorn to wound, to bruise and bleed,—
The thought unkind, the word, the deed.

Thus, hidden darts transpierce the heart within,
When smiles beguiling hide the thorns of sin.

ANTON M. RADASEVICH, '25



Mackinac Island

Mackinac Island is one of the most picturesque spots in America. Situated in Northern Michigan between the blue waters of Lake Huron, and those of Lake Michigan, and with cool Superior to the North, it occupies a unique position as the hub of three Great Lakes.

The Island is about eight miles in circumference, densely wooded with the fragrant pine, balsam, and cedar trees. Rugged rock formations are found everywhere.

For many years this scenic land was the object of dispute between the Americans, French, English and the Indians. Mackinac was the worshiping ground of the "Red Men;" here they erected temples to their gods. A wealth of legendary lore accumulated with Indian occupation and legends both beautiful and tragic found a home there.

Not the least attractive spot on the Island is Fort Mackinac. Situated on a limestone cliff high above the Straits, it frowns down on the quaint village. Around this relic of other days rests a halo of historical tradition vivid with color and teeming with tragedy.

It requires no great stretch of imagination to carry oneself back to those other days when the noble missionaries braved the engulfing waves in frail barks, to bring the light of Faith to the savage. Nor is it difficult to picture the trapper in his quaint costume ;and the Indians and soldiers lend color to this already colorful place.

Nature has been little interfered with, and the Island still retains much of its ancient magic. No trains, automobiles or street cars fill the air with their racking sounds, but instead, the musical beat of trotting horses is heard.

But, if one would get the best impression of this restful place, he should go up to one of the cliffs at night. The uncertain stars, reflected in the clear waters, return their radiance in faint shafts of light, and the foolish waves attack the rugged shore in endless succession.

Jonathan Swift

Some authors are best introduced to us through their writings. Of this class, there is no more striking representative than Jonathan Swift, better known to fame as "Dean Swift." He was born on November 30, 1667, in a humble section of Dublin. He was, however, of English parentage and, therefore, no Irishman, a fact which he was always careful to have made known. The father died shortly before his son's birth. Mrs. Swift and her two sons were made sadly dependent on the aid given them by relatives.

At school, Swift was not considered a luminary by any means. He detested the curriculum and spent much of his time in writing personal satires and political rhymes, and in miscellaneous reading. Worse than that, he belonged to a clique of undergraduates remarkable for its turbulent irregularities. All in all, he found his college career rather hard sailing.

He entered the church of England in 1694, and obtained a living in his new profession in the North of Ireland near Belfast. He disliked the region; and his conduct, often open to objection, made his existence there both very uncomfortable for himself, as well as unwelcome to the neighborhood. Thus, he changed from place to place; each new one being less tolerable than the old. He was proudly conscious of his gigantic intellectual ability, and the fact that his advancement was slow, if indeed, there were any at all, hurt his high-blown pride most of all. He went through life under the false impression that the whole human race was united for the sole purpose of doing him wrong. Herein, precisely, we have the reason for the production of his brutal satire on the human race in general, and the church, and the professions in particular. During his life, Swift loved or professed to love two accomplished ladies. Though he never declared his marriage, there is some reason to believe that he married one. Both, however, died broken-hearted.

At a later period in his life, Swift was left quite a comfortable estate by the bequest of a generous relative. At this time, too, England recognized him as the most powerful writer of the day. At first he was on the side of the Whigs; then he espoused the side of the Tories. He seemed destined for great glory, but his way to high position was blocked by the enemies he made with his reckless and merciless pen. Another source of popularity for him was the publication of papers, in which

he took up the Irish cause against England; more out of love for justice than love for Ireland. This, however, made him the idol of the common people. Generally considered to have been wholly bitter, selfish, and unfeeling, he had another side. He was devoted to his mother as long as she lived, and many of his friends were indebted to him for personal kindnesses.

From Swift's life one can readily see what kind of literature he will produce. Without some knowledge of his life, however, it would be scarcely conceivable, how a man could come to despise his fellow-man, religion, country, home, family and himself as he did. He places absolutely no trust in them, and inhumanly ridicules what deserves to be considered most sacred. In his "Tale of a Tub" he mocks religion; in his "Gulliver's Travels" he prefers the company of unsightly animals to that of his family, his wife, and children: "As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. The first year I could not endure my wife or children in my presence. The very smell of them was intolerable."

Describing his departure from the island of the Houyhnhnms he writes: "I took a second leave of my master (a horse-like animal), but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honor to raise it gently to my mouth." While he was lost on the island he became so devoted to the inhabitants that he was content to remain there with no desire of ever seeing a human being: "When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself."

Explaining the health conditions of his native land, to the inhabitants, he ridicules the medical professions: "In my country, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them."

He gives expression to his profound love for the legal profession in the following passage: "I said there was a society of men among us, bred up from youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. For example, if my neighbor has a mind to have my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another

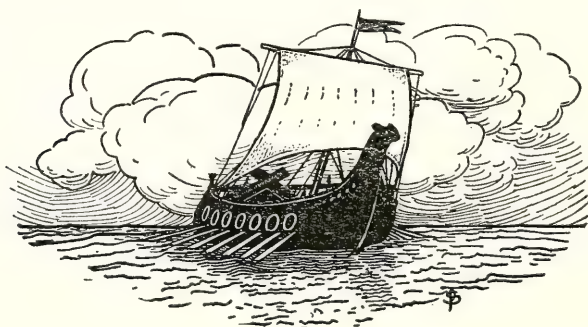
to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, am under a great disadvantage: because, my lawyer being practiced almost from the cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice."

Then he recalls how the English government deals with inferior nations; probably referring to England's policy in dealing with Ireland; "If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and makes slaves of the rest, in order to civilize them and compel them to abandon their barbarous way of living."

Just how miserable a man's life must have been who could write such barbarous things, is a matter of conjecture. It is known that in Swift's last days a mental disorder increasingly afflicted him; his memory failed, he became speechless, motionless, and heedless. To read his works one is led to think he died as he must have lived, an unbearable pessimist, a hopeless misanthrope.

In spite of the unwholesomeness of the matter of most of his writings, his manner is worthy of closest attention. He was the most original writer of his time, and one of the greatest masters of English prose. Simplicity, vigor, and directness mark every line. His works are too destructive, and emphasize the faults of humanity beyond all reasonable bounds.

JAS. A. REILLY, '23.



The Length of a College Course

For many years the question, "How many years are necessary to complete a college course?" has been discussed throughout the country. In this article I will endeavor to show that four years are required, and that three years are not enough to prepare for the B. A. degree. My first point is, that in the past, students have declined to hurry through the B. A. course; secondly, there is a vast difference between a B. A. preparatory course and a commercial course; and thirdly, four years does away with cramming.

Glancing into the past, we see that for many years it has been customary for anyone, desiring to obtain the B. A. degree, to spend four years at college, preparing for it. After a long deliberation college authorities, who convened and organized the first collegiate precepts, decided that three years were not sufficient and that five, six or eight years should be the needed time. At length, the question was settled by deciding that four years should be required. This usage has been sanctioned by the practice of several centuries.

If a student is not financially embarrassed, he should be happy and contented to spend four years at college. These will be the best days of his whole life. These four years give him that self-reliance which is needed for success in life. He will receive another year of executive experience, perhaps as manager of some team, or as editor of the college journal. What reason has a person to hasten through his course unless circumstances are of such a nature as to compel him to earn his livelihood as soon as possible?

Men of political and social rank have, time and again, unhesitatingly remarked that four years are the required number of years, which equip a man to receive the B. A. degree. They know and speak from experience. The motto of the American youth is: "Do a thing, and do it quickly." He has this same concept of school life. He imagines that all that is necessary for a college student is to pass over a scheduled number of pages each scholastic year, after doing so, to be graduated, and then takes his place among the learned men in the world. But, he is on the wrong pathway. The idea is not to go through school in a hasty manner. He must put in the time that is required and important, to get an undimmed idea of the things discoursed on. He must understand the subject thoroughly. In

colleges, anything pertaining to education cannot be accomplished hurriedly. There are topics that require deep thought and careful concentration. Some must be gone over several times before the students can grasp the underlying ideas. All that is at present treated in the four-year college course could not be discoursed on properly in three years.

Successful college graduates profess that four years are absolutely necessary. They know well from experience that, if the matter was diminished in such a way as to be covered in three years or less, priceless knowledge would be wasted.

It is evident that there exists a vast difference between a college and a commercial course. We see while perusing the daily papers that certain schools profess to give a complete commercial course in sixty days. Is such a course of any value? Let me answer this question as a business man did some time ago. He said: "Such a course is time lost and money lavishly spent." In order to acquire an ordinary business course, at least two years are necessary. Now, if it takes two years to complete such a course, certainly it would require more than three years to attain all the knowledge which a college course furnishes.

Recently, I spoke to a friend of mine who spent ten months at a certain local business school. I happened to come upon one of the shorthand note books which the person had used three year ago. I asked him to translate a line of the shorthand. But he could not do so; being unable to read the writing. There are many cases where girls, having been graduated from the same college at the same time and having imbibed knowledge from the same instructor, are unable to read each other's shorthand. Perhaps it is not their fault. The course might have been a sixty-day course. Now, such being the case, it is clear that two years are essential in order to acquire a respectable commercial education. In a college course, Philosophy, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English, History, etc., are taught. Philosophy alone requires two years of earnest work. Therefore, a college course should be of a longer duration than three years.

A four-year course does away with cramming. It would mean three years of intensive application to books. A three-year college course would compel the student to apply himself to college text books only, and not to outside literature. It would mean continual study to cover in three years what is now taught in four years. It would lower the health of the

average student. In fact, it would be a loss from every point of view. A boy in his youth does not care to have his mind always upon his books. No, he needs exercise, air and sports. It would make college life unpleasant and bring disgust to the students if they were forced to cram in three years what is now imparted to the college students in four years.

Therefore, three years are not sufficient to prepare a student for the B. A. degree; for, in the first place, it would be a fatal mistake to be guided in a matter as important as education by the modern mania for speed; secondly, it would also be an error to imagine that a college course can be completed as quickly as a business course; and thirdly, it would be equally foolish to think that in three years all the knowledge necessary for a B. A. can be crammed into a student's mind.

JOHN L. IMHOF, '23.



Poetic Failure

At school, when asked to write a verse,
 I think and think for hours,
 Before I find a word or thought
 That beareth not on flowers.

Why I should always write of those,
 I surely do not know,
 For, never did a leaf come forth
 From all the seeds I'd sow.

I've toiled and planted bulbs and roots,
 With hopes of large success;
 But even these do not bring out
 The life that they possess.

The labors of my Muse, I ween,
 Relate so to the seeds,
 That never, while I essay verse,
 Will I produce but weeds.

PAUL A. MCCRORY, '23



Autumnal Leaves

In what can we, urban visitors to silvan regions, find more pleasure, than in a ramble through the woods when nature sheds her summer attire, and enrobes herself in scarlet apparel?

If you but take an errant leaf, which has just completed its flight from the paternal tree, you will see a thing which to a chemist is naught else but a combination of elements; to a botanist, a lateral appendage of a plant; but to a poet, the source of many emotions.

But, what is it that appeals to the poetical disposition of a man? How does this truant leaf charm men into writing eulogistic poetry?

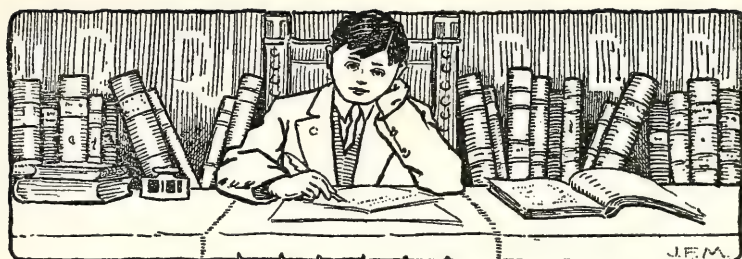
The many varied hues of a leaf in autumn such as the scarlet of October, and brown of November, are admired by those who love all that is beautiful in nature.

Upon close inspection we see the many slight, but distinct elevations of a leaf, with miniature valleys between them and small "veins," like rivers flowing toward the center where a more distinct "vein" is seen.

But Indian summer cannot last forever, and soon the leaves, which for some time hesitated under the protecting boughs of their ancestors, begin troublous journeys. The northern winds, which announce the coming of winter, snatch them from these temporary abodes and hurl them like a fusilade against the pedestrian.

For nearly a month, these leaves remain victims of the whims of the fickle wind, and continue their restless journeys until winter lays them below a blanket of snow, to repose undisturbed.

EDWARD LUBA, 2ND HIGH D.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Safety Week

In accordance with the wishes of the National Safety Council, the week ending on October 28 was observed in Pittsburgh as "No Accident Week." The watchword was: "Don't get hurt, don't hurt anyone." The traffic force was augmented, and sundry signs were placed in conspicuous places, as a warning to travelers.

The idea is one of the best that have been proposed in a generation. The increasing number of avoidable accidents called for a remedy; and the only known one is a more thorough conception of the value of human life. That such a reminder as a "Safety Week" is necessary is a blot on our civilization. Our mania of haste and speed has lowered the price we put on human life.

Why not enforce the laws already existing as a means of safety? Why not have every week a "Safety Week?" And, in conclusion, why not have some safety laws for the protection of the moral lives of our youth?

J. J. GARRITY, '24.



The Ku Klux Klan, Again

The action taken by the federal council of churches of Christ in America, against those self-appointed guardians of liberty, the Ku Klux Klan, is most praiseworthy. The council represents 20,000,000 Protestants, who apparently do not appreciate the noble work of their masked brethren, who are

quick to discover the mote in their neighbor's eye, while the beam that is in their own they see not. Their rules are, for the most part, secret; the real motive, however, if it be to arouse religious prejudice and racial antipathies, is succeeding most admirably.

They hold a meeting, usually in some country place, and after burning the cross and establishing a chapter, lo, and behold! the towns and cities for miles around, undergo a complete change for the better. Wrongs are righted; the conditions of the working class are bettered; evil doers are punished; churches are visited and given donations, usually small ones; and in general, there are better cities, better governments, and better citizens. For all this we must thank the Ku Klux Klan.

Of course, they admit they are opposed to the Catholic Church, Jews, and Negroes. The Jews and Negroes do not deny their opposition to the Ku Klux Klan, and the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the K. K. K.'s has never been a secret. The Catholic Church opposes the Ku Klux Klan as she does all secret societies and organizations. There is, therefore, incumbent on each one of us, as Catholics, a duty to protest against this unlawful organization. They are intruders on our rights as Catholics and loyal citizens of the United States. Let every Catholic, therefore, be prepared to give voice to his sentiments toward this secret society which, under the standard they are known to hold, has no right to exist in this land of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

JAMES A. REILLY, '23.



The Turk in Europe

European jealousy and back door diplomacy is again sowing the seeds of discontent on ground so fertile that the crop may spring up overnight. In various stages of late world events many opportunities were afforded the European powers of throwing back into a barbarous country a people, who have so often shown their barbarian nature. But just when the stage was set and the villain of southeastern Europe was about to receive his punishment, the leading man was thrust aside and the interested spectators in the audience finished the drama to their own liking.

The despicable Turk, termed by one of the late czars of Russia as the "sick man of Europe," is able to retain his place in European society because England and France trust each other so much that they are mutually afraid that the burden of civilizing the Ottoman is too heavy and onerous for any single one. It is just this congenial feeling, and nothing else, that resurrected the embalmed hopes of Turkish Nationalism and brought back again to the Western continent the crescent and scimitar, shining into the baleful lustre they acquired in slicing off the heads of innocent Armenians, and the countless innocents enmeshed in the webs of fanaticism and intolerance.

What is the result? The great principles so dearly bought in the World War are laid aside, the sacrifice of blood and wealth is in vain, and the work of the Versailles Treaty is put at naught because avaricious nations with malicious jealousy are blocking the attempts at real peace.

What is the great object lesson? The East is East and the West is West. Let us build our own defense, trust not too deeply the written word of international treaties, and with an eye on the past and an eye on the future proceed cautiously on the dangerous road we travel.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, A. B., '23



Hundred Per Cent

Parents, do you wish your sons to reap the full benefit of their College education? Well, you will scarcely realize your desires if you forbid them to participate in any of its branches.

A young man's growth is three-fold: moral, mental, and physical. These three, though possibly not so evidently, are, nevertheless, inseparable. Upon the first and second I need not comment, but to the last mentioned let me attract your attention.

"Mens sana in corpore sano"—"A sound mind in a healthy body"—is not possible without the necessary exercise and development. Duquesne, in keeping with all other colleges, does not overlook this phase of education, and, therefore, opens to all, the avenue of opportunity in the field of sports. However, we find some over-solicitous parents who forbid their sons to engage in the more strenuous athletics, thereby having them lose no small percentage of efficiency.

"But, I don't want Clarence coming home to me with his

head in a sling; the result of a football game." Clarence need not play rugby to come home with his head in a gauze helmet, or with his lower lip perpendicular to his left eye lash. It may be the pleasure of the divine will that some accident should befall him, and then what will save him? (Of course, I do not maintain that we should seek occasions). Besides, the football of today is not that of yesterday. Then, it was, "Go get 'im, Beef, you got th' meat!" Now, though weight is a valuable asset, brains are more essential than brawn. Davies, our city's grid celebrity, is not there when it comes to weight, but he is a star all the same. The rules penalize heavily, or disqualify the man guilty of "roughing it up." Competent field officials discountenance such play. One scientifically coached, as are the Varsity teams, in the art of safe tackle and play, runs but small risk of sustaining serious injury.

Minor bumps, bruises and sprains serve but to harden the student. Team-work teaches him the every-day necessity of co-operation and self-forgetfulness. The loss of ten yards strengthens his will in the effort to make it good by not fumbling the next forward. Having succeeded, he exults in the glad-hand from the stands, and will TRY again. He dare not lose his head for a moment, thereby giving the opponents an edge. He learns to be keen and quick-witted, since he is often forced to select in a second the best of many means to an end, a touchdown. Add to these points, the healthful exercise derived from the more strenuous sports, the benefit arising from the mind's being relieved completely of study, and you have some idea of what you are depriving your son who must say, "No, mother forbade me to play!"

God has given to all a vocation, the secondary goal in the "rugby" of life. To follow this, a man must be intelligent, strong, energetic, self-confident, prepossessed at all times, generous. These are qualities by no means innate, as all can truthfully testify; therefore, they must be acquired. They constitute a part of man's education. No better or more quickly can they be acquired than in the athletic field, wherein is one's mettle tried; the mind trained and the body built up.

Hence, parents, let your young men reap the full hundred per cent of their education by permitting them to take part in all the College sports.

J. A., '23.

Duquesne Day By Day

October 1.—We began the month by Solemn Benediction in honor of the Blessed Mother. The Rosary was recited each evening at Benediction.

October 2.—This was a big day in the history of the city. The Boulevard of the Allies was formally opened for traffic at 11:30 a. m. At the down-town entrance, a great crowd had assembled; then, after some appropriate addresses, the automobile parade advanced in endless lines. The students were allowed out to witness the event that will make history for Pittsburgh. We are anxiously awaiting the day when a bridge will span the boulevard at a point corresponding to Colbert street.

October 3.—On my way in from the parade, whom did I chance upon but Mr. E. Quinn. Since he was a boarder in our midst, he has been to Ferndale, where he made his profession as a member of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. The disciplinary staff has been strengthened by his coming; and our Juniors much benefited by his presence.

October 4.—Classes were interrupted during the forenoon to allow all the students to go to Confession, in preparation for the First Friday.

October 5.—The Cafeteria had a busy morning serving breakfast to the student body. But there is no work of that nature too great for the competent officers in that department. And, you can't get a "drag." They handled the crowd and the coffee most acceptably.

October 7.—I saw two College "Profs." leaving the main building this morning; and I chuckled. "Distracted," says I. "Won't they be fooled when they realize it's Saturday?" I learned afterwards that, as usual, I guessed wrongly. The teachers' classes opened today. Some fifty Sisters are taking up Philosophy in the Maloney Building. I wonder if the "Prof." hands out the same old "razzberry" to them as he does on week days. Some infliction! I'm told that he shames you into studying and is inexorable when someone tries to talk. Ever hear him?

October 8.—Well, what do you think? Jupiter Pluvius opened up his flood gates today. We hadn't seen any of his samples for a month; and were beginning to feel uneasy lest he, like our country, had gone dry. All our fears have been dispelled, and our anxieties allayed.

October 9.—I took the liberty to ask the Very Reverend President where he was going, all ironed out. I found out, but not from him, that he went to Wheeling to assist at the obsequies of the late Bishop Donahue. Another friend of the University, a friend of long standing, has entered into his rest. The Fathers of Duquesne were always cordially welcomed to his board. A number of our Boarders from Wheeling was also present at the funeral.

October 10.—The chasm of the past was happily bridged this evening, when I saw Father J. O'Connell, brother of Rev. D. O'Connell of Swissvale. I had not seen the former in many a moon, not since the dear dead days of the Holy Ghost College Field Days, when he showed the dust to many an ambitious youth on the cinder path. The years are creeping on apace, and in the quiet seclusion of his West Virginia parish our track hero of other days is deeply engrossed in the study and curious phenomena of psychoanalysis.

October 11.—I was diverted from my daily walk at the hand-ball courts this afternoon; and was happy in finding a number of our staid professors indulging freely. It is rumored, too, that one of them, whose name I withhold, but will give his initials, Mr. Dolan, has taken over Father McDermott at a 21-18 count. Said Prof. must be some player, eh? because Fr. Henry can block as gracefully as he can kill them. He is a great incentive to us of the younger school.

October 12.—I'd call them "Plain pleadings in plain places"—those tersely-worded paragraphs on the daily bulletin board. They are full of "pep," and always contain enough to make persons think. Young "Dukite," that hint is not for George, it is for you.

October 13.—Father Williams is to the fore again. I met him at the side gate at 12:45 p. m. today. He was waiting for an excuse from those who inexcusably failed to be excused

from the grounds. There was a fair gathering in the penance hall at 2:40.

October 15.—Thirty thousand men or more walked in procession through Fifth avenue today. It was the occasion of the Holy Name Procession. The sight was witnessed by thousands, and it was impressive beyond words. One man told me afterwards that he had a machine which had kept him out of the Society for five years.

October 16.—'Tisn't often Joseph Boyd, our popular Freshman, talks but when he does, just listen to the words of silvery wisdom flowing from his ever-ready tongue. Here is one, just to show you. He was carrying some books in a black suitcase for the pre-legal class. "Andy," the elevator man, challenged him, saying that he appeared to be carrying an illegal load. "No," said our Joseph; "it's a *pre-legal* load." Officer, he's in again.

October 17.—The cement walls for the new gymnasium are being begun today. I expect that by December 1 the roof will be resting on them. Then watch the progress. The varied colored brick on the Canevin Building is already showing to good advantage. Also the proportions of this building look more formidable than ever. Think of it, boys, thirty-two large classrooms there. Hasten, September! How many new students do you intend to bring?

October 20.—Friday afternoons are very popular up our way during the football season. The officials of the city High Schools are leaning more and more towards having their games played on the Duke field. "Small wonder," say you. But the point I would insist upon is the cheerful spirit of the student body. I presume that every student—male and female—comes to the games; every student wears the colors of his or her school; every student cheers throughout the contest, whether his team is winning or going down to defeat. Yet, we have to beg, pray, beseech and implore in order to have half the student body represented at our biggest games; few wear our colors, and we are lucky if we can improvise a cheer leader. Come out of the ether. Take a hint from the progressive Campus Club.

October 22.—The Seniors entertained the Boarders with a

debate. It was the first of the year. The participants, Messrs. Caye, Carl, Dembinski, Boggs and Laffey, while suffering a little from stage-fright, made a very favorable impression on the critical audience. The ambitious graduates of '23, not satisfied with taking their turn, have petitioned for impromptu class debates once a week. They are anxious to bring back the Golden Age of Oratory that once was the pride of Holy Ghost College.

October 26.—The old gym was vacated again and is being put in shape for the floor season. It served as classrooms since the opening of school two months ago.

October 27.—Today is a day of preparations, mass meetings are being held, songs being rehearsed, everything is being made ready for Sunday, October 29. Tomorrow a large portion of the student body will invade Geneva field to cheer the plucky Varsity to victory.

October 29.—We made history today and made it right. Probably many of the students did not realize what this day meant to them, to Duquesne, and to the Catholics of Pittsburgh. Many a generation has passed since the last cornerstone was laid; many more shall pass before another shall be laid. It was a red-letter day in our history, a day we can be proud of. Thanks for bringing your friends. The detailed account of the celebration will be featured in the December number of the "Monthly."

Till then, I wish you all the joys, recalled and anticipated of Hallowe'en.



C. S. M. C.

Reorganization.

For sake of greater efficiency, and in order that each member may have an opportunity of attending meetings, and actively participating in every undertaking of the organization we are now reorganizing as two separate units: The College Department retaining the original title, "The Father Simon Unit," and the High School Department in four divisions functioning independently under the title of "The High School-Unit of Duquesne University."

Meetings will be held each month during a class period. These division meetings are to be attended by every member in good standing, i. e. all who are as such enrolled, are actively interested in the Mission projects of the Unit, and are credited with payment of dues to date.

Keep interesting. Keep working. See that your class leader marks it down each month as you pay your dues. Or better, pay up for the year in advance, and settle it once for all.

E. A. M.

The first meeting of the College Department Unit of the organization was held Oct. 16th in the Maloney Building.

The spirit of the movement made itself immediately so manifest that before the chairs were moved back, and in some cases upset, the Unit had set the ball a-rolling.

The constitution and by-laws were suspended, then amended. This was followed by such an election of new officers as in itself showed the depth of feeling in the crusaders' hearts.

Each one voted by secret ballot, yet so conscientiously and carefully were the candidates picked that the wheels of the organization, I am sure, will move easily and without friction. The lucky ones chosen to lead the student-body through the strife of the coming year, to spur them on to *achievement*, which is the watch-word and the slogan of the Crusade, are as follows:

For President we have the capable, sincere and enthusiastic worker, Mr. Edward Caye. He is the right man in the right place. Give him your unrestrained co-operation. For Vice-President we boast that peppy, versatile wizard, Mr. Paul Sul-

livan. He will ably assist Mr. Caye, as you know, from past experience. Then for secretary Mr. Rex Mansmann who eclipsed Mr. Tom Sullivan by a slight plurality vote, will officiate. His genial smile and youthful vigor are two factors that will make the difficulties of his task pale into insignificance when once he gains his stride. Lastly then Mr. Braun, the popular Senior, will be on hand to superintend and handle the collection of dues, subscription and other transactions involving "cash." Mr. Braun is one of those fortunate few who could talk a nickel out of Mr. Rockefeller, if given the opportunity, so be ready for him when he and his aides sweep down on you in a mighty avalanche that will stop at nothing till they have added the final "t" to the word "achievement."

Fellow-Crusaders, give us your loyal support, enter into this organization with all the ardour and sincerity of the real Crusader, and help to unite in this great organization all the schools of the country.

Picture yourself in the Missionary's place! See yourself in far-off lands, away from your favorite movie show, from your friends, your family! Picture him then toiling from the rising to the setting of the sun for the conversion of those hapless savages!

Ponder over the real purpose of the CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE and you will see solved therein the problem of gaining more workers for the cause of freedom, freedom from the darkness of ignorance and paganism. We need more missionaries, and who but the Catholic boys of the country can be tried and not found wanting?

The saying is that "The chain is only as strong as its weakest link." Each one of you then plays an important part in the scheme of things, and if you prove weak, how can the work begun by Christ and his Apostles be perpetuated?

A. J. R.

Every High School Class is organized almost one hundred per cent behind an earnest, energetic class leader. When these lines appear in print we expect to have completed the union of these class companies into one grand battalion: to have adopted the revised constitution and elected officers. Who these officers will be is hard to conjecture as there are in each class a dozen or more capable and ambitious corporals; and indeed every

member is an enthusiast anxious to give himself to the movement.

Activities? Yes, plenty. "Spread" workers are already abroad urging Academies, High Schools and Grade Schools to join the Crusade. In some classes committees are forming to systematize the work and one grand campaign is being undertaken to enroll every Catholic school of whatever pretensions within this locality.

Tin foil, canceled postage stamps, and old or new magazines are accumulating every day to gladden the heart of missionaries and converts.

One class has begun a raffle to raise money for Father Coenen, a missionary in Mumias, Kisumu Kenya colony, East Africa, who wrote to our Unit begging for help to get a "Ford box car" for his mission.

ACHIEVEMENT—Our Watchword.

The Prayer Committee established to form a Spiritual Treasury for the Missions held their first meeting on Oct. 30 at 12:30 p. m. The committee is composed of fifteen members who will act as leaders for the different divisions of the Unit and will encourage each one in the school to offer some act in the Spiritual line for both the Home and Foreign Missions. To make this an easy task the committee has decided upon a Bulletin Board to be used exclusively to record the good works performed for the Missions. The Unit being divided into five divisions will be grouped so as to represent the five races. Each division will have three leaders chosen from the Prayer Committee who will see that the members of each band offer their prayers and good works for the welfare of the missions of the race to which they were assigned.

E. A. M.



“Exchanges”

After a welcome layoff of three or four months we find ourself back in the harness of the “Ex” department. The first lot of collegiate periodicals has just been deposited before us and we’ll now proceed to look ’em over and see how they’re coming along. As is usually the case at this stage of the year, one and all are “loaded to the gun” with expressions of rapturous joy solely because the dear old “coll” is open again and the boresome (?) summer vacation is a thing of the past. Even as we pen these lines, we are moved to wonder just how many of the gladsome phrases we have perused in the past hour or so are what our more slangily-inclined contemporaries would call pure, unadulterated apple sauce. It’s one matter to proclaim one’s sentiments regarding the return to books, studies, and the like in the presence of one’s immediate friends and quite another to prepare those sentiments for publication. Unless we are mightily mistaken the two versions will have few points in common with each other.

St. John’s Record drifts in from Collegeville, Minnesota, with several clever features and several not so clever. Probably the best is “O’Hara Wins,” an interesting departure in the line of fiction. The plot, concerned with an Irishman who conquers himself by refusing to do battle with a Swedish foreman even when the latter waxed provocative to the extreme, is not an altogether new one, but we’ve seen it employed fewer times than some which our highest-salaried magazine-writers have managed to get away with lately. It is well handled and despite an occasional stilted phrase is worthy of the stamp of approval. “A Zulu from the Ould Sod” is quite a novelty from the standpoint of the student of theme. If one is able to visualize a son of Erin hieing himself to the wilds of Africa, living among the dusky brethren there located and becoming their chieftain, all merely for the sake of harassing Merry England, then one has gained an idea of how the story runs. We confess that it is engagingly told and we enjoyed it more than a little; yet it takes the imagination just a trifle. Truth is, of course, vastly stranger than anything the mind of man can conjure, still—. A page or two of verse under the caption, “The Hidalgo’s Daughter,” strikes our fancy. The grandiloquent style, the stanzas without rhyme, the thread of

narrative, are most refreshing after the drivel frequently cast our way in certain periodicals which enjoy a nation-wide reputation. It is a pretentious piece and might well have been sung by some ancient bard in the banquet halls of a long dead nobility. In quality as well as quantity, it ranks beyond any scholastic effort we've perused in a good many days. But, sad to say, our praise of the "Record" is not unqualified. We discountenance as thoroughly out of taste such editorials as "Money in Baseball." First, the controversies of professional sport should not be dragged between the covers of a university paper; second, the New York teams, upon which an especial attack is directed, are in the game to give the people of the Empire City the most perfect brand of the diamond pastime that can be had, and if in so doing they purchase players from others' they are perfectly within their rights, and if harm is done it is the fault of the seller, not the buyer; third, the statement that stars have never been developed by Manager John J. McGraw is a gross inaccuracy. Perhaps we violate our own precept as laid down above by including the last two remarks, but we do it in the cause of simple justice, and as such deem it excusable.

If there were nothing in the "Saint Vincent College Journal" except "Jimmy Tells the World," the printing of the current issue would be justified. As the author admits, "The Time Machine" of Mr. Wells furnished the inspiration for the tale. We are aware, as everyne is, that the works of Mr. Wells have hitherto furnished numerous inspirations, not the least of which is disgust at the "bed-time stories for little folk" which he has compiled under the title of "Outlines of History," but though, perforce, we lack respect for the attainment of the eminent commercial literateur of Britain, we are compelled to grant that if his output gives birth to a couple more thoughts as amusing as the one behind the adventures of "Jimmy," he will not have lived entirely in vain. "Jimmy" is a reporter on a Pittsburgh daily. His boss, the Editor, persuades him to try out a "time machine" that is even more up-to-date than the original of Mr. Wells. "Jimmy" is game, hops aboard, and is immediately whirled into the fourth dimension or something of that sort and wakes up four thousand years ago in the middle of a crocodile parade near Memphis, Egypt. Needless to remark, there is plenty of excitement. "Jimmy" falls in with a scribe, Mena, who is rather an adept at dashing off bits of light reading such as Books of Kaqema and Ptah Hotep which were engag-

ing no end of favorable comment at the ladies' afternoon clubs in Cairo and those places. Mena is a likeable old chap, but is addicted to the habit of slinging hieroglyphics at the Egyptian flappers who have been raising the very deuce because the fashions for women haven't changed in five hundred years. He predicts that the human race is heading straight for the "bow-wows" and quotes proverbs by the boatload. "Jimmy" is getting along beautifully, but a lot of tough Hyksos hop in and break up the party, and it's all our adventurous little pal can do to escape to his chariot and shoot 'er forward to 1922. At this juncture we note "to be continued," and have to wait till next month for further developments. Meanwhile we've run out of space eulogizing "Jimmy" and must curtail our expressions of opinion on the rest of the "Journal." Let it suffice to declare that we think it the most entertaining number of the sheet we've ever reviewed.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, ARTS, '25.





It is our unpleasant duty to record a chronicle of athletic disaster for the Dukes during the past month. Thrice since we went to press for October have the battling cohorts of Ballin gone down to defeat. Yes, they were beaten, but not ingloriously. They fell fighting desperately, clawing, mauling, raging, to the last ditch, refusing to admit their loss until the final whistle blew, striving ever to rush over the score that would break the ice and possibly the jinx that has hounded the Bluffites for more than a year. Indeed, we are sorry to inscribe, the Red and Blue has garnered nary a single point this season.

The Varsity encountered a trio of classy opponents while the harvest moon was on high—which is poetical for remarking that it is of October we are speaking—and the three hostile outfits by devious ways and means contrived to eke out a victory apiece. Detroit landed on the local crew on the seventh in the 'Tigers' brand new stadium and by sheer weight and numbers overcame the McNamara men, 30-0, the identical count registered when the two teams met at "Ford City" in 1920. A week later Waynesburg, with the aid of Bill Reid, Ted Seybold and an unexpected triple pass, copped a 6-0 verdict. The following Saturday Marietta sprang an aerial surprise that accounted for a pair of touchdowns after straight football had failed, and emerged on the lengthy end of a 13-0 decision. The sad part of the Waynesburg and Marietta debacles was that they took place right here in the home confines with a Pittsburgh crowd on hand to sit as judges on the play of the Dukes, and while our own gang did not discredit themselves in the least, it was unfortunate that it had to drop this duo of contests on the Campus, particularly after suffering a trimming there in the opener against Denison. No matter how game a scrap an eleven may put up, the fan on the out-

side forms his opinion from the result rather than on the basis of intrinsic merits and it is up to Duquesne to pull a healthy come-back if the old reputation is to return here to roost during the present annular cycle. All of which means that it is up to the student body to hop into the thick of it with its moral and vocal support and do its share in the stands as the gridgers will do theirs on the field.

Hal Ballin is doing his best to weld together a combination capable of regaining the position once held by our University in the realm of inter-collegiate sport and which we rather foolishly relinquished a decade or so ago, just when the time was ripe for a splurge that would have set the school on an athletic plane with any institution in this land of the spree and home of the crave. If you are inclined to doubt our word in this respect, focus your optics on the files of any Pittsburgh newspaper for the early years of the twentieth century. There you will find accounts of the prowess of your Alma Mater, and incidentally you may notice tales of the wallopings administered by Eastern teams to some of the very outfits which occupy the center of the stage nowadays.

A time there was, and that not in the dim, distant past, when the college elevens were far from being the entire works around here. In the first place, it wasn't every school that had the money, time, or inclination to perpetuate organized violence upon its neighbors under the guise of the fall pastime. Then there flourished the great independent aggregations, chief among which were the D. C. & A. C.'s, the Homestead Library Club and the A. A. A.'s. In the midst of the wild scramble for gridiron supremacy that marked each autumnal equinox, but one Varsity eleven took a seriously active part. It wasn't Pitt, or "Wup" as it was then known; it wasn't Tech, for there wasn't any Tech; it was Holy Ghost College, our present Duquesne University.

Now if some of you skeptical birds don't accept this verbatim we won't argue the thing with you. We simply refer you to the grads who carried the pigskin in those days when football was looked upon in our best family circles as murder in the whole three degrees. All you'll have to do then will be to convince them that they're dreaming and are suffering from hallucinations. We suspect that this will prove difficult beyond your wildest expectations. However, what we're driving at

is this: Duquesne displayed the stuff of which champions are made long before Walter Camp and his All-American had become an annual feature of "Collier's," and such being the case, the obvious conclusion to be drawn is that it's our job to exert the maximum effort in the minimum time to get back where we belong. It can't be done in twenty-four hours, either. It's a long, hard climb, but we've got to make it. The only road to its accomplishment lies along the path of good will. Every student must stand behind the team till his legs give out, after which we can kneel, sit, or lie behind it. Cut out the knocking. We're bound to lose games. If victory were a certainty there'd be no use in sending a lot of mighty fine chaps out on the turf to be walked upon, kicked, battered, and otherwise maltreated. Anyway we haven't attained the top yet and we're not going to camp there until we've assimilated a lot more bumps than we've taken to date. We may as well be philosophical about it. None of the "big fellows" hopped onto the apex over night. They all went through the same mill that's occupying our attention today, and the sooner we realize this the better for us and ours. And that being so, we'll simply line up in mass formation in the cheering section and give the world at large reason to believe that we're worthy of having a real, honest-to-gosh football team.

Not Critical, But Explanatory.

To the scribe in the press box, several defects are apparent in the Duke machine. These can by no stretch of the imagination be laid at the door of either Coach Ballin or Assistant Coach Martin. They are merely natural conditions over which those in charge have no control. To begin with there is dire need of a guiding genius on the field. Errors of judgment have been responsible on at least a quintet of occasions for the losing of opportunities to score. Without wishing to be construed as sarcastic, we aim to state that so far except for once we've been lucky enough to have avoided beholding that master stroke of grid tactics, tossing a forward pass from the ninety-yard line over the goal on the second down, thereby ringing up a touchback and giving the ball to enemy on the twenty mark. The one to which we have reference occurred during the course of the Denison tilt and probably cost the Red and Blue six or seven points. Then there were a couple of drop-kicks in the Marietta mix-up which ought never to have sprung into exist-

ence. These are but samples. There were others. Viewing it by and large, Sammy Weiss is the only man who has shown symptoms of being qualified to call the signals. Sammy is cool-headed, can tackle like a fool, never says die—or even “Rit”—, and is not an absolute foreigner to catching the oval and running where the running’s good. With Mr. Weiss performing regularly we have more than a hunch that a load of kinks will be ironed out.

Another delinquency that must be overcome is a tendency on the part of a number of players to suffer an attack of total aphasia when the necessity remembering formations and the numbers thereof is suddenly brought home to them. This yelling of “Signals off!” on every other play is very bad medicine. It throws the squad into confusion and breeds confidence in the hearts of the opposition. Besides that it leads the impression to spectators that civil war is being waged on the team.

The last fault we find has to do with the interference. When Dan Rooney or Bob Caffrey takes to end-skirting, it’s a one-man affair. They’ve got to go it alone. The rest of the team is undoubtedly around somewhere, but they might as well be reading Marion Harland’s cook-book in Schenley Park for all the damage they seem to do to hostile tacklers.

When these trifling matters have been attended to it is highly probable that the goddess of fortune will come drifting in this direction and hover at least semi-permanently over the Bluff Campus.

The Varsity Dance.

The Campus Club, than which there is no liver organization hereabouts, has taken upon itself the responsibility of putting on this year’s Varsity Dance. Speaking from experience, we’ll step to the front and remark that it’s quite a job, but take it from us, it’s worth the trouble. For the benefit of such benighted seekers for knowledge as are not aware of the what and why of the above-mentioned hop, we append a bit of enlightening information. The idea of the thing is primarily to show our appreciation of the efforts of the football men by honoring them at a public function and letting them know unmistakably that the long, tedious hours they have spent perfecting themselves in the art of the grid game have not gone unnoticed by

the fellows who for one reason or another cannot go out for athletics themselves.

To make this dansante a success, the co-operation of every student is essential. Al Braun, president of the Campus Club, wishes it distinctly understood that it is a school affair, one in which all are invited and urged to take part. The Campus Club is taking hold in order to centralize activity and lend the proper backing. According to Al, tickets will be distributed through members of the club and there'll be plenty for everybody. Now the job for all of us is to see that for each paste-board that's issued a corresponding two dollars—CASH—will repose in the custody of the treasurer. As to details, the date is Tuesday, November twenty-eighth, the place is Duquesne Council House, K. of C., Fifth and Bellefield avenues.

Most of you fellows recall the Varsity Dance of 1921, run under the auspices of Delta Pi Upsilon. It was one of the best we ever attended. Everyone voted it pretty close to perfect, and that's what it was. There was but one source of dissatisfaction and that affected the fraternity gang only: a lot of "dead-heads" failed to pay up and the fellows who had done all the work were compelled to dig in, and square up a man-sized financial deficit. That is not going to happen again. The piker who figures on tripping the light fantastic gratis on that evening is in for a disillusionment. His only chance will be to bring a ladder and try a window. A system that is absolutely "crash-proof" has been worked out by the committee in charge.

The Varsity Dance is a real advertisement for the school. It is the duty of all University men to support it. The Campus Club deserves a deal of credit for its venture, and so does Delta Pi Upsilon, the pioneers in the stunt. The dance should and will be a yearly event, and will be considered quite on a par of importance with the annual reception at the end of the first semester.

REMEMBER!

THE DATE—NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH!

THE PLACE—DUQUESNE COUNCIL HOUSE, FIFTH AND BELLEFIELD!

THE ASSESSMENT—TWO DOLLARS!

LET'S GO!

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, ARTS, '25.

Duquesnicula

Prof.: "Describe the last days of Pompeii."

Wise-Cracker: "I didn't know he was sick."

A railroad conductor after having received the air, walked from the office and stepped on the third rail. The cause of his death is puzzling for he was a non-conductor.

Prof.: "What is 'Par-adise Lost.'"

Scholar: "Two ones on the first roll."

Joker: "I didn't know they had autos in early times."

Poor Fish: "Well, how do you know now that they did?"

Joker: "I read: 'Elias went up on high.'"

A truck-driver employed by the contractor of the Canevin Building was stopped recently by an irate policeman, and was very impressively informed that, according to law, he should have something red on anything protruding from the rear of the vehicle.

"Well," said the driver, pointing to the newspaper which hung on the end of the longest beam, "that was *read* when I put it there this morning."

Physiology calls its friend: "Hy-Gené."

Westinghouse has now decided to give swimming lessons on the ether waves.

The highest ambition of I-own-a" Ford is to be arrested for speeding.

Some guys are so dumb that they imagine a steeplechase is held on a church-roof.

The Lover's Lament.

To decide which is proper

I waste many hours,

Is it "Don't bring me Posies,"

Or "Say it with Flowers?"

If all the trains of the New York Central Lines went round in a circle, would it B. & O.?

Well, whatever may be said of the week day you can't get drunk on sundaes.

A noted singer just married a millionaire. Funny how they catch on to the *heirs* so quickly.

Judging from the inscriptions on tombstones I can't imagine where the wicked are interred.

Prof. Oct. 24.: "Quid sit accidens?"

Tyro: "No fairs! This is "no-accident week."

J. E. MONAGHAN.



Krazy Kat's Kolumn

The height of folly is a woodpecker trying to build a nest on an iron pole.

Some people are so generous that they would give you the sleeves out of their vests.

A Pekinese Pup and a Maltese Cat
Together on a silken cushion sat,
Said the Maltese Cat to the Pekinese Pup,
"If you were a man you would have eaten me up."

Now that winter is coming the flappers can put their furs away.

Lives of halfbacks all remind us,
We can reach a sublime fame,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the tackle's frame.

Now that the new Gym is completed the collection of dumbbells will increase.

Mary had a little lamp,
It was well trained, no doubt.
For every time her sweetie came
The little lamp went out.

A deaf mute was arrested recently and arraigned before the magistrate at Central Station. On hearing that his trial was set for the following day, he burst into fits of laughter. The magistrate, at a loss to know the reason for this sudden outburst, asked him why he was laughing.

"Why," said the prisoner, "You said that I would get my hearing in the morning."

Why is a pig's tail like 4 o'clock in the morning?
It's twirly (too early).

Prof.—"Sure any fool could translate that. Let me see. You try it Mr. Szabo."

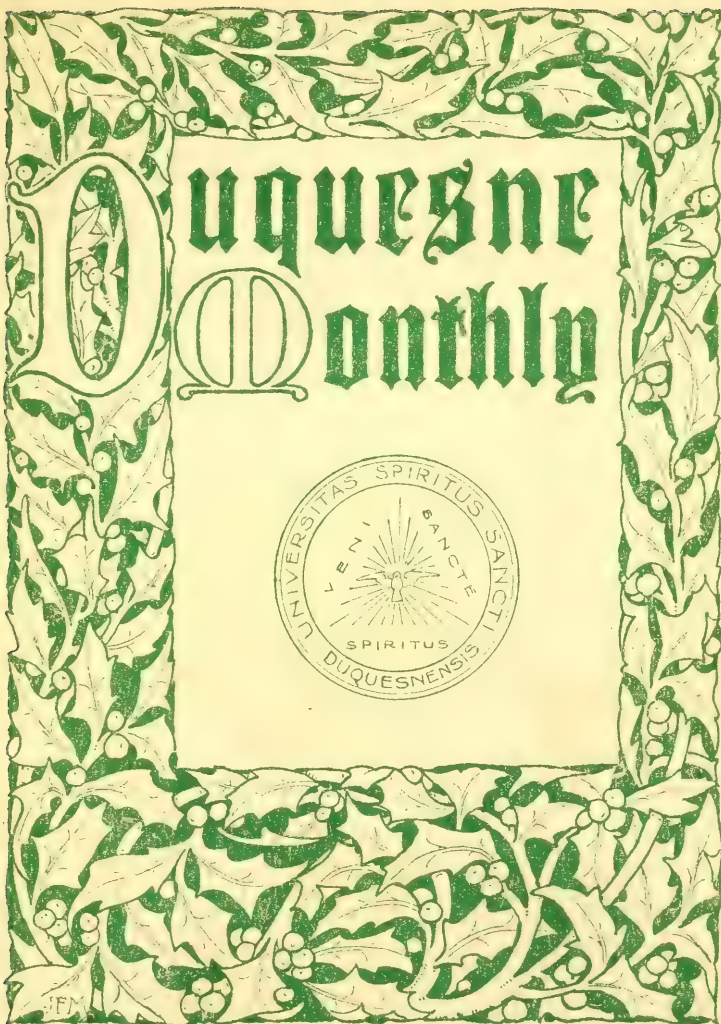
In logic class: Prof.—“Every sentence has a predicate.”

Student—“I can give you one without a predicate. “Thirty days.”

A student was awarded the degree Ph. D. He came back next day for a **J O. B**

BUTLER-MONAGHAN.





Duquesne Monthly

DECEMBER, 1922

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A Literary Magazine

No. 3

John B. Harvey, B. S. C., '25 Cyril Heim, H. S., '23
Richard Wilhelm, H. S., '23

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXX.

DECEMBER, 1922.

Number 3.

Immaculata

A precept laid by heaven's pact
'Twixt God and man; one sinful act
The friendship severed—darkest gloom,
To haunt him to the very tomb.
God spoke, and man refused to hear,
God cleansed, but man his sinful sear
Impressed on every spirit soul,
And wickedness its heavy toll
Imposed. The lewd ages sped
O'er sinful mankind's fetid dead.
But, once was heaven's fast decree
Forgot by God. Man's misery
Evoked His mercy; Mary came
As angel's sang her blessed name.
Man's sworn enemy belied,
God's tabernacle sanctified.
Immaculate was she conceived,
Man's errant deeds now full reprieved.
O Mother, blest and undefiled,
Protect from sin a suppliant child;
His life on earth from sin's contagion free,
That he immaculate in glory be.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



Canevin Hall Cornerstone Laying

The Preparations.

Not the least of the happy features accompanying, or rather preceding, the event described in this issue, were the gracious reply of our beloved Bishop to the President's invitation, and the no less gracious acceptance by Archbishop Canevin to be present and to officiate at the ceremony. We subjoin both letters.

October 7, 1922.

Dear Father Hehir.

I think it would be most appropriate if you were to ask His Grace, Archbishop Canevin, to lay the cornerstone of your new building, named in his honor. His active and tireless effort in your behalf during the campaign will lead Catholics generally to expect his participation in the day's exercises. Will you be good enough to tell him how eagerly I desire this?

Sincerely yours in Christ,

HUGH BOYLE.

October 11, 1922.

Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.

Dear Father Hehir:—It will be an honor and a pleasure to be present and officiate at the laying of the cornerstone of the new hall which is being added to the buildings of Duquesne University, Sunday, October 29th, 2:30 p. m.

I hope the erection of this new building will be the beginning of the University group for which you and your Fathers have been planning and working for years. May God bless the work and the workers.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

REGIS CANEVIN.

The Ceremony.

The cornerstone of the Canevin Building at Duquesne University was laid Sunday afternoon. The ceremony, at which a vast multitude of students, alumni, friends and benefactors of the university assisted, began at 2:30. The procession was formed in the main building and solemnly wended its way to the scene of interest. It was presided over by Archbishop Canevin, who has always been an important figure in the history of Duquesne. The hall that bears his name is the first of its kind in the diocese to perpetuate the memory of its bishops.

The speakers for the occasion and the subjects of their addresses were: Rt. Rev. Hugh Boyle, "Higher Christian and Catholic Education;" Mayor William A. Magee, "Higher Education for the Citizen"; and Hon. James Burke, "Higher Education in the Professions."

Some fifty clergy assisted, among them being Rt. Rev. Aurelius, O. S. B., Archabbot of St. Vincent College; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gorzynski, and Very Rev. Eugene Phelan, one of the first instructors in old Holy Ghost College and now Provincial of the American province of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. The event, happening on Sunday, prevented many more of the diocesan clergy from assisting.

In the hollow of the cornerstone a copper box was placed, in which were photographs of Archbishop Canevin, Bishop Boyle, Msgr. Alexander LeRoy, Superior General of the Society of the Holy Ghost; Very Rev. E. Phelan, C. S. Sp., Provincial, former presidents of the college and university, members of the community, catalogues of the various schools of the university, copies of the Duquesne Monthly, and papers of the city. It contained also a report of the president on the last school year, together with specimens of the various coins now in circulation. The following Latin statement engrossed on parchment was the chief document enclosed:

"Pio Undecimo, Summo Pontifice, feliciter regnante, Reverendissimo Hugone Boyle, ovium fidelium in diocesi Pittsburghensi, pastore vigilantissimo, Alexandro Le Roy, Archiepiscopo Cariacensi illustrissimo, Congregationis Spiritus Sancti moderatoris munere generalis fugente, ejusdem Congregationis Eugenio Phelan praeposito provinciali, Martino Hehir, Universitatis Duquesnesis rectore amgnifico, Warren Harding, Statuum Foederatorum Americae Septentrionalis praeside electissimo, Gulielmo Magee urbis nostrae florentissimae praefecto, hujus aedificii, a Reverendissimo Canevin dicti, in Dei gloriam et ad eorum utilitatem, qui in eo disciplinis et scientiis operam navabunt, lapis primarius, favore divino prius implorato, coram multitudine plaudentium, ante diem quartum Kalendas Novembres, anno salutis nostrae MCMXXII, a Reverendissimo Regis Canevin, Archiepiscopo Pelusiensi collocatus est."

The translation of which is as follows: "During the pontificate of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, when the See of Pittsburgh was administered by the Rt. Rev. Hugh Boyle, and Alexander LeRoy, Archbishop of Caria, was superior general

of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, while the Very Rev. Eugene Phelan was provincial, and Doctor Martin Hehir was rector of Duquesne University, in the presidency of Warren Harding, and the mayoralty of William Magee, the cornerstone of this building, erected in memory of the Most Rev. Regis Canevin, for the glory of God and the advantage of those who shall therein apply themselves to study, the divine blessing having been duly implored, was laid in the presence of a large concourse of people by the Most Rev. Regis Canevin, Archbishop of Pelusium, on the 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1922."

Bishop Hugh Boyle's address is as follows:

"I want very briefly to offer my congratulations to the active officers of Duquesne University and to its student body on this, the beginning of the much-needed additions to its buildings.

"Universities, whether secular or religious, are notoriously needy. The reason of which is that universities do not pay dividends—I mean those dividends that would make a man invest money on them. So that when any university, but especially a Catholic university, spreads its influence and extends its buildings, it should be the subject of our sincere congratulations.

"I recall to your minds that this building was made possible by money collected from the Catholics of this diocese and by the active interest taken in it by Archbishop Canevin, then bishop of Pittsburgh. This structure will be a monument to his zeal; and it is not the least of the happy circumstances of this event that he has been prevailed upon to come forth from his seclusion to bless this cornerstone.

"The university goes forward. It had its beginning in modesty. It has grown on its physical and educational side because of the demands the Catholic people have made on it. It is indeed a happy sign, as it shows that the people appreciate the value of higher education. It shows that men, many of whom had been economically dependent, are striving to make their children economically independent. They display the sure instinct that drives the poor and the worthy to grasp the value of the opportunity they themselves missed. They have been hewers of wood and drawers of water in the past, and are often compelled and have often been compelled to labor for a bare existence because the product of their labors

has been unequally divided. They are, then, trying to protect their children against the hardships which they had to bear. I welcome this and any similar growth, this opportunity for freedom. I believe that no man should live without labor, but I also believe that every man has a right to a just recompense for his labor.

"We should provide the best, nay, we should provide better temples of education than we can afford. It is a consoling thought that great schools are made, not by great buildings, but by great teachers. In medieval times, when Abelard wandered through Europe, he was followed by his students, and there was a university. What New Englander said that wherever Mark Hopkin sat at one end of a log and a student at another, there was a university? So that in things that make great schools we stand as good a chance as another. Schools contribute to the assets of the nation, to its wealth and welfare. But it is worse than useless and a positive evil for a school to turn out men who think only of their own aggrandizement; parasites who contribute nothing to the national assets, and who sometimes in their palsied blindness forget the humble conditions from which they sprang. Education should fit a man not to prey upon a nation; we should be its beneficiaries, not its victims.

"I once more congratulate the officers of the university, and I prospect that no man shall be graduated from it who shall be anything else than the torch-bearer of the true and ancient Christain ideals, whose education will not hurt, but will help you, because it is given within the walls of a Christian institution."

Mayor Magee made the following address:

"Most Reverend Archbishop, Right Reverend Bishop, reverend clergy, ladies and gentlemen: We are gathered here to-day to celebrate an important event in the history of this seat of learning, as in the history of our own community. The inauguration of any institution of learning is bound to have a long and incalculable effect on those who attend, as on those who live where it takes place. The effect is felt far and wide. It is like the pebble dropped into a sea, the circle of wavelets widen and widen until they reach the furthest shore. You cannot appraise the far-reaching consequences of education.

"I have been asked to speak on this occasion on higher education in its bearing on public life, not so much for those

who live and act in a public capacity as for the ordinary citizen. The question of life is a very complex one in our time. In ancient times the citizen found it an easy matter to fulfill his duty towards the state. The cities of Greece, for example, were mostly all independent, self-governing, city-states; they were filled with factional strife, and the people were a prey to the ambition of factional leaders. The public life, however, was comparatively easy, because of the ignorance of the masses. I use ignorance in the sense of a lack of knowledge of political science—ignorance of how government works. The governed were uneducated; they had to take the policies from political leaders. But today all this is changed, and it becomes not only the privilege, but also the duty, of every citizen to take part, to join with the rulers, to help directly or indirectly, in understanding and solving the complex problems of government.

"There was a time when life was simple, when families were well-nigh self-sufficient for food, clothing and shelter. But invention, discovery and industry have changed all this to the point that nowadays every man is a specialist. We know only a small portion of the process by which we live; hence the difficulties. The state is a huge machine, in which each one is a cog. We might compare it to the human body, the most delicate organism that God ever made. When any part of it is ailing we consult a doctor and we follow his advice. So, too, in our civic life we must follow our leaders; we must learn our lesson from our political leaders, and we must intelligently learn the foundation of it ourselves.

"It is from the high institutions of learning that these leaders must come; it is there the lessons must be learned. Till a higher training is effected, till it sheds its guiding light, the problems of life will be difficult. It ought to be our ambition to encourage universities where the sound principles of life are taught, where we can fit ourselves and our citizens for the pursuance of the greatest amount of happiness that it is possible to attain. Universities are products of the wisdom of all ages and do not lead to superficiality or radical experiment. It is lamentable to think, and today's paper bears out what I would say, that newspaper notoriety or superficiality lavished on a mere child would be a sufficient warrant for the request that such a one give her philosophy of life to the world. Higher education must guard us against such extravaganza.

"Duquesne University is turning out leaders, and it will

continue to show the greatest effects of its work in many remote ways. We have a great need, a pressing need, for higher education, to train the largest number in the true knowledge of government and to scatter these principles out among the masses of the people.

"I congratulate the officials of the university on their progress. And I know that they will continue to do their share—and it will be a large one—to guide our community in the proper way."



The Law and the University

Address of Hon. James Francis Burke.

"Thirty-eight years and six months ago today, within a few feet of where we now meet, I made the official report of the proceedings, including the address of Monsignor Cappel, at the laying of the cornerstone of what is now Duquesne University.

"Under the shadows of this hill was then a busy city without a modern telephone system, without a single electric car, a single skyscraper, a single boulevard, and not a single motor car hugged the curb or traveled the surface of a single street.

"As we stand here today upon this historic crest and look down upon the two wonderful valleys to our right and left, how bewildering seems the transformation and how impressive the marvelous accomplishments of man in his development of the hidden mysteries of the universe.

"To the pessimist, whose ears are usually deaf to the music of progress, one of the wonder cities of the world thunders in a thousand tongues her tribute to the genius of man and the glory of God.

"I am requested to address myself to the subject of "The Law and the University." I regret that, with all the progress the world has made in recent years, it cannot be said that the

lawyer, the lawmaker or the law itself has kept pace with the times in sustaining the learning, the dignity or the influence which marked each of them forty years ago.

"The one thing that cannot permanently thrive on haphazard learning is the lawyer; the one thing that cannot permanently rest on haphazard methods is the science of law-making, while the administration of justice in a haphazard manner cannot long endure without bringing the bench, the bar and the law itself into contempt. For these reasons the subject assigned me today deserves a thoughtful and finished address on any occasion, and particularly so in the presence of a learned and thoughtful audience such as properly graces an event of this character.

"My failure even to approach the lofty requirements of my position on this program I shall have to attribute to the sin of modern-day haste which marks the lives of so many of us in our made rush from the cradle to the grave, as a consequence of which we too frequently lose sight of the rarest landscapes and fairest flowers that bloom by the roadside; too frequently fail to fathom the hearts and discover the rarest attributes of our fellowmen, and too frequently merely sip lightly rather than drink deeply from the fountains of God's wisdom that gush from the ground and sparkle in the sun as we dash aimlessly in the direction of tomorrow.

"In the presence of these tendencies, what more fitting thing can thoughtful men do than erect a great institution of learning in honor of a priest and a philosopher, the Right Reverend Regis Canevin, of whom it may truthfully be said everywhere in the great dioceses of Western Pennsylvania, "If you would see his monument look around you."

"And on what more fitting spot than here, above a busy city where it will stand out against the skies, could this institution tower above them all as a reminder of its mission and an inspiration to those who would spread the light of wisdom among men?

Education and Republics.

"In a republic like ours education is a duty. In a country where liberty rests upon the intelligence of the people, it is either base or pure, according to the standard of that intelligence.

"Ignorance and oppression go hand in hand, while enlightenment has always been the handmaid of freedom.

"The university is an insurance company against socialism, anarchy and other dangerous political diseases.

"Every properly educated man or woman is a missionary for good in the State, in society, in religion and in morals.

"The world properly commends the charity which builds and maintains homes and asylums for the care of those incurables in body and mind, where humanity, as it were, has gone into the hands of a receiver, but among the greatest benefactors of the race are those who build institutions of learning from whose portals go forth each year armies of young men and women physically, mentally and morally equipped for the manifold duties of citizenship.

Citizenship and the Law.

"And as citizenship depends upon civilized society and the whole social order rests upon law, how important it is that the study of that science which distinguishes between right and wrong, which teaches how and why the one should be established and how and why the other should be punished; which, as Blackstone in his first lecture at Oxford, one hundred and sixty-four years ago this week, declared, employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul and experts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart; a science universal in its use and extent, accommodated to each individual, yet comprehending the whole country;—how important it is that such a science should be studied and mastered through the aid of the university under the guidance and inspiration of men who understand its fundamental purpose, and are capable of explaining its underlying philosophy, rather than that it be picked up in that careless manner which inevitably develops the wrangling ignorance and the shallow singer of formulas rather than the dignified and scholarly gentlemen who command the confidence of the court and the respect of the community.

"On the bench, at the bar and in our law-making bodies are many of the most eminent and influential characters in American life, and as the years go by there will be orators, philosophers and historians to add their presence and their prestige to those who now do as much to maintain the dignity of the profession and inspire respect for the one who writes

as well as for the one who administers the laws of the land. Judge Swearingen, the dean of the Law School of Duquesne University, who sits on my left, is one of the gentlemen of the old school who graces the bench and gives dignity to his position.

"Now a word as to the law itself. There is a distinct difference between laws based upon reason and fundamental necessity and statutes founded upon fanaticism or pre-conceived in personal prejudices.

Menace of Multiplying Laws.

"One of the greatest evils of modern days is the haphazard multiplication of statutes that burden the shelves of our libraries as a consequence of the eagerness of the ready regulators of everything and everybody to reduce their whims and prejudices to the forms of written laws.

"To them the Ten Commandments are inadequate; the time-honored customs of the centuries of civilization crystalized into the great body of the common law are inadequate; the Constitutions of the United States and the several States are inadequate; the countless statutes that have found their way through the congressional gristmill, especially during the last thirty-five years, and the endless chain of State statutes that have passed through the legislative hopper of the various States of the Union, have still left a formidable number of so-called statesmen and reformers in public and private life, who display an unsatisfied appetite for additional legislation.

"This craze for the enactment of new laws has reached the point where some people call it a habit, others a disease, others a mere manifestation of a temporary state of mind.

"Whatever the cause, the result is deplorable. The dignity of the lawmaker is disappearing and respect for the law itself is seriously impaired.

"We are said to be living in a rapidly moving age. In many respects this is true, but in no department of life is greater speed manifested than in the dexterity with which self-constituted and self-contained guardians of the public welfare seek to convert their prejudices into laws before which all others must bow.

Cripples Commerce.

"Speed mania in this regard has three attendant evils; first, the loose-jointed, unscientific manner of construction creates

both uncertainty and appreciation during the long period of both uncertainty and apprehension during the long period of litigation and judicial interpretation that follows; second, frequent absence of research results in conflicts with other laws; and third, the absence of foresight as to consequences imposes embarrassments and burdens so repugnant to common sense that commerce is frequently crippled and ordinary individual rights invaded to the point that resentment is aroused and criticism of law-making bodies is encouraged to the point that many well-meaning, high-minded men in public life are made to suffer.

"One of the underlying causes of this modern evil, to my mind, is a lack of understanding as well as a lack of intelligent enforcement of the laws that already exist.

"Another is the lack of confidence manifested by these law-makers in the human race, to function as a social, orderly body, and the vicious theory that, despite all our God-given and divine instincts that prompt the most primitive to do what is right, we still need an ordinance, a statute or a government order to regulate everything we undertake to do.

"May this institution and others with a kindred mission soon put an end to this caprice and bring us once again to a wholesome respect for our laws, because of their fairness and real necessity for their existence; because of the prudence with which they are enacted and the dignity, fearlessness and impartiality with which they are enforced."



The Christmas Babe

So *small* that lesser lowness
Must bow to worship or caress;
So *great* that heaven itself to know
Love's majesty must look below.

FATHER TABB.

A Child Shall Lead Them

Montgomery Jones was an artist. The Art Exhibit Association had announced a prize of \$1,000 to be given to the winner of the contest, the paintings to be turned in before December 20th. It was now the middle of November, and "Monty," as he was known to and addressed by his coterie of friends and admirers, was in quest of a model. This was a new and unheard-of luxury to him. But only last week he had sold a few sketches for the sum of \$100, this at a sacrifice, to enable him to compete in this far more remunerative venture. His technique was excellent, his touch masterly, his conception of real art superb. His only failing was obscurity. He had no reputation and was consequently poor and struggling.

As he flicked the ashes from his cigarette he exclaimed aloud: "If I could only find an inspiration. I must win that prize. It would mean success and fame. I must."

And he walked on, alert and watchful, his eyes ever on the lookout for an inspiration. Here he noticed a beautiful face, there a beautiful figure. But it was not merely beauty he sought. That was but the handiwork of the masseuse and the dressmaker. No; he sought beauty of expression, of soul, of character.

"Alas, I have failed again," he admitted grudgingly. "Not an interesting type among them all." Just then a young girl passed, her arm resting on that of her escort, her whole expression animated, vivacious. Now they came abreast and he studied her closer, hope revived in his heart. They passed on, and snatches of the conversation floated back to him. The girl was talking. "Not on your life, Al. . . . I'm nobody's sub. . . . Aw, can that stuff, I'm wise! . . ."

"Good heavens," he groaned. "Such mockery!" and he hurried from the spot, his nerves a-quiver, unstrung. "Is there not a natural type in the city? I am beginning to lose heart," and he turned his steps homeward, back to Mrs. Tripp's boarding house, to the cold atmosphere of his 10x12. Once there he tried to rest, but in vain. He must keep in motion, and he walked nervously up and down the length of the box-like room. He grew tired and sought his pillow. But sleep would not visit him. He dressed again, went out into the night and was swallowed up in the gloom.

All night his bed remained undisturbed. In the morning, just as the city was renewing its busy toil, he returned, just, too, as a neatly-dressed woman holding a battered suitcase in one hand and a beautiful baby boy in the other, issued from the building. The beauty of the child arrested his attention and he stopped, enraptured, his artistic instinct awakened. "What a beautiful boy," he ejaculated, and his eyes traveled to the woman. Her head was bowed as if in modesty, but Monty had a fleeting glimpse of auburn hair escaping in tantalizing ringlets from her bonnet. His curiosity was aroused. The woman must be beautiful by reason of the child, and he was determined to see her face. Purposely he jostled her, then apologized.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed in his softest tone.

The lady looked up instinctively, surprised by the charm in his voice, and Monty was rewarded. There, looking up into his own, were the sweetest brown eyes he had yet beheld, shaded by long dark brown lashes, the whole expressing a depth of sorrow, poignant and real. Then, too, she had been weeping, and Monty was susceptible to tears.

Now she gave him the merest nod of her head, smiled and passed on.

For an instant he stood there transfixed. Then, like a flash, it came to him. Here was his inspiration. He would paint the lady and boy as the "Madonna and Child." He dashed out, caught sight of the lady, and accosted her as she hesitated on the corner.

"I beg your pardon again, but will you pose for me? I am an artist," and before she could reply he rapidly outlined the whole story. The lady shook her head negatively. Monty grew persuasive, eloquent, and so well did he apply his time that ten minutes later he was leading her back to the boarding house. They were both smiling—Florence Leslie from the exhilaration of Monty's personality, and Monty from sheer joy at having won his case. The matter was arranged with Mrs. Tripp, Florence was reinstalled in her rooms, and the game was on.

In the morning, bright and winsome, Florence came with the boy to Monty's "studio," and the work was begun. All bars of convention were down. From the outset between them there was no constraint, and as the work progressed acquaintance ripened into friendship.

Each day it seemed but threw them more and more in each other's path, for December's snow kept falling steadily without, and Monty's "studio" was delightfully cozy and comfortable within. Each was fast falling in love with the other, yet on the surface neither betrayed any sign. Then, too, about Florence there hung a mystery. Often Monty had tried to wean from her her story, but had failed. Yet Florence had let fall betraying bits here and there that, pieced together, were as follows:

She was the daughter of wealthy parents, and had eloped with a man who was poor at the time, yet who had excellent prospects. Her family cut her off. A year later her baby was born, and three months after that her husband died rather suddenly of pneumonia. Florence was left alone with her baby, and being too proud to appeal to her family, tried to support herself and her boy. But hers was the usual story of unfitness for the work, and, little by little, her money gave out and she had sunk down, down, the buffet of fate, till Monty had found her, without love, without friends, without means. Monty's habits were very irregular, he sometimes sleeping till long past noon, and thus he had never chanced to meet Florence before.

At length the picture was finished. Monty had put his heart and soul into the task, had caught the very light, the expression he had wanted in both mother and child. The painting was magnificent.

The Virgin held her God at arm's length, an earnest supplication in her eyes. And the Christ! Adorable, the child looked down in fond admiration, his hand upraised in benediction. About them both there streamed a light from above, making the figures fairly breathe, so vivid, so lifelike, so natural was their pose. It was beautiful.

The great night of the exhibition had come. In the art gallery vast throngs of people moved in endless stream, all anxious to see and appreciate. Slowly they passed from picture to picture, the hum of their voices filling the air. And there, at the end of the hall, most advantageously hung, stood the picture of our artist. And it was wonderful to see the dense throng stop, spellbound, silent, taking in the charm, the beauty, the loveliness of the work.

Of a sudden a portly gentleman on the outskirts of the crowd gave a cry and jostled his way forward, the better to scan the features of the Virgin Mother.

"'Tis she, 'tis she," he cried aloud. "Thank God, 'tis she. At last I have found you, at last! God grant that I may see you face to face once more." But his voice was drowned in the thunderous applause that now fell on the air, echoing and re-echoing through the vast hall. "The artist! The artist!" rang the cry on all sides. "Give us the artist." And Montgomery Jones achieved his triumph that night. His success was assured. He would be famous. All, too, because of her who waited at home, too shy to be seen in public, too weak to bear the blow of defeat. Her heart told her over and over that he had won, yet she must distrust it, must wait, for she knew that Monty would let her know how he had fared.

The minutes dragged slowly by, then the door was thrown open and Monty rushed in, all aglow with pride. "I've won, I've won," he cried, and forgetting all else save that he loved this sweet woman, he pressed her to his side and rained passionate kisses on her. "Florence!" "Monty!" fell in sweet cadence from their lips.

It was Christmas eve, and Florence was hanging up the baby's stockings out of convention when Monty came into the room, his arms weighted with toys, his eyes alight with pleasure.

"Here are a few little things for the baby," he modestly cried. "I hope he will like them," and he deposited the load on the floor. Foolish man, when the baby was but twenty months old! But what fun they had as they opened each parcel, laughing and joking incessantly.

Presently a knock was heard at the door, and at Monty's "come in," Mrs. Tripp entered, bearing a long, official-looking envelope.

"Here is a letter for Mr. Jones," she said. "I do hope it's as important as it looks."

"A letter at this hour of the night!" mused Monty. "Well, anyway, thank you for your trouble, Mrs. Tripp. And 'Merry Christmas' to you, from Florence and myself."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones, and the same to you," and she was gone.

"Open it quick," demanded Florence. "I'm all excited." And Monty eagerly tore open the envelope. As he did so a slip of paper fell to the floor. Nervously Florence picked it up. Then—"Monty!" she cried, "It's your prize money for the painting."

"Three cheers for the art people!" sang Monty; then, flushed with joy, he danced a jig. Amidst it all there sounded another knock at the door. This was a firm knock, twice repeated.

"Who can it be?" questioned Florence, as Monty went to open it. There in the dim hallway stood a portly gentleman, the very same, in fact, who had cried out in the Art Gallery. His eyes roved from Monty's face and sought the interior. Then, as they lighted on Florence standing there looking more beautiful than ever, he cried out, "Florence! Florence! my sister," and rushing into the room, past Monty, clasped her in a fond embrace.

"Jim!" she cried, "Jim!" and burst out sobbing hysterically. Dame Fortune was squaring accounts with her this night, it seemed.

After Jim and Monty were introduced, and Jim had explained how he learned the artist's address, he said:

"Florence, I have a message for you, a message that has hung heavily upon my heart. Father and mother are both dead. Mother did not long survive your marriage, and father hated you the more for it. But before he died he relented and asked me to find you, to give you the inheritance rightfully yours. Come with me tonight, back to your old life, back to your accustomed place in society, and we will celebrate in truly regal fashion. Come, then, say goodbye to this gentleman and make ready to leave while I adjust matters with him."

"Jim!" cried out Florence, her heart torn with emotion, "you don't understand! Jim, I cannot go, will not go back to that empty life. I am sorry, sorry for you, but I have found happiness at last. Here in this very room the miracle has happened. And now I want you to shake hands with my future husband," and she sent a look full of love and pride to Monty. "Do this for me, Jim, and say you wish me happiness on this Christmas eve."

And Jim shook hands with Monty. "Florence," and his voice quivered, "I came to bring you happiness," he said, "but Cupid has forestalled me. Let me, then, at least give you this as a wedding present," and he pressed into her hand a check. It was in the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars. "Before I leave, though, let me give you my heartiest best

wishes. Merry Christmas, and may you live to enjoy many more of them." And he took his departure.

Behind in the room Florence and Monty stood for a minute, locked in each others' arms; then together they tiptoed over to the bed where the baby lay calmly sleeping.

"God has been good to us," whispered Florence. "We have much to be thankful for."

"Yes, indeed," answered Monty, and their eyes filled with love as they looked down in silent contemplation on the boy.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck once, twice, and they waited, expectant, till it tolled forth the hour of twelve, announcing the birth of a new day.

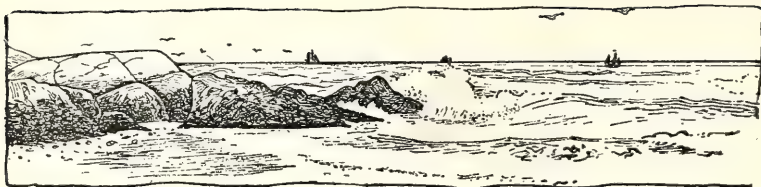
It seemed to their eyes that the boy in the crib stirred, smiled, opened his eyes and, raising his right hand, made the sign of the cross in blessing. A halo seemed to glow about his tiny head, and in his eyes glowed the infinite love of the New-Born Christ.

The junior choir in St. Peter's church on the corner was singing "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will," and it seemed as if a choir of angels filled the room, so beautiful, so heavenly, so real was the song. Presently the sound grew softer and softer, then died away; but the child remained.

It was Christmas morning.

ANTON M. RADASEVICH, B. A. '25.





The Golden Star

On a silken cloth is a star of gold,
And it tells the tale of a duty done;
It will breathe in sorrow a story told,
Of a battle fought, of a victory won.

For, his country's call was a piercing note,
And the price of freedom was dearly paid—
With a dagger's steel was the soldier smote,
And the dust to dust was forever laid.

It was Christmas night, and the night of love,
That I roamed alone in a world afar;
As I marked the course of the sky above,
Through my glistening tear drop appeared a star.

Then, to me the sky was a service flag,
But, a service flag many ages old;
Soon the twinkling star over vale and crag,
By some magic thought seemed to change to gold.

And the notes rung out over Juda's plain,
And the sky, the flag from heavens flung,
And the Star was Christ in the manger lain,
Whilst the song was victory by angels sung.

M. F. C.

Across The Atlantic

DUBLIN

Wishing Captain Simmons many a prosperous voyage until he happily anchors in the haven of eternal rest, I bade him adieu. I motored three miles along the quays to O'Connell street.

On the way I passed by the Custom House until recently considered one of the chief ornaments of the city. It was built of granite and Portland stone at a cost of two million dollars, and was completed in 1791. Towards the Liffey it presented a front in the Doric order. The figure of Hope surmounted the dome, which rose to a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. To render impossible the collection of taxes and other imposts, Sinn Feiners swarmed into it at the noon hour, when it was practically deserted, and so well had they planned their activities that every room was soaked with oil and set on fire before British troops could arrive to save it. The outer walls alone still standing suggest its former beauty.

O'Connell street, one of the broadest and finest of Europe, is adorned with the statues of Daniel O'Connell, Edmund Dwyer Gray, Father Mathew and Charles Stewart Parnell. Nelson's Pillar stands in front of the General Post Office, the outer walls of which alone survived British shells and bombs showered on it to drive out the Republicans who held it in force in the rising of 1916. In the early part of the week, just before I arrived, a battle had been waged by the Free Staters occupying the houses on the eastern side of the street, against the Republicans who held the buildings opposite. These latter had been reduced to heaps of smoking ruins and the former had not escaped unscathed. Nelson's Pillar was tenanted by sharpshooters; its sides were pockmarked by glancing bullets. Windows were protected with sand bags, but the glass was all shattered. While the fight raged spectators assembled in great numbers to watch its progress. They seemed to fear the danger they ran no more than if they were witnessing a football match. When a bomb was thrown they scattered in every direction, but no sooner had it exploded than they rushed back to see what damage it had done. Finding their positions untenable, the Republicans tried to escape or surrendered. The front buildings of the two blocks in which they had made their stand were burnt to the ground.

As I drove on towards the Drumcondra section of the city I remarked that the Free State troops had barricaded the streets, and were examining motor cars and passengers to find if they were carrying arms and ammunition. I stopped at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital to view the remains of Cathal Brugha. I regarded him as the noblest of the insurgents, and I respected him for his worth and the lofty principles that actuated him, though I condemned him for the dissension he had helped to sow amongst his people. Twenty times he had been wounded by British soldiers and Black and Tans; he had survived the many attacks made upon his life, to fall at last by the bullet of a fellow-countryman. He was buried, with Mass, from a neighboring church, the doors of the pro-cathedral being closed against him. Peace to his soul!

The buildings destroyed in O'Connell street had served their purpose and they could well be spared. Nobler hotels and stores will rise upon their ruins. The Y. M. C. A. and Catholic Truth Society headquarters, though the walls still stand, are internal wrecks, and will have to be rebuilt. But the greatest loss, an irreparable loss, was that of the Four Courts. One hundred and forty years ago this magnificent structure was erected at a cost of a million dollars. Its resplendent copper dome, supported with Ionic pillars and imposing Roman Corinthian facade, beautified the quays and contributed to make Dublin famous for its handsome public monuments. Early in the spring Rory, popularly called Gory, O'Connor, an engineer of some skill, and an uncompromising Republican, with some hundreds of impetuous partisans, ousted the ministers of justice, and fortified it on every side against attack. Sand bags were thrust into the windows, piled on the balustrades over the cornices, and stacked in front of the gateways, loopholes being left for rifle fire. In the rear wire entanglements were stretched along the iron fence, and screens of blankets were suspended behind them for the protection of sharpshooters. Every inducement to surrender was held out to O'Connor, but when parleys failed, and when one of the high officers of the Free State was captured and imprisoned, not to mention other acts of violence, an attack was ordered. Regular forces occupied the surrounding houses, and eighteen-pounders were brought to bear on the walls from side streets and from across the Liffey. Finally a breach large enough to admit a street car was made in the western

wall, and the besiegers entered with a rush. At that moment the defenders exploded a mine and thirty of the foremost were blown to pieces; several of the inner walls collapsed, and priceless records were impelled through the air far out into the Phoenix Park and as far off as Dublin Bay. I grieved to see the devastation done, due to the unyielding attitude of unreasoning extremists.

Prisoners taken on that day, July 1st, and those who surrendered the following week in the O'Connell street operations were locked up in Mountjoy jail. Their first achievement was to tear away the bars in the top story, to break three hundred locks that cost over fifteen dollars each, and to batter down the partitions between cells. I saw many sitting on the window sills endeavoring to communicate with friends in the neighborhood. From these positions they were ordered to retire, and the order was enforced with pointed rifles. They were removed to other cells, but they did not resign hope of effecting their escape. They tunneled under the prison walls, but before they could dig an opening communicating with an adjoining house their attempt was detected and their plans were frustrated.

It would require a whole issue of the Monthly to write in detail of the many attractions in and about Dublin. To some of them, however, I would direct the prospective visitor's attention.

The Bank of Ireland, occupying five acres and distinguished by its colonnade of the Ionic order, was formerly the Irish Parliament. Opposite is Trinity College, with its massive front, well-proportioned courts, a library of 200,000 volumes and 1,500 manuscripts. The harp of Brian Boru is preserved there, and many of the manuscripts were penned and illustrated in colors by Irish monks when Ireland was the school house of Europe.

Within five minutes' walk are Dublin Castle, the City Hall (of these later), St. Patrick's Cathedral and Christ Church, both Catholic before the so-called Reformation. Jonathan Swift was Dean of St. Patrick's. In this church may be seen the grave of Duke Schomberg, who fell in the battle of the Boyne; also the chain-ball that killed St. Ruth in the battle of Aughrim, and the spurs he wore in his last charge. In Christ Church is the tomb of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1177.

To the northeast of the city lies Glasnevin Cemetery, the national cemetery of Ireland. It was founded in 1832 by Daniel O'Connell. He is laid to rest there. A round tower marks the spot. Around him in a circle are the graves of Irish patriots. Not far distant are the mortuary chapel, where Mass is celebrated every morning, the mausoleum of Cardinal McCabe, and the grave of Charles Stewart Parnell. In the neighborhood of the cemetery are the Botanic Gardens, noted for their rare specimens of trees, plants and flowers; the late superintendent was favorably noticed in continental papers, and his death was commented on as a great loss to his favorite science.

To the westward is the Phoenix Park, with its prettily designed flower gardens, zoo, cricket fields and polo grounds. Herds of deer roam over its 1,800 acres. Farther on are the Strawberry Beds, the Lucan Spa, the Leixlip Salmon Leap, and Maynooth Seminary, the largest in the world.

To the south lies the chief residential section of the city. The buildings are attractive in their architectural lines and in their floral surroundings. Blackrock College, where many of our Fathers in Europe, North and South America and the West Indies were educated, occupies a lovely site on the shores of Dublin Bay. As a collegiate institution it ranks first in the country. In the Intermediate, the University and the Civil Service Examinations its successes have been remarkable. The beauty of its buildings, its grounds and its driveway, lined with evergreens of various tints and shrubs of golden hue, impart to it a distinction that no other college enjoys.

Dalkey, Killiney Hill and the stretch of undulating plain beyond, whose borders are lapped by the waves of the Irish Sea, are a joy to the eye and the delight of landscape painters. Bray, just farther on, is a popular seaside resort. Its mile of esplanade, bathing places, boating, regattas, handsome homes and fashionable hotels draw patrons from the city for evening outings and lengthened summer sojourns. The scenery along the River Dargle, the Powerscourt Waterfalls, the Seven Churches of Glendalough and the Bed of St. Kevin, on the slope of the picturesque Wicklow Mountains, attract numerous lovers of the beautiful and the romantic in motor cars, buses and wagonettes. These and other charms await and allure the pilgrim from the United States to visit them again and again.

Resolving to return to Ireland after a flying visit to the

Continent, I took the 8:25 a. m. train from Westland Row, boarded the packet at Dunlaoghaire, and in two hours and a half crossed the sixty-four miles of sea to Holyhead. The train awaiting us there sped along the rock-bound coast of Wales, past Chester, one of the oldest cities in England, and down through a country partly cultivated, partly fallow, sparsely wooded, dotted here and there with pretty cottages screened with climbing plants and enlivened with flowers. It reached Euston Station at 6:30 p. m.

LONDON

Previous visits to London had familiarized me with its main attractions. I decided therefore that my stay should be brief. The tourist is impressed with its monstrous size, teeming population, substantial buildings, numerous parks, bustling traffic, and evidences of wealth and extreme poverty.

After seeing the change of guards at St. James' Palace and enjoying the military band of sixty pieces, I walked down the Mall and by Buckingham Palace to Westminster Cathedral.

Any description that I should attempt would do scant justice to this imposing expression of Catholic faith. It is built of brick and cement with broad bands of stone. On entering, the visitor first notices a large crucifix suspended from the sanctuary arch and dominating the whole interior. Over the richly ornamental altar stands the baldacchino of white marble with other marbles harmonizing in color, a lapis lazuli, pearl and gold. Under the altar the relics of St. Edmund of Canterbury are preserved; there, too, repose the venerated remains of Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning. The body of the late Cardinal Vaughan reposes in the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The aisles are set off with delicately decorated chapels; those of the Holy Souls, Saint Gregory and Augustine, and the shrine of the Sacred Heart are completed; the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, the Lady chapel, the chapel of St. Thomas and St. Peter, and St. Peter's crypt are partially completed, whilst work is being prosecuted in the chapels of St. Joseph, St. Paul, St. George, the English martyrs, St. Patrick and St. Andrew.

A marble slab on the left of the main entrance shows in letters of gold the connection through the centuries of the Westminster See with the See of Rome.

About half way between Westminster Cathedral and the Parliament Houses is to be found one of London's chief attractions, Westminster Abbey. It was built about 616, and is said to have been miraculously consecrated by St. Peter himself. To be buried in the Abbey is considered a national honor. There are interred poets, statesmen, warriors, kings, queens, men illustrious in English history and there, too, lies the Unknown Soldier; his grave is near the main entrance; his body is encased in an English coffin, and covered with French earth on which is laid a Belgian slab. Pendent from an adjacent pillar is the floral wreath presented by General Pershing with a small American flag placed there by an American visitor. The tombs of the kings command admiration. Two coronation chairs are objects of curiosity. One in St. Edward the Confessor's chapel contains the stone on which, we are told, the patriarch Jacob rested his head at Bethel. It was taken thence to Egypt and from Egypt through Spain to Ireland about 700 B. C. It was preserved by the kings at Tara until 330 B. C. when Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, took it to Scone in Scotland. Edward I transferred it to England in 1297. On it every British sovereign has since been crowned with the sole exception of Edward V, who was smothered, after a reign of a few weeks, by his uncle, Richard III.

The other chair, preserved in Henry VII's chapel, was made for Mary, wife of William III, who was crowned in 1689.

The many tombs and numerous statues erected to the memory of men whose lives were scarcely edifying, however much they may have contributed to their country's prestige, mar the beauty of the building and detract from the sentiments of reverence associated with a place of worship.

On my way to the famous modern wax-works by Madame Tussaud, I passed by the British Government offices, the Horse Guards, up Whitehall, to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, where I took the usual means of communication between points in the city—a motor bus. These street cars are very numerous, travel fast, and stop only at stated intervals.

Madame Tussaud began her collection of wax-works in

Paris during the French Revolution, with models of Charlotte Corday, Marat and other well-known persons of that bloody epoch. Early in the nineteenth century she settled in London. She was an artist of rare ability. From members of the royal family and representatives of the various nations in the Versailles Conference down to Carpentier, Dempsey and the latest tennis champion, she and her successors produced life-like representatives of their studies, dressed them in their customary apparel, and caught their characteristic expression. The chamber allotted to Napoleon preserves many souvenirs connected with his career—carriages, uniforms, swords, decorations, snuff boxes, the stump of a tree on which he used to sit during his exile in Elba, and the camp-bed on which he died in the island of St. Helena.

The chamber of Horrors shows a number of notorious criminals, the scaffolds on which they died, the instruments with which political prisoners were tortured, Marat slain in his bathtub, and a murderer bound hand and foot and laid in a position for the guillotine to sever his head from his body. Landrau, the French murderer of twenty wives, is one of the conspicuous contributions to the gruesome collection.

Near the exit, the attention of the visitor is attracted to three mirrors. The first represents him extremely elongated, the second shows him broad and short, and the third so contorts him that he appears ridiculous even to himself.

From Victoria Station I took the 9:40 a. m. train to Newhaven, and then the boat to Dieppe. The chalk cliffs of the English coast quickly receded from view. We crossed the English Channel in three hours. When entering the French harbor, we were edified by the spectacle of a Calvary erected high over the projecting shore. Our train reached Paris at 6:30.

H. J. McDERMOTT, C. S. Sp.

(To be Continued)

The Future of David Lloyd George

A few days ago the often heard rumor of the approaching resignation of the Prime Minister, David Lloyd George, was again reported. Those who pay but slight attention to the news of world affairs gave little heed, for they thought the crafty Welshman would again prove the report false, as he had done so many times before. On this occasion, however, the forces against him were too strong, and he had to relinquish the office he has filled so well for the last five years. As soon as the surprise of the actuality had passed, they began to wonder what the last of the "Big Four" statesmen of the World War would do. In a very short time their question was answered; the official ending of the Premier's term of office will not occur before Tuesday or Wednesday, at which time his successor will move into the Downing Street residence and receive the seals; but already Mr. Lloyd George has started his campaign for restoration to power.

"Having got rid of him, the English people are now weeping over Lloyd George giving him terrific farewells, crowding the railroad station as he leaves . . . and yelling so that the former Prime Minister cannot speak," remarks one admirer of the "Welsh wizard." The shouting, pressing masses have cheered this superior diplomat, and kindled in him his old enthusiasm for the political fracas. The tremendous ovation given him at Leeds astonished the favorably, as well as the unfavorably inclined press, which commented on the resultant, smiling happiness of the little Welshman. This great popular approbation has done much to buoy the spirits of the ex-Premier and to encourage him to make greater efforts in behalf of the people.

When he began his speech at Leeds his manner was at first "breezy and bantering," but soon he became serious, denouncing the Tories, who have placed party interests above those of the people, and emphasizing that his object was "to rescue Britain from its post-war difficulties." He challenged his opponents to an election on these grounds and declaring himself to be standing by the people as their champion, put his record in their hands to decide his future.

The dissolution of the present Parliament and the calling of a new one is expected to take place before the last of this month (October). After this has been done the real contest will take place but already the Parliament members are hastily drawing up plans for a strenuous campaign. They do not intend to lessen their endeavors until the election, which will take place between the 13th and 18th of November, has decided the political complexion of the next House of Commons. This activity on their part is necessary because, with five strong political parties in the field, the outcome is extremely clouded.

The supporters of Mr. Lloyd George have two powerful influences conducive to their success, the personality of their leader and a "war chest" of at least three million pounds—the latter of course is merely a means of extending and making the former better known. Despite the manifestly great popularity of the ex-Premier it is going to be no mean task to smash all party lines and bring a majority of the voters under his banner. A great political leader in our own country, Theodore Roosevelt, unsuccessfully tried to do the same thing in 1912; how Lloyd George, who resembles in many respects the man just mentioned, succeeds will be of interest. Although these two are alike in having dynamic personalities, wide vision and sympathy for the common man, the latter will have difficulty in overcoming the old and spreading charge of a lack of principle. His success has been so great that little attention was paid to the means used in obtaining it. Now, however, with the little Welshman out of office, his enemies, quick to see their advantage, have recalled many instances of sharp changes in his opinions and actions. With changed conditions more people will be prone to doubt the Premier and consequently, will be wary about giving their votes to him. Notwithstanding all this, the chances for the success of Lloyd George are favorable: he is an experienced campaigner; he has entered this contest with all his former zeal and enthusiasm, his experience, his wit, and a personality that is almost irresistible; he has the loyal, whole-hearted support of every backer and whatever else may be said of him no one can deny that he has striven for the good of England and her colonies alone.

It is generally believed by onlookers that he will return to office where he can again use all his cleverness for the advancement of Britain; and that he will then shine the brighter as a result of the shadow which fell upon him when he was forced to resign.

W. P. MAXWELL, '24.



The Angel's Story

In a cold December midnight
While the stars were all a gleam
Came a clear and shimmering brightness
To disturb the Shepherd's dream.
From the midst, angelic chorus,
Singing to the raptured swain;
"Glory be to God in Highest
And on earth good will to men."

Then the singing slowly drifted,
And the angels did unfold
Heaven's story of Redemption
On the piercing midnight cold,
Of the foster-parent, Joseph,
And the Mother frail and fair,
Of the Infant King of Heaven
Lying in the manger there.

CHARLES O'CONNOR, '24.

Why?

A certain young man, whom I shall call Frank Hill, was very much surprised at a clause in his uncle's will. He had often heard that many strange things were inserted in testaments but it had always seemed to him that their writers must have been eccentric. It had never occurred to him to doubt, in any way, the sanity of his uncle; but to compel him to perform such a simple, easy act in order to obtain his share of the inheritance seemed to indicate an erratic streak in the old man. The clause in question ordered Frank to go alone to a certain street corner, on each afternoon of the five Saturdays following the burial of his uncle; and he was to stand there for an hour and a half or for three half hour periods each time.

Although raised in an atmosphere which was strictly against habitual loitering, Frank was not averse to carrying out his uncle's command. He had little respect for those whom he saw continually "holding up corner buildings" but this fact did not deter him from going to the appointed place the first Saturday after his uncle's burial. It would have been easier to pass the time, he thought, if he could have brought some one along with him, but since that was not allowed, he determined to make the best of things as they were.

As he stood on the corner idly watching the passers-by he did not notice any one in particular; but after a short time he began to watch parts of the crowd. From all directions the people came: no matter where he looked he could see the sidewalks crowded; slowly the procession moved along. Now and then the portion of it near the street crossings slowed and stopped, but the sections behind continued to creep and edge forward. Just as he would expect to see the whole line cease its movement the shrilling sound of the traffic policeman's whistle would signal the change in the direction of traffic and the head of the almost motionless line would dart across the street, seemingly thrown ahead by the compressed force behind it.

This motion interested him quite a while; till at last, he began to notice the individuals. He followed them with his eyes from the time they appeared in the distant throng

until they had passed him, and were again an indistinct unit. Various things attracted his attention to particular persons; in some it was their apparent haste and efforts to break through the crowd, in others it was their dress and appearance, their peculiar carriage which made him forget the hustle and bustle, the pushing and shoving of the rest. All kinds of persons passed by him, the poor, the rich and those in between.

Only about one-half of his time had passed when he began to notice faces but, once begun, his interest centered there and the remaining time passed quickly. Each face had a different expression, each suggested a story of its own; some seemed gay and happy, others sorrowful and sad; one was savage, another refined; here, one filled with treachery, there, one inviting trust; now, one darkened by despair, and then another lighted with hope. On came this endless stream of humanity with ever changing, always varying expressions on each countenance.

After the third Saturday when Frank's imagination, inspired by what he had seen, began to tire in its story-making and plan-building, he tried to answer the question as to why he had been sent there. In his effort to reach a conclusion he went over his experiences while standing on the corner, and was extremely surprised at the number and diversity of the ideas he had had whilst carrying out his uncle's command. The discovery of this fact led him to believe that he had found out the reason for the peremptory order; he had; but only in part.

The two succeeding Saturdays were interesting at the beginning, but long before the conclusion of the time necessarily spent there had elapsed, he was weary of the monotony. At the conclusion of the last period of the fifth Saturday the whole truth came to him; his uncle had known the value of ideas, gathered even in the street, and had made an effort to teach him. For that reason alone he had sent him for five Saturdays to the busy corner for long periods that, undisturbed by companions, he might learn some of the lessons to be gained from watching the crowd, and by the continued watching for long spaces of time would see the smallness and the harmfulness of continual corner-loitering.

W. P. MAXWELL, '24.

Shakespeare To Me

The fact of preference is one of the most common in human lives. It is seen in the family circle, in our school companions, it is noticeable in what we eat, what we put on, and in the furniture or site of our rooms. We have preferences, moreover for certain books and their authors. In an effort to find out my own, my choice has fallen on Shakespeare. I will try to give reason for it.

Shakespeare has an educational value in the field of history, that cannot be minimized. History, we are told, must be learned and memorized by periods; and I find this is facilitated in many of the author's plays. "Henry V." gives us the details of that monarch's campaign against France, of his character, of the relations existing between the two kingdoms, and of the conspiracy at Southampton. In the light of this play, we can never forget the siege of Harfleur, or the battle of Agincourt. The histories covering the period from the reign of King John to Henry V. form one connected chain in the study of the conditions and political speculations, begun in "Richard II." and reaching the culminating point in the brilliant pictures of triumphant efficiency, Henry of Agincourt.

The figures of rhetoric in Shakespeare are marked by their comprehensiveness, a capacity for growth and assimilation, leaving no aspect of life untouched, no region of its finality unexplored. The whole is marked by an ease and grace, and a sense of accommodation, that place him in the front rank of an army of English literary geniuses. He will speak in prose to the uncultured, and in blank verse to the more learned, making his characters, living personifications of circumstances and conditions. Moreover, reading Shakespeare is like studying nature. There are no discrepancies, no hollowness, no parading of art. All seems as exact and as original as Nature herself.

His characters live, act, and speak before us. There is no struggle to get into the spirit, as the saying goes: there is no moment of apathy or indifference. The characters walk out on the stage and demand a hearing, command your attention. The author, himself, enters too. Some say that just before his writing "Hamlet," several

of his own friends had been executed; and that Hamlet, the dreamer, distracted and musing to himself is merely Shakespeare speaking of the sad event:

"The time is out of joint: O, cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right."

And then, as we read we feel that the bard of Stratford wrote to please. He did not write for fame or money alone; and thus, did not make his Muse serve any but noble ends.

In many of his plays, Shakespeare has two or three stories intertwined, so as to form, nevertheless a compact unity. This is true particularly of the "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," and "Hamlet." There scarcely is a rarer or more difficult feat in the history of any literature than this: yet, it is accomplished by the master mind with consummate skill.

Most writers specialize, some become adepts in tragedy, some in comedy; but very few become proficient in both. In this, Shakespeare holds a place superior to all; he was master of comedy and tragedy alike. He began with the former, and a huge success, in which he pushed wit to the very limits of its rational meaning, was the result: then he took up the latter, and to speak of his perfection in the art, is almost a truism.

The earlier works show a sunny nature, and a sensitive mind, a gay and eager interest in many forms of experience, the deeper insight, the creative power, the masterful revelations of the laws of life, which govern them through all the processes of history, grow upon him. The world was reflected in his mind as in a magical mirror, its larger outlines, and its more delicate shadings, lying clearly luminous before him. He delved into the very minds of his fellow-men, and found out their secrets. He has us pitying Hamlet in his madness, and wishing every evil on Macbeth for the foul murder of the king.

I am enraptured with Shakespeare's portrayal of characters.

I can hear Shylock answering Antonio's appeal for money with:

"This kindness will I show;
Go with me to a notary: seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me."

Perhaps we cannot blame Shylock for the "lodged hate" he bears Antonio, we may pity or hate him, but we feel that we now know him thoroughly.

Lady Macbeth is a vivid impersonation of evil passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our nature, as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies. She remains a woman to the last, still linked with her sex and with humanity. Portia, in the trial scene, too, shines forth in her almost divine self, displaying an elevated sense of religion, together with her high and honorable principles.

We see Hamlet forced to act in matters of life and death and public affairs; he is hindered by a despair of life, hampered by the sapping of his moral courage, desolate by the weakening of his diseased mind. He is pictured before us as the victim of intellectual idealism, and we pity him.

Brutus in "Julius Caesar" is the victim of political idealism: he is, without doubt, one of the noblest of Shakespearean creations. He is above self-seeking, and capable of the loftiest patriotism. His life is noble, his character stainless, but his public activity is a series of practical mistakes. He is so portrayed that we must admire him.

Caesar is bodily weak; but his spirit rules. Cassius dies with that conviction. And when Brutus looks on the dead face of Cassius, he, too, bears testimony to a spirit more potent than the arms of Octavius and Anthony:

"O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails."

Shakespeare has lived through the troubles of five centuries, through wars, revolutions and innovations, through the world upheavals of ages: other writers have come and gone; the playwright of today will be forgotten tomorrow; but we shall always have our great immortal Shakespeare. Man wants something steadfast; and the poet of Avon partially satisfies his cravings. And thus what he wrote of another we can apply to himself.

"Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave."

LEO MCKEE, Soph. Pre-Med.



Christmas

Led by a star, a golden star,
The youngest star, an olden star,
Here the kings and the shepherds are,
Akneeling on the ground.
What did they come to the inn to see?
God in the Highest, and this is He,
A baby asleep on His mother's knee
And with her kisses crowned.

JOYCE KILMER.



SANCTUM

EDITORIALS

Christmas

Is there any word in any nation's vocabulary more suggestive of joy and happiness and festivity than Christmas? There is none. Nor can we find a word that is more magnetic, more suggestive of youth and happiness, more fraught with clinging memories, more reductive with the sweet scent of days long past.

It is the birthday of the Savior. It commemorates the dawn of physical life in Him who came to fulfill the greatest mission the world has ever had. At a time when the then known and civilized world lay in the land of shadow, and the rays of Light were eclipsed in ignorance and intolerance, when the children of Israel were persecuted, and the name of Caesar was held in higher esteem than that of the Father, a tiny infant, newly born, lay huddled in a manger of rough straw, in a chalk hill-cave of Bethlehem.

The story is as old as the hills, yet who does not thrill with happiness, who is not choked with emotions, who is not mute and silent when at early Mass on Christmas day, when flickering candles and softly shaded lights dispel the gloom of a dark winter morning, when the smell of pine and holly permeate the air, and an expectant hush as still as death sweeps the vast congregation as a rich tenor, in a voice of molten gold, begins the "Venite adoremus"? If there be one who listens and is not affected, mark him, for he has a heart of stone.

Fellow students, alumni and friends, the staff of the *Monthly* wish you such a Merry Christmas.

C. M. S., '23.

What Will Be the Form of Your Christmas Greetings?

The readers of the "Duquesne Monthly" will soon be sending Christmas greetings to their absent friends. Convention demands it, but it should not be merely a submission to convention. These greetings should express our real feelings, which in turn will be reflected in the sort of cards we send. The great Christian festival of Christmas has unfortunately become secularized, and with many the dominant idea is "cheer and good will." The man who accepts in practice the conventional view of Christmas will send conventional cards, containing a few rhymed lines about good cheer and happiness, interspersed with bells or holly or mistletoe or horse-shoes. But one who understands the meaning of this festival, the anniversary of the night when the Son of God came down from Heaven as the stainless Virgin Mary's Child, to share our human life, will long for Christmas cards that will express a little of what he feels. An excellent set of such cards can be procured at the National Shrine of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., from Rev. Bernard McKenna, D. D. And this is no commercial enterprise. All profits from the sale go to the Building Fund of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception.

S. J. B.



Rally To The Cause

Do you know what it is to be a quitter? You do? Well is it anything to be proud about? Did you ever see a quitter getting anywhere in life—except backwards? I didn't. He can't, because nobody wants a crab. A crab is the name applied to the Crustacea of the order Brackyura. (Encyl. Brit.) There are land crabs and sea crabs. Which class do you prefer? Anything that stings and pinches and then backs out of danger is my idea of a crab. Under crabs we also find listed, Shrimps; Nuf Ced.

Fellows, if you know of any crabs or shrimps, trap them and keep on ice. The season will soon be in and you can find a ready market. But I hope your catch is small. Duquesne has "no such animals." Stand by us until the end. Support your teams whether they win or lose, as long as they put up a game

fight. Let your support in basketball be ten times stronger than it was in football. You need us, and we need you. There's nothing like a friendly word, boys, did you ever try it?

C. M. S., '23.



The Nation's Press

There is a crying need for censorship of the country's daily newspapers. A censorship was found necessary and useful for the movies; why not the papers too? An infinitely greater number of people are reached by the daily paper than are reached by the motion picture. But the bugaboo is: do you want to suppress American Liberty? Would you throttle free speech? Certainly not. But if movie censorship has not throttled freedom of speech and eighteenth amendment suppressed American liberty, why worry about the result when you apply the same principles to the press?

Scandal, murder, arson, treason, treachery, love, hatred, jealousy, suicide, divorce and scandal (again) monopolize the front pages of your dailies. The inner defenses tell us all about how Jesse James and Ralph McSneer made a successful holdup. (They got away with all the cash on hand and had several vans bringing up the rear with furniture, etc. They had an easy time of it because they chloroformed the watchman, killed several policemen, and then shot up the town in general to make a good impression). Boys whose minds are still in the mouldings, eagerly read this rot and the result is: they want to try it. Pittsburgh had an example of this on the North Side about a year ago.

Besides this there are other items which should be suppressed or at least modified. Why go into the sordid details? If newspapers can be sold only at the sacrifice of honor and integrity it is indeed high time for official action. By all means let us have the current news, but keep it entire and unsullied.

C. M. S., '23.

Alumni

A Fitchburg (Mass.) paper announces the marriage of John F. Gillespie, Jr., of Boston and New York, to Miss Helen Rachel Dunn. The ceremony took place in St. Bernard's Church. The pastor and his two assistants solemnized the nuptial marriage. Theodore, brother of the groom, was best man.

Those whose memories go back far enough, will recall that John and Teddie were two pillars of strength in the Minim team managed first by Father Sonnefeld and subsequently by Father Baumgartner. This little team, by its brilliant and consecutive victories, attracted the attention of all lovers of Rugby in Western Pennsylvania.

Both brothers served with distinction in the World War. John was invalided home. Teddie was in it to the finish; he was first lieutenant, Company A, 101st U. S. Infantry. We wish the newly wedded couple many years of happy life.

Dr. Joseph W. Beller, chiropractor and naturopath, announces the opening of a new suite of offices in the East End district. His numerous patrons will find this successful young practitioner in 306 and 307 Lloyd Building, corner of Penn and Sheridan avenues.

Father Malloy assisted on October fourth at the Departure Ceremony of the second band of Passionist Missionaries to China, held in St. Paul's Monastery church, Pittsburgh. Rev. Paul J. Ubinger, C. P., was amongst the volunteers. Some eight or ten years ago Paul was one of our most distinguished members of the Red Masquers' Club. He figured in several of our plays produced in one or other of our city theaters, and contributed immensely to the enjoyment of laughter-loving patrons of comedy. In a few weeks he will appear in a new and more serious role in the midst of strange settings, teaching the heathen Chinese the doctrine of Christianity. His destination is Shenchowfu, Human, China. He will have as companion, Father T. J. McDermott, who preceded him by ten months to this benighted mission.

On October nineteen Richard H. Ackerman made his profession in the Holy Ghost Novitiate, Ridgefield, Conn. After the emission of his vows he was transferred to Ferndale, to

begin the study of Philosophy. The students in this Seminary, as part of their training, present several plays during the year; the recipient of medals for elocution, the participant in many of our theatrical productions, and the successful coach of several local clubs, Richard will be a valuable acquisition to their number.

Leo A. Ivory was up to see our football team in action on October twenty-first. He finds abundant scope for his activities as notary public, insurance and real estate agent. He is also interested in mortgages. His office is at 617 Ross avenue, Wilkinsburg.

On October twenty-third, Rev. Stanislaus Szpotanski celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his priesthood. During these many years he has labored zealously in the Scranton Diocese. He is pastor of the Visitation church, Dickson City, Pa. We wish him length of years and abundant fruit in his spiritual undertakings.

Hugh F. Cousins, H. S., '08, and ex '12, has had notable success as salesman of metal building materials, representing the Mayer and Stewart Co., Fulton Building. He purposes finishing his college course, for he realizes that the decorations of his comfortable and happy home are not complete without a Bachelor's diploma duly signed and sealer, and handsomely framed.

Daniel Dougherty, ex-H. S., '24, writes: "Things are about breaking even with me, but I can't see any bright prospects of returning to Duquesne. I am going to Curry College night school two evenings in the week, but no school can be like the old Alma Mater though we roam the whole world o'er."

We notice in the Pittsburgh daily papers that his Honor, the Mayor, has inaugurated a new office in the city, that of efficiency engineer, with a salary of six thousand a year. We are gratified to hear that our alumnus, James J. Brennan, has been appointed to the office. Mr. Brennan has had much experience in speeding up productions in steel mills. During the war, the U. S. Government showed appreciation of his ability by utilizing his experience in this country and in foreign lands. Promoted to the rank of major, he inspected mills, suggested improvements, and expedited the forwarding of war munitions to the battlefields of Europe. His duties necessitated extensive trips

through the United States, the British Isles, France and Italy. He had occasion to visit the Near East.

To his new office Mr. Brennan brings the vigor of youth, a trained mind, appreciation of perspective, and indefatigable energy.

Raymond M. Marlier paid us a visit on the last day of the month. For six years he has had considerable experience in architectural designing with M. Nirdlinger & Co., Empire Building, a firm that was established twenty years ago, and has seen its business increase and multiply up to date. On November first, Mr. Marlier will be associated with the company as a partner.

Whilst preparing for his commission as lieutenant in the aviation service, Mr. Marlier won several prizes for drawing. Our embryo artists in the Science department should take heart in their work. A young man who can secure a position as an architectural draftsman, will earn fifty dollars a week; after two years' experience, he can double this figure, and if he has skill in coloring and an accurate knowledge of perspective, he can command two dollars and a half an hour. Think of this, young gentlemen, and you will apply yourselves with added interest to the work assigned you in the drawing room.

Members of the Faculty, the student body, and especially his former pupils are gratified to hear that Mr. Joseph T. Quinlan, C. S. Sp., sailed for the Holy Ghost Seminary, Rome, from New York, on November the fourth. Mr. Quinlan was a very successful teacher of mathematics. After two years' prefecting, 1919-1921, he resumed his studies at Ferndale, Conn. We congratulate him on having been chosen to pursue in the Eternal City a course of studies leading up to the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology. We wish him good health and brilliant success.

We appreciate highly the honor done to Noon Glynn, Cyril Kronz, and John O'Donnell by St. Bonaventure College in conferring upon them the degree of Master of Arts.

One of our most recent and most welcome visitors was Alfred W. McCann, LL. D. Mr. McCann is on the staff of the *New York Globe*. He wields a facile pen. He is called on to cover matters of general and national interest, from a new production of Shakespeare to a prize-fight for the world cham-

pionship. As an authority on pure food, he has an international reputation. For years he has waged an unflinching war upon adulterated products. His knowledge of the subject is equalled only by his dauntless courage. For exposing the impositions of profiteers in the food market, he has been prosecuted by some of the wealthiest trusts in the country. He has appeared as defendant or plaintiff in two hundred and six law suits, and he emerged triumphant in them all. Amongst the works that have issued from his pen, we may cite *Starving America*, *The Failure of the Calory in Medicine*, *Starving America*, *The Science of Eating* and *This Famishing World*. In his most recent publication, two copies of which he has thoughtfully presented to us, *GOD—OR GORILLA*, he has rendered an incalculable service to true science and a much needed service to religion at a time when there seems to be a conspiracy amongst the faithless to undermine the Scriptures—the Word of God. In our next issue we hope to direct attention to this crushing indictment of heterodox evolutionary science.

A postal card is at hand from Rev. George J. Bullion. It was written in Jerusalem on the eighteenth of October. In company with the Jesuit Father Mallon as guide, and the students of the Biblical Commission of Rome as companions, he is making a tour and study of the Holy Land and the holy places.

Dr. S. Monkiewicz, physician and surgeon, has an enviable practice in Philadelphia. His office is at 3101 S. Halsted Street.

Jovial Tom Kenney, fresh from the Pacific coast fifty miles south of San Francisco, was up to see us in the middle of the month. When he returned from active service with the Marines in France, he had not recovered from the effects of gassing at the front; the poison in his lungs is not yet all expelled, yet Tom appears to be the very expression of robust health. As coach of a champion team in the far West, he is especially interested in our gridiron warriors and intends to accompany them to Philadelphia where they will do battle with the Villanova College. We are rejoiced to hear that he has been recommended for the Congressional Medal.



Duquesne Day By Day

November 1.—We are very sorry that you did not enjoy our last number. I admit it is not easy to find a capable man for this department. Applicants are required to produce their testimonials.

We have become so accustomed to school that we almost forgot All Saints' Day. Oh! for the good ole days when the student body besieged the *powers* and returned triumphant. The philosophers played their annual game with the High School eleven, coming out on the short end of a 12-0 score. Too much application to the study of *Opposition*, *Contraries* and *Contradictories* is blamed for their downfall. Joe Nee was needed but he hurt his knee. See the pun?

November 2.—This is All Souls' Day. We had a Solemn Requiem Mass, at which the Very Rev. President was celebrant; the students' choir rendered the Plain Chant. The sweet plaintive notes of the *Dies Irae* were soulfully expressed also by the artistic touch of Father Williams and the mellifluous tones of Rev. John Malloy's enchanting voice.

November 3.—I asked one of the students—not telling which category, but he was not a day student—to come out for a game of handball at 3:30. "Nothing doing," was the laconic reply. "I have to write out the whole Greek Grammar." I didn't get him at first, but afterwards realized that he was taking time by the forelock, preparing a good "pony" for the exams.

November 4 and 5.—There was more knowledge spilled around the corridors these days than any wise head could amass in a life-time.

November 6.—"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," chirped out a Senior, and the examinations were on. This week worked wonders; students worked, and pro-

fessors were idle (?) It was a reversal of form. Students played, yes, but they spoke Latin or Greek, or History, as the tide took them.

November 7.—This was Election Day when all good citizens didn't go to the polls. Of course we would not cast any reflections on students by even insinuating that they had reached the age. The day's history is summed up in the one word: Exams. We have pleaded with professors to hand in some answers, sparkling with brilliancy, wit, humor or ignorance. To date they have not been heard from.

November 10.—The examinations ended at noon. The joy was intense, the shouts deafening, and the rush home depleted the numbers to almost zero. Father Dodwell was heard complaining that no one stayed to see his team trim Verona High. Verona High? Yes, famous among other things for having had our versatile Editor-in-Chief, our energetic manager of athletics, the popular and affable president of the Senior class, within its walls. We wouldn't mind having a few more like "Clem."

November 11.—This was Saturday. We were cheated by downright, open robbery, out of a half-day. From time immemorial the students have celebrated the feast of Saint Martin religiously and socially. Having tendered their felicitations to the Reverend President, they were always accorded a half day. Just because the feast happened on Saturday is no reason for breaking down the barriers of tradition. Let us stand by tradition. Student senate, take the matter up at the next meeting of "ways and means committee."

November 14.—The examination results were proclaimed today in the auditorium. A large number of honor cards was distributed. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: *College*—E. J. Caye, J. M. Rozenas, A. M. Radasevich, J. M. Maxwell. *Pre-Medical*—J. A. Gilmartin, J. S. Meyer. *Pre-legal*—W. McGuire. *Commercial*—P. F. Gabriel, C. A. Janda, F. J. Witt, W. Bovard. *Science*—C. Shiring, M. J. Reisdorf, W. Holveck, L. J. Holveck. *Academic*—F. Balfe, T. J. Quigley, M. Dudich, T. F. Henninger, L. B. Ross, R. J. Callahan, M. J. Seibold, I. F. Nelis, M. A. Dravecky, J. M. Mishaga, H. J. Laurent, B. J.

Lyon, H. E. Felich, W. Iwanicki. See if you can dethrone them next time.

November 15.—The annual Memorial Mass for the deceased past students, professors and benefactors of the University was celebrated today in the University Chapel, which by the bye is much too small for College and High School departments alone. A goodly number of friends, clergy and laity attended. The Mass was sung by Rev. Charles Keane; Rev. Raymond Conway and Rev. James Healy were deacon and subdeacon respectively, Rev. W. Forney was Master of Ceremonies. At the end of Mass, the Rev. James Cox delivered a masterly address, characterized by sublime doctrine, faultless diction and eloquent expression. Departing from the usual beaten path, he eulogized those who, as students or teachers, held the standard of the Cross before the world, and insisted on Catholic Education as the great ordinary means to a great ordinary end, the sole assurance of death "in the Lord" and of life unending in heaven.

November 16.—The Commercial Club held an informal dance at the Fort Pitt Hotel. It was a success in every way. The members of the Varsity football team were honored guests. When smiling John Harvey, escorting his pretty, smiling friend, turned back before he reached the "reviewing stand" it was not from bashfulness, we are assured, but because he had seen a "cloak room" sign near the lobby. We take it all back, John. Great credit is due to the club and the invited guests express their sincere thanks for the invitations so graciously extended.

November 19.—Letters at hand, long, cheerful and "newsy" from the Seminary at Beatty; letters brimful of optimism, loyalty and piety; letters that tell of a Duquesne spirit that is refreshing. In Messrs. Rieland, Watterson, Cusick, Heilmann, Palowski and Schroth, we have a great sextette of recent graduates. The only mistake they make is choosing to write to one who would rather work in the mines than write letters. The favors are highly appreciated. May they continue!

November 20.—Father S. Bryan was presented with an honor card today, in which he received first place in handball, and a distinction in scientific blocking. He has learned at a good

school, and great things are expected of him in the future; he has a deceptive *Greek* delivery and packs a wicked swing. What did I tell you before? Wasn't I right? The idols of the past are gradually paling in his shadow. He is as popular as he is learned, and that's saying a pailful.

November 21.—"Copy!" All right, just a minute. I ask my readers to suggest some other way (besides suppression) of making this column attractive. I ask the students to gather up, and send in items, personal or otherwise, that would add color to my diary. Don't be bashful. Duquesne Day by Day will interest you if you but interest yourself in D. D. D. *Au Revoir* till next year and a Merry Christmas.



A review of the Red and Blue grid record for the past month may not look impressive on paper, for the Ballinites failed to emerge triumphant in any one of the trio of tilts in which they have engaged since we went to press for November, but writing as an observer who has taken particular note of the squad both as individuals and as a team, we are pleased to declare the last three weeks a howling success. First and foremost, Dan Rooney broke the ice in that distressing scoreless period which extended from the 1921 Marietta game till this year's Geneva encounter when he carried the oval across the Covenanter line for a touchdown, thus averting a shutout at the hands of the Beaver Falls men and causing great rejoicing on the Bluff.

We may as well take the recent skirmishes in chronological order, beginning with Geneva. A perfect day and an equally perfect gridiron greeted the Dukes on their arrival in the domain of Coach Park. The Hillmen were in shape almost without exception and the Gold and White, priming

for her impending go with Pitt, was pointed for battle. The clash was as hectic a one as the average fan could demand. There is no need of going into detail about it. Ewing, a hostile terminal, intercepted a lateral pass, O'Connell to Rooney on the Duke 32 mark in the initial frame, and though Dan nailed the wing in his tracks, the damage was done. Hamilton, as clever a little open field runner as we've lamped in moons and moons, skirted left end for the entire distance to the goal. Wilde missed the try for point. The second tally came as the result of a fumbled punt which McGrew, the opposing center scooped up in midfield and carried over without molestation. That ended the mauling for the first half.

Hal Ballin must have remarked many, many remarks to his proteges during the rest, for they came out to fight like demons. An irresistible series of plunges brought the ball from midfield to first down on the Geneva seven yard line. Rooney and Fitzgerald were smashing along heroically. Three smacks landed it on the second parallel with one chance left to take it over. Sammy Weiss who had replaced O'Connell at quarterback, called Rooney's signal, and the mighty Dan with a superhuman effort, crashed through the mastodonic Geneva defense and registered that thrice-welcome touchdown.

Boy, maybe the Red and Blue stands didn't rise and blow off tons and tons of steam! Personally we ruined an altogether good chapeau in our manifestations of delight supreme. The fact that Dan's drop-kick went awry meant nothing at all. The Dukes had scored and that was quite enough for one day's work. The Covenanters grabbed off another six-plyer toward the end of the fracas, making the final count 19 to 6 in their favor, but the loyal adherents of the Bluffites'cause journeyed homeward happily even in defeat, for their team had thrown off the cotton-mouthed jinx that had been handing them goose-eggs for more than a twelvemonth.

All in all it was rather an auspicious occasion, for it gave the entire crew that confidence in itself that only a scoring outfit can have, and from then on there was hope. The crowd of students that wended its way toward the Smoky City in the dusk of that October evening was in a far more amiable state of mind than the disgruntled, heart-sore gang

that boarded the P. & L. E. rattler at College, Pa., a year ago. Then, if we recollect accurately—and we're pretty sure that we do—bloody murder was being hollered. A questionable decision on the part of one of the officials had robbed the Pittsburghers of almost certain victory after a terrific struggle and no one was in a mood for fooling. But that was all changed and it was an optimistic entourage that surged across the Smithfield Street Bridge and broadcasted the tidings to the downtown thousands.

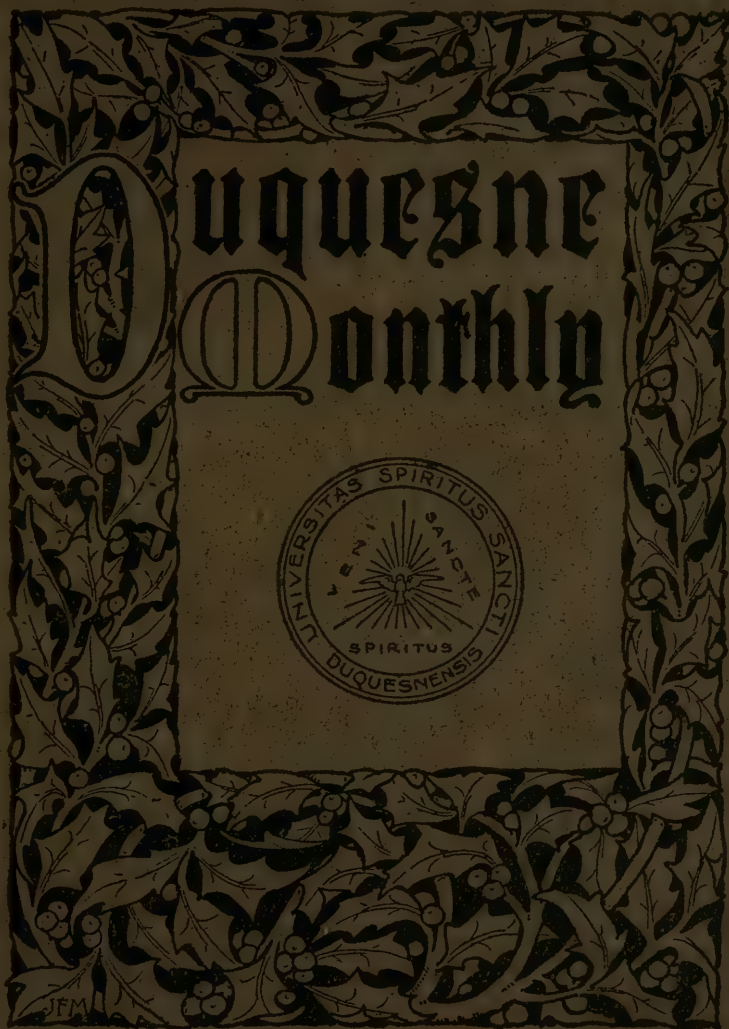
Now, in regard to that thing with West Virginia Wesleyan, the less said of it the better. It has been a source of unlimited sorrow to us ever since it came off and the passage of time scarcely soothes the rankling within us. No doubt it is the same to the so-called gentle reader. If it is not, it ought to be and he can go soak the old bean for all we'll write about it. The Dukes were walloped by a 27 to 0 margin by a team that was absolutely too good for them or anything within ten pound of their weight. Bob Higgins brought up the best college eleven that has graced the Campus since we've been going there and we'd hardly be far wrong in broadening the statement and saying that it was the classiest lot of varsity athletes that has displayed its wares on the hill in the history of the school. They tell us the West Virginians are fed on beef steak three times per 24 hours. We believe it and might add that they probably partake of a smack of lion meat before retiring. They are far and away ahead of the University of Detroit aggregation which was figured to be the roughest spot on the schedule. The sole beam of brightness for the home rooters was the stuff uncorked by Packard, our diminutive left end. "Pack" was kayoed twice before he could be prevailed upon to leave the game, but that is the least of his claims to glory. What we mean to chirp about is the fact that he made the highly-touted Bullman, his immediate opponent, look as foolish as the greenest novice who ever caught a pass behind his own goal line. Not that Bullman did the latter, but the far-from-husky Packard slipped between him and tackle with the abandon of a Tom Shevlin or a Pat Herron and busted up more Wesleyan plays than any three of his mates. He suffered a broken nose which later became infected and kept him out of the Grove City imbroglio but just about left him

sitting right side up for the Villa Nova encounter. So much for Wesleyan.

Now about Grove City. We made that trip with more prayers for a decent score than expectations of a notable showing. What happened is still fresh in our memory and in that of everyone else who was so fortunate as to view the assault and battery from a Duquesne angle. This gang of fighting fools simply outdid themselves. They scared Williamson's men so badly that they got down to serious work the following week and overwhelmed their ancient rival Geneva by an ungodly edge. We'll never forget the thrill we got at the end of the first half when we realized that a blank deadlock existed and that the Dukes had all but scored upon the team that was figured to massacre them.

Then came the fatal third period. The Maroon kicked off to Rooney who had instructions to cut loose with an on-side punt the instant the pigskin fell into his arms. Unfortunately for the Dukes, one of their men was ahead of the line and the kick was ruled an ordinary punt despite the fact that O'Brien recovered. The oval was awarded to Grove City near the center of the rectangle, whence they opened a dazzling aerial attack that soon set them on the eleven yard mark. Three attempts at the front defense netted but seven yards. On the fourth they were stopped dead. The ball should have gone to Duquesne then and there on downs—but—a Ballin forward was ever so little offside, the Dukes were penalized, and it was the Mercer Countian's pellet, first down, and two to go. The rest was easy. They shoved it over in a single thrust. Pitts drop-kicked the goal for the odd point. But believe us, young fellow, it was a whale of a wonderful set-to and just about sent us and the handful of Bluff partisans present into the seventh, eighth and ninth heavens of delight to think that this scrappy bunch of chargers from the Steel Village had practically beaten the chronic winners of the Class B championship of the Tri-State District.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, ARTS, '25.



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JANUARY, 1923

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Duquesne Monthly

JANUARY, 1923



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Number 4.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEN the old year, sad and broken,
Bids its last and fond farewell,
It may leave behind the traces
Of some tears, or joys we tell;
But each little recollection
Brings to mind the past so clear
Of the good deeds now completed,—
Those which never saw the year;
Of the deeds which mar our record,
And the ones we humbly bear,
But with bright hopes for the morrow,
We will leave our burden there.

.
Let the dead past be forgotten
In the promise of the new,
With its seasons unattempted,
Seems to make the skies more blue.
When each one can utter truly
That he does his best all day,
Rendering the world a better
And more cheery place to stay;
When each aims to do his duty,
Both to God, to State and man,
Then his New Year gives true promise—
He will do the best he can.

William E. Boggs, '23.



Across the Atlantic.

(Continued)

PARIS.

DURING my sojourn in Paris, as elsewhere when possible, I stayed with the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. The Mother House of the Order is situated in the Latin quarter. From this centre are directed its activities throughout the world. The Superior General, Most Reverend Archbishop Alexander Le Roy, though venerable by his age and achievements in tropical Africa, is still youthful in appearance and strikingly handsome. The ruddy glow of health suffuses his cheeks, and the light of a humor that never fails, twinkles from the depths of his Norman eyes. In his heart is enshrined each member of his religious family, and a cordial welcome is accorded to each of his children. In his absence, his first assistant, Father Lena, does the honors with a becoming grace and cordiality. Bishops, priests and brothers come and go with almost kaleidoscopic suddenness; the confrères you dined with yesterday are only the memories of to-morrow. The General's counsellors, however, are fixtures in the place; it was one of these, a cherished friend of schoolboy days, the Very Reverend Dr. E. A. Crehan, who was my companion when sight-seeing in the world's loveliest of cities.

A four years' residence in the suburbs had given me ample opportunities for seeing the attractions of Paris, but its beauties never pall upon the returning visitor. It is the Mecca of the pleasure-seeker, and the never-failing delight of the lover of art. Its magnificent boulevards are lined with trees, bordered with sidewalks broad as our streets, and set off with handsome buildings of uniform height and construction. Its thoroughfares are frequented, especially in evening time, by fashionably dressed men and women who saunter by the stores ablaze with electric light or seat themselves at small round tables to partake of refreshments and watch the ebb and flow of passing humanity. Its open spaces relieved with sparkling fountains and unblushing statuary; its spacious parks, flower gardens of pretty design and color scheme, imposing monuments and historic associations, raise the capital of France to a plane where it reigns alone the undisputed Queen of Cities.

I had to forego the spiritual profit of praying at the national basilica of Montmartre and the shrine of Our Lady of Victories; of rambling through the parks and cemeteries, of studying the spiral portrayal of Napoleon's victories on the Vendôme Column, of moving in amaze through the seven miles of rooms and corridors of the Palace of Versailles, hung with masterpieces of historical tableaux; and of seeing again the deft potter of Sèvres engaged on inimitable porcelain pictures and vases. Of these and many other allurements, I had to be satisfied with the memories of former days. But my time was delightfully and profitably spent in Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Madeleine, Place de la Concorde, Champs-Élysées, Place de l'Étoile, Hotel des Invalides and church of St. Étienne du Mont.

The truly magnificent church of Notre Dame, standing on an island in the heart of the city, is a gift from the Middle Ages. Pope Alexander III. laid the foundation stone in 1163, but the work was not completed until the beginning of the fourteenth century. In 1239 St. Louis, King of France, deposited in this noble structure the Crown of Thorns, a portion of the true Cross, and a Nail of the Passion. These sacred relics of Our Saviour's agony and death are still preserved there, and are produced on the Fridays of Lent for the veneration of the faithful.

Notre Dame is four hundred and twenty-six feet long and one hundred and sixty-four feet wide. The central *flèche* rises to a height of three hundred and twelve feet. Above the pointed doorways with their sculptured forms, and across the massive square towers that grace the facade, a long line of statues represents the old French monarchs. The interior is remarkable for its long aisles, its massive columns and delicately pointed arches. The beauty of the stained-glass windows inspires the modern artist with regret that the secret of coloring known to his predecessors of centuries ago has been lost, and apparently forever; the mellow light of the sunshine filters through the windows and paints their pictured stories with mysterious charm on pew and pavement.

What gorgeous pageants have been staged within its walls! What noble flights of oratory have moved its congregations, and what masterful funeral orations have been delivered from its pulpit! Generations come and go, but the worship of God, the Unbloody Sacrifice, the Real Presence, the prayers of the devout rising Heavenward like sweet incense, remain unchanged.

The Louvre, the priceless art museum of France, furnishes

joy and inspiration to every visitor. Napoleon enriched it with trophies taken from the conquered nations. Painters and sculptors have generously contributed to its galaxy of pictures and statues. The Gallery of Apollo is a dream of loveliness. The ceiling is a series of paintings in golden frames. The walls are lined with life-size portraits delicately wrought in Gobelin tapestries. In glass cases on a cabinet in the centre are displayed the diamond-hilted sword of Napoleon, valued at four hundred thousand dollars, the sword and spurs of the Emperor Charlemagne, golden crosses studded with priceless gems, and the Regent Diamond, possibly the finest in the world, said to be worth three million dollars. The Grand Gallery, fully one hundred yards long, can boast of masterpieces by Michael Angelo, Rubens, Van Dyck, Raphael and others, such that the wealth of Croesus could not purchase. The originals of nearly all the popular pictures familiar to us, dealing with the life of Christ, His Blessed Mother, and numerous saints, are to be found there in their pristine beauty mellowed by the gentle and maturing touch of Time. Mona Lisa is there, too, with her wistful face and baffling expression. Groups of American and English tourists throng the halls, consulting their Baedeker or listening attentively to the explanations of their guides. When they return to their homes, those evidences of genius they have gazed upon will be treasured in their memories as the loftiest inspiration of art exalted and purified by faith.

The Madeleine, begun in 1764 and completed in 1824, is in the form of a Greek temple. It was intended to be a Temple of Glory. Napoleon conceived the idea of consecrating it to the commemoration of his victories and to the honor of his fallen soldiers. But Napoleon fell, and it was dedicated to the service of God. A stately flight of steps leads up to a series of imposing Corinthian columns. Beneath the frieze in large letters is inscribed the dedication: D. O. M. Sub Invocatione S. M. Magdalene—To God Supremely Good And Great, Under The Invocation Of St. Mary Magdalene. The richness of the interior decoration contrasts favorably with the majestic simplicity of the exterior. It is from this church that notables most distinguished in governmental, literary, scientific, military and naval circles, are buried.

La Place de la Concorde—the Place of Peace—is the finest square in the world. In the centre stands the obelisk of Luxor. Around in a huge circle are eight immense statues symbolizing the chief cities of France. From the end of the Franco-Prussian war until the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, that which

represented Strasburg was draped with mourning expressive of the grief which gnawed at the heart of every Frenchman. At night forty electric shafts diffuse a noonday splendor over the scene. To the north is the Madeleine, to the south stands the Chamber of Deputies on the banks of the Seine, to the east are the Tuileries Gardens, and to the west are the Champs-Élysées. What a glorious perspective on every side! Yet what orgies of brutal savagery disgraced in the Revolution this so-called Place of Peace! There on a platform, built high above the sea of upturned bloated faces, Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and thousands of the French nobility bowed their heads beneath the glittering blade of the blood-thirsty guillotine. Not all the waters from the spraying fountains can ever wash away the stains from its flagged pavements.

Between the Place de la Concorde and the Place de l'Étoile lie the Champs-Élysées. It may be safely said that this superb avenue with its remarkable perspectives is unequalled in any other city in the world. Along its gentle incline, a mile and a half in length, on either side, lofty shade trees rise from spacious lawns; streams of pedestrians, and lines of carriages, horsemen and automobiles pass by stately mansions, open air theatres and attractive cafés. As one watches the moving throngs of elegantly dressed gentlemen and ladies in its enchanting setting, one may well imagine that the fairy scenes of his youthful dreams were prompted by glimpses of such "Heavenly Fields."

La Place de l'Étoile is situated at the head of the Champs-Élysées. It is named the Place of the Star from the fact that twelve magnificent avenues radiate from it like the points of a star. It was built to signalize Napoleon's victories. Begun in 1806, after the battle of Austerlitz, it was not finished until 1836. It is constructed along the lines of the Roman arches, but surpasses them in size and architectural beauty. Towards the summit the names of some of the most important battles are inscribed. Colossal groups of statuary adorn the pilasters; one of these represents Napoleon crowned by Victory, a suppliant at his feet symbolizing a conquered nation, History recording his exploits, and France proclaiming them to the world. It is under this arch that the Unknown Soldier is buried; on the wreath-covered slab that marks the spot one reads in golden letters: Ici Repose Un Soldat Mort Pour La France—Here Rests A Soldier Who Died For France. Only triumphant armies are permitted to march through the arch. In 1814 Parisians had the mortification

of seeing the allied troops sweep through it, and in 1871 the Germans advanced to it to celebrate their victory. At the close of the World War our American soldiers participated in the display that included this feature of the celebrations.

On the way from the Triumphal Arch to the Hotel des Invalides—Soldiers' Home—one passes by the Eiffel Tower, the loftiest in the world. One admires its graceful and symmetrical proportions, and is surprised to find that it includes theatres, stores and restaurants. Elevators run to the top of the building, and accommodate the thousands of visitors who would enjoy a bird's-eye view of the city. A wireless sending-station is connected with it, and programmes of music and song are rendered at intervals. At the beginning and end of the entertainment, to which I had the pleasure of listening, the announcer communicated the weather indications for the various sections of the country.

No one who visits Paris should miss the Hotel des Invalides. The museums connected with it exhibit the coats of mail, the weapons and artillery that have come down to us for centuries. In the courtyard may be seen the parlor car in which Foch had the representatives of Germany sign the armistice that brought the war to an end; also captured air-ships that had bombed the city, and cannon taken in the field of battle. Souvenirs of the last war are numerous and unusually interesting. The great attraction, however, is the tomb of Napoleon. In the chapel of St. Louis des Invalides, under a golden dome three hundred feet high, a crypt, sixty-nine feet in diameter, contains a porphyry sarcophagus resting on a dark green pedestal; within it are preserved the mortal remains of the military genius that had Europe at his feet, but could not keep it there. Vaulting ambition o'erleapt itself and worked his downfall. In the star-shaped tessellated pavement are inscribed the names of his greatest victories. Near him two of his brothers and some of his greatest generals are interred. The high altar, hard by, constructed of marble, bronze and gold, records in golden characters the wish he expressed in St. Helena: "I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." Yes, the general who turned defeats into victories, who rode rough-shod over neighboring countries, whose frown made monarchs tremble, and whose sympathetic glance aroused the dying soldier to cry with bated breath, "Long live the Emperor!" lived to see his armies shattered, his foes gloating over his fall, and his friends, the men he had made, abandon him

in the hour of desperate need. Yet, "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Passing from the Hotel des Invalides, the tourist sees, on his way to the Panthéon, St. Sulpice, the Luxembourg Palace, the Odéon Theatre, and the Sorbonne University. The Panthéon, now a public monument, was once the church of St. Geneviève, patroness of Paris. This gentle saint, dedicated to God by St. Germain in her native town of Nanterre, exercised a wonderful influence over the Parisians. When Attila and his Huns in 451 threatened the city with destruction, she urged them to do penance, to hope and trust in God, and promised them that they and their city would be spared. Her confidence was justified and her promise fulfilled; Attila turned off towards Orleans, and left the city untouched. Her intercession saved it from complete inundation in 834, and put an end to a violent plague in 1129. During the convulsions of the French Revolution, when her church was desecrated in 1791, her remains were removed, and in 1803 were placed in the neighboring church of St. Étienne du Mont. There I was one of many encircling her tomb.

The Panthéon, to call it by its present name, is in the form of a Greek cross. A lofty dome dominates the centre, a columned portico sets off the entrance, and the pediment above contains an immense bas-relief portraying the great men of France crowned by their country; so perfect are the likenesses that many of them can be recognized.

I remember when Victor Hugo, the author of *Les Misérables*—a book that has exercised a most baneful influence on many of its readers—passed away and was borne to his last resting place, floral wreaths from Queen Victoria, other crowned heads in Europe, and societies in great number, extended all the way down the steps and along the pavement to the iron fence that fronts the building. It is said that through strategy he outwitted the guards that a certain secret society had posted in his house to keep a priest from his bedside—for he had voiced the wish to have one minister unto him. If it is true that he made his peace with God and the Church before he died, his bones must resent the presence of Rousseau and Voltaire buried with him in the same crypt.

Paris presents excellent facilities for intercommunication, Motor buses run on schedule time and to designated parts of the city. As in London, stops are indicated at intervals for the convenience of passengers. Two classes are maintained at different prices, so that the ladies in silks and brocades may not

be exposed to rub elbows with the plainly dressed artisan or his wife. The underground system of electric trains—for brevity called the Métro—have similarly two compartments for the wealthier and the poorer classes. Maps in each car show the places traversed and the possible connections. It struck me that they travel as fast as the underground expresses in New York. The tokens sold resemble ours, and the change given, unless objected to, is good only on the cars. I saw at the St. Lazare station a train made up of double deck coaches. The upper deck had no covering, and the lower deck was provided only with supports for the seats and low-cut doorways. They serve for suburban traffic during the summer months.

During my all-too-brief stay in "gay Páree" I noticed that religion had a better hold on the people. Houses of worship are more frequented, and soutanes are respected on the streets. In some districts additional churches had to be built to accommodate the congregations at Sunday Mass. To her credit, France furnishes more missionaries to pagan lands and more money to support them than any other country on the globe. The ardor with which ecclesiastics flocked to the colors during the recent war, and the obvious though unobtrusive faith and piety of the most successful French generals have had a benign influence on the populace. Moreover, the separation of Church and State has brought the clergy and the people closer together to their better mutual understanding and co-operation. This is to be expected from the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

Southward.

I would have stayed longer in Paris, but the limited time at my disposal and the places I had planned to see warned me to say *au revoir* to Paris, and to set out at once for the sunny south. I boarded the 8:25 A. M. train for Bordeaux at the Quai d'Orsay, having fortunately secured in advance a reserved place at the moderate cost of a franc or two; if I had not done so, I might have been obliged like others to wait for a seat for hours. I admired the slightly undulating and interesting country through which we passed, a country rich in historical associations. We caught glimpses—for railroads usually skirt the towns—of Orleans, Tours, Poitiers and Angoulême. As we neared Bordeaux, running close to the Garonne, we noticed that the city was exceptionally favored with water front and substantial quays markedly improved by American brains and labor. At a point where the river is two thousand feet wide, we crossed the most

beautiful bridge in France, and reached the city famous for its clarets. The superiority of the Bordeaux wines is mainly due to the sandy soil which conserves the heat of the sun about the roots of the vines long after the sun has set. Father DeMaison, C. S. Sp., met me at the station at 6:30, and took me to our community house, a relic of the seventeenth century. A wall thirty feet high, clad with ivy, screens the house and garden. To my surprise I found palms and banana trees growing there. The chapel is a gem of Gothic architecture.

It was to Bordeaux that the French government moved its offices when the capital was threatened by the Germans in the first days of the war.

Early next day I was in the train again. As we steamed out of town extensive vineyards came into view. The vines averaged three feet high, and were neatly trained along extended wires. Occasionally we saw teams of oxen ploughing, women sometimes driving them. We soon struck a stretch of monotonous country. The Bay of Biscay was not far distant, and the sandy soil gave evidence that at one time it had been submerged beneath the ocean. Unsuitable for cultivation, it had been planted to the extent of two hundred square miles with pine trees. They stood in straight lines and in extensive sections. Broad spaces separated the sections, so that if one section caught fire, as sometimes happens, the remaining sections would be safe. The trees, when developed, are cut down to supply ties for railroad beds and staves for barrels. In the meantime they are a source of profit; a tiny strip of bark, three feet long, is peeled off the western aspect, and the resin that flows is gathered into a vessel at the base of the trunk. At Dax the railway branches off to Biarritz, a fashionable and much frequented sea-side watering place. Along the main line we began to climb the slopes of the Pyrenees. We admired the picturesque country through which we passed. The mountain range was broken into high peaks and receding valleys, clothed with verdant trees, and watered by meandering streams. At one o'clock we reached the station at Lourdes, and immediately there was a rush to register in the hotels.

Lourdes.

Lourdes is delightfully situated amidst the cloud-capped heights of the Pyrenees, within twenty miles of the Spanish frontier and about eighty, as the crow flies, from the sea. It is famed throughout the world for the apparitions of the Blessed Mother to Bernadette Soubirous. This fourteen-year-old little

girl was out gathering firewood. Attracted by a peculiar sound, she directed her gaze towards a niche in a grotto in the side of the mountain, and, to her amazement, saw there a lady more beautiful than any she had ever beheld before, attired in a long white robe, with a silvery veil over her hair, a blue sash about her waist, and slippers on her feet, adorned with golden roses. When Bernadette's surprise had somewhat abated, the lady instructed her to tell the parish priest that she wished him to build a church there in her honor and to have pilgrimages made to her grotto. She also directed the little girl to drink of the water, which at that moment gushed from the rock. The message was delivered, but the pastor was too cautious to act without investigation. During the four succeeding years the clergy debated the authenticity of the visions; finally the bishop and his council decided in its favor. Eighteen times, in all, the beauteous lady had appeared to Bernadette, and when asked her name replied, "I am the Immaculate Conception." Bernadette recognized her for "Nature's solitary boast." The grotto became the most popular pilgrimage of Christendom. During the next fifty years over five million Catholics and unbelievers visited the grotto, impelled by faith and hope or curiosity. A basilica with three tapering steeples was built, but this, large though it was, was not large enough to accommodate the throngs, and the Chapel of the Rosary, with an altar for each mystery, was constructed in front. Grateful pilgrims have enriched both churches with ex-voto offerings of marble tablets, golden hearts, costly medallions, and silken banners, to testify to the spiritual and bodily favors accorded them at the shrine.

Of the four thousand recorded cures no doubt can be entertained. A bureau open to doctors, believers and unbelievers alike, from every country—and the number of doctors mounts to two or three hundred a year—preserves a register in which is inserted every detail of the disease and the result instantaneously produced by the application of the water. This water has been chemically analyzed by experts, and has been declared by them to differ in no wise from ordinary pure spring water; the cures, therefore, can not be attributed to any chemical properties it may possess. They can not be attributed either to auto-suggestion, for this has never been known to produce the instantaneous regeneration of diseased tissues. On the day of my arrival, two miraculous cures were reported; a lady in the last stages of consumption had her lungs perfectly restored, and a gentleman suffering from a diseased spine was immediately

healed. Cases of this kind can be confirmed by the use of X-rays and other means known to the medical fraternity. When distinguished doctors of atheistic attitude throw up their hands and acknowledge that they can not account for these extraordinary results on scientific lines, we who have the faith attribute them to divine interposition. Even the very doctor, the English Dr. Cox, if I am not mistaken, a pronounced unbeliever, who established the *Bureau des Constatactions*, was so impressed by his personal examinations of the diseased, and so confirmed in his belief that human means counted for nothing in the healing of cancers and other incurable affections of the human frame, that he was won over by his observations to a firm belief and fervent practice of Catholic faith and devotion.

No one can go to Lourdes and not be impressed with the faith and devotion of the pilgrims. Thousands assemble there. At midnight and at ten in the forenoon they assist at solemn high Mass and sermons. At three they join in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Whole dioceses may be represented. The pastors, accompanied by their choirs singing hymns, lead the way from the grotto to the entrance of the park connected with the basilica. The line, often a mile long, five walking abreast, eventually arrives at the immense plaza in front of the Rosary Chapel. A circular space is reserved for the sick and the infirm borne thither on stretchers or in invalid chairs. A clergyman with a voice of extraordinary penetrating force pronounces the invocations, and the multitude repeat them after him. A bishop or monsignor under a canopy carries the most Holy Sacrament and blesses, as he passes round, the various groups affected by one or other of the many ills that flesh is heir to. The procession closes with Benediction.

At eight in the evening the lines of electric bulbs on the steeples and other points of vantage are set ablaze, and a torch-light procession is organized. The pilgrims chanting *Ave Maria, Ave Maria, Ave Maria*, follow the course of the afternoon, and when they arrive at the plaza they turn to the right and left in serpentine lines, drawing gradually nearer and nearer to the steps of the chapel and giving those in the rear the time necessary to join them in one vast group in front of the sacred edifice. Here they all sing in unison the *Credo* and the *Te Deum*. They raise their torches high in the air when they reach the chief dogmas and emphatic strophes in these venerable prayers of holy Church.

Pilgrims spend the intervals between the general devotions and meal times in praying before the Blessed Sacrament, the

grotto and the statues; in reciting the Rosary, and in making the Way of the Cross. On the mountain side to the left of the basilica, as one faces it, stations have been erected; the figures are in bronze, of life size, and are the work of a Parisian artist of high repute. On each of the stone steps leading to the first station, the pilgrims kneel and pray. Such acts of devotion must necessarily be productive of manifold graces and blessings.

There are many hotels in the town. I stayed at the Résidence St. Thomas d'Aquin, where ecclesiastics exclusively are registered, and where the rates are unusually moderate. In the Hotel Ste. Jeanne d'Arc I met the Bishop of Cardiff with two hundred English pilgrims.

Many of the people affect a Spanish costume. Not a few are engaged in selling objects of piety and souvenirs of the place. They show with pride the humble cottage in which Bernadette was born, the cradle in which she was rocked to sleep, and the convent in which she consecrated her life to the service of God.

An ancient fortress overlooks the town and commands the valley below. It was built by the Romans, and so solidly that it has withstood the ravages of time, and was used as a prison for the safe-keeping of German soldiers during the Franco-Prussian war.

The river Gave flows past the grotto. Its limpid stream receives the surplus fifteen thousand gallons that issue daily from the miraculous spring. I took away a supply of the curative waters from one of the many faucets furnished at the source for the convenience of travellers.

H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.

(To Be Continued)



The calm before the storm might describe this month's work. It consisted of secret handing in of dues and raffle money, committee meetings behind closed doors, consulting, permissions, paper planing. Then just as the Monthly goes to press the whisper passes round—the long talked of Local Conference is under way—two chapel talks and five public meetings in the various departments within a week to begin the big work in earnest.

Pray and work earnestly, every member!

Slangism.

IT IS a self-evident fact that slang has entered and received its place in literature. Its debut into our language can probably be dated back to medieval times. For it appears that man always had a means by which he could depart from the conventional mode of conversation, and throw himself with reckless abandon into the usage of certain terms not wholly considered to be within the limitations of strict literary principles.

Perhaps it is just as well that man does make use of slang. There is no doubting that it is expressive, and oftentimes emphatic. At opportune moments its use seems to be almost indispensable. It can be employed to cajole an audience into complacent acquiescence, and, then again, to rouse in it fiery spirits.

There is the argument that by using the proper diction in pure literary style an audience can be interested just as easily. Probably so. But when the body of listeners consists of the illiterate, there is an advantage to be gained by stooping to their level. They obviously have an implicit faith in one who can talk as they talk. They delight in the opportunity to reason with an educated man, who can make them understand by omitting words foreign to their vocabularies. They will have a keener appreciation of the speaker and of the subject matter of his discussion.

Even the proud holders of diplomas from our greatest institutions of learning prey upon the vocabulary of slangism; and at times they find it useful. For instance, when addressing a body of persons, it is very disconcerting for the speaker to discover that his words are lulling his audience to sleep. So as a means of recompensing himself he can overcome this embarrassing situation by injecting a coarse or vulgar word which will inaugurate a change in his diction, and, hence, cause a start among the people before him, summoning them to attentiveness.

There are no rules by which we may coin new slang words on phrases in our vocabularies. They are picked up almost everywhere. In the drawing-room they are originated just as commonly as in the slums. This appears to be the sore spot, especially among the settlement workers who encourage the illiterate to drop their crude speech for the more refined. However, when the educated class has continued to observe the most rigid rules of rhetoric for great lengths of time, they find much pleasure in departing from the old standards and taking a fling at the phraseology of the uncultured.

Then, too, slang and its kindred set of corrupt grammatical forms are of a desultory nature. They are never stable. When a new pet expression is coined, we find it used very extensively,

upon the slightest pretext, and on any occasion, whether it is adaptable at the moment or not. At first it amuses, charms, and even entices one by its oddity. But gradually, by constant wear, our new found whimsical saying becomes insipid, and we place it among the platitudes of these temporary inspirations. At best, they are nomadic in their make-up, and they tend to but one certain end, oblivion.

Each locality has its own vernacular in slangism. The selection of these popular by-words depends on the tastes of the people. Usually they are significant of the kinds of lives we mortals pursue, and of the events which help to shape them. Some are more enduring than others, but on the whole, they are short-lived bits of speech which cannot stand the wear of time.

There is that assurance that the early writers looked with disdain and contempt upon any author who made use of words and expressions of questionable repute. Our early writers would be greatly disturbed, if they were to hear the new interpretations given to their immortal writings.

Where once we described a picturesque scene with flowery language, prompted by an enthusiastic and animated spirit for the love of nature, now we will commonly hear the same scene described as being the "berries," or some similar expression contained in the category of slangism.

As a rough example try to picture before you a scene of a swift-flowing stream, running between high verdant hills, which are dotted with numerous trees. The sky is very bright, decked with but one huge cloud, which casts a temporary shadow on the hills as it slowly passes. Down the stream a birch canoe, carrying a hunter and his dog, is making rapid progress. All is silent save for the reverberations of the waters and a far distant peal from a hunter's gun. Suppose one of our many users of slang to be standing before such a scene. What would be his appreciative remark? Well, it would more than likely follow along this strain: "Well, say brother, that's what I call zip; yes, sir, that's the elephant's tusks all right, the cat's galoshes isn't in with it." The glossarists will be kept uncommonly busy if such descriptive words acquire much more favor in our literary endeavors.

In reviewing some of our best present-day fiction, one is aware of the growing popularity of slang. An allowance for its use in public speaking can be made, but in writing it seems to be entirely overdone. It is still an undecided question whether an author has anything to gain in this practice. At any rate, it should be used more moderately and with some sense of proportion.

Chris J. Hoffmann, '24.

IN MEMORY

Joseph M. Breen, Died December 1, 1922.

LIKE a fragrant flower in a summer bower,
Which is kissed by the morning dew,
Like a glittering gem on a sturdy stem,
Was the one whom we loved in you :

And your face agleam as a silver stream
Wore a smile that was silver too,
As you looked that day, when you went away,
Through those bright beaming eyes of blue.

When as shrived your soul beyond sin's control,
Came the angel of death's shrill cry;
With a laugh you stood in that lonely wood,
The one comrade of life nearby.

Not a mother's care ever reached you there.
Not a mother's kind hand to take,
But a mother's life was a mother's strife,
Lest a bruised, bleeding heart should break.

' Neath the weight of fears and of unshed tears,
' Neath the burden of silent sighs;
And with Fate's hand flung round the sad hearts wrung,
You have severed the fondest ties.

Let the roses bloom on thy silent tomb,
And the seasons be ever kind;
Let the sighs we gave at thy early grave,
All be lost to the heedless wind.

Let the lengthening years through the smiles and tears,
Just as heedlessly touch your breast,
Let the fluttering snow just as quickly go
It can never disturb your rest.

Then when all is past this alone will last
To console and perchance, to aid :
" May your soul find rest in the Savior's breast,
And your bed be in heaven made ! "

Anon.

“Re” France and America.

ONCE again in the United States, history is repeating itself. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, in 1793, to be exact, a Frenchman, named Citizen Genet, came to America to enlist the aid of that country on the side of France against England. The argument used was that France helped this country to obtain her independence. Now, in the twentieth century, another Frenchman, the former premier, Clemenceau, comes to America to stir up sympathy against the possible invasion of France by Germany. This time also there may be seen a plea on behalf of France's intervention in the American Revolution, although this is farther in the background than formerly.

The incidents are practically the same now as in earlier days of this Republic, but the feelings of the nation seem to be different. When Genet came across the Atlantic, the people of America, remembering Lafayette, were desirous of helping their sister state. This representative, relying on this sympathy, began to fit out privateers in Charleston. Washington, seeing that the new republic was in no condition to undertake another war, was averse to interference in this foreign trouble. He became still more indignant at the actions of Genet and practically expelled him from America. At present it seems that the trend of feeling is different; the people, affected by the late war, are unwilling to undertake another, whereas, President Harding seems at least inclined to listen to Clemenceau's plans.

One of these plans seems to be a triple alliance among France, Britain and United States, the purpose of it being to prevent any further invasion by Germany, especially in France. Clemenceau defends the policy of France against certain Americans, who call the former nation militaristic for maintaining a large standing army. He points out that there is a constant danger from the Germans, and hence the French must be prepared.

In my opinion, such an alliance would bring on another war. Germany would undoubtedly construe it as a preparation for a struggle, and she in turn could form an alliance more powerful than this one. But, aside from the fact that such a pact may be the incentive to another war, it is not needed, nor is it plausible. The enmity between France and Germany is not of recent origin. It began with the consolidation of the German kingdoms into an empire, and with the war that followed that organization. France weathered the wars and threats of war with no greater loss than Alsace-Lorraine and without being a member of a permanent

alliance. During this time Germany was at or near the peak of its greatness. Now, when her enemy is in the throes of radicalism and socialism, disunited and fighting among themselves, why does France want to ally itself with the two greatest nations “on the face of the globe”?

Looking at the alliance from England’s point of view, such an action as entering into an alliance for the downfall of Germany would not conform with the crafty diplomacy for which she is noted. Britain, in a way, owes her long period of supremacy of the seas to the conflict between Germany and France. If Germany could cause the downfall of France, an event that would probably occur if another war were fought, the former would have everything its own way in Europe. That the German nation cannot be “put off the map” has been pretty conclusively shown by the late war, for it is now coming back to its own, while France is floundering in ruin and debt. So if the latter is incapable of keeping the Germans busy, England would meet a strong and relentless bidder for the supremacy she now so proudly holds.

Finally, is it a wise move for the United States to interfere in foreign troubles? Should she fight another war, the only effects of which would be loss of men and money? It is true that America would suffer if Germany were to displace England in power, but she could not feel much worse effects than at present. At any rate, the United States should not fight until fighting is strictly necessary for the well-being of the nation.

So looked at from the standpoint of the three nations concerned, this plan promises to fail.

So much for the Alliance; now let us examine into the immediate purpose of Clemenceau’s visit. As was said before, he came to America to stir up sympathy, and, if possible, to obtain aid from France.

By the way he is proceeding in his quest, this part of Clemenceau’s journey will also bear no fruit. He is travelling through the principal cities of the Union, making cutting and insulting speeches; he accuses Senators Borah and Hitchcock of spreading German propaganda about him, and he says that America left France in a lurch after the late war. One would think that a man having as much diplomatic experience as he has, would know that he cannot persuade people by insulting them. By claiming that America did not treat France properly, Clemenceau shows his narrow-mindedness. In the war of the Revolution, the French having a grievance against England, set

up a rival for the latter by helping to make an independent nation of the colonies; in the late war the United States, without any outlook for advantage to itself sacrificed both soldiers and money to save the Allied nations, especially France, from the "clutches of the Huns." But this man cannot or does not want to see this. He probably thinks that the "Yanks" should, besides cancelling the French debt, send more men and money to help build up the latter nation. This haughty Frenchman, following the same arrogant manner of his predecessor, bids fair to meet with the same end that the latter did.

But America always had been and, I suppose, always will be the prey of foreign orators, diplomats and propagandists. It, moreover, has frequently, to its own sorrow, been led into foreign trouble by these men. Whether the United States will blindly follow the dictates of Clemenceau is yet a matter of opinion, but judging from the drift of popular expressions, the latter will go back to France, disappointed and broken in spirit, because he could not crown his public career with an act which Genet, over a century previously, failed to accomplish.

Norbert J. Schramm, '24.



THE LYRE.

SWEET chords! how strangely sweet,
 In the sobbing rain,
 Drifting from the dismal street,
 Drift and die again.

Sweet chords! and memories old,
 Flooding through the years,
 Youthfulness, and hours of gold,—
 Age and bitter tears.

Sweet chords! the darkness drips
 Notes of old delight.
 Whispers low and lifted lips,
 Come and go to-night.

Sweet chords! ah, She is here,
 Risen from the dead,
 Folded in my arms so near,—
 Hush! the Harper's fled!

Donald A. Mangone.

Communing With the Poets.

THE human entity is complex. Occasionally we find traits of resemblance in people whose geographical, social and political status excludes possibility of intimate relationship. But we never find two persons whose tastes are entirely similar at all times, in all places, and under the same circumstances. Yet we are, in the general sense, one. We eat, sleep, respond to sensations of all kinds, have the same common inclinations, are prone to evil, respond to virtue; we are ambitious, phlegmatic, with all the kindred faults and virtues that man falls heir to. But, after all, we are individualized. Jonn is John, and Thompson is Thompson. There may be many Johns as far as the name applies, but there is only one John. Man is a social animal. This is true in the moral, or ethical, sense, but in the practical, material way, man's social relationship is limited to two: he and himself. But what has all this to do with the poets? Just this: What one may see so sublime and exquisite, another condemns as crude and commonplace. Thus, when I quote a passage, I may walk alone or I may have your company, according as our inclinations converge or diverge. And, then again, the poets themselves, being human, wrote in the strain of the fancy that held them captive at all time. Thus, I am then at liberty to pick what I choose to pick, and shun that which I do not want among the flowers in the garden of the poets.

To begin with, I am humble. The gems I choose may lack the lustre of the finished store. Perhaps, pardon me, I see beneath the rough exterior: "All that glitters is not gold." And so, good reader, if I bore you with trivialities or daze you with heavy passages, I crave your pardon, and I blame you not if you turn to other and more interesting reading.

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never failing vice of fools,
Whatever Nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!"

This quotation from Pope in his opening lines on an *Essay on Criticism* explains to the reader more plainly and succinctly the point I wish to make. Perhaps Pope is a trifle cynical, yet what precious jewels of philosophy lie in those six lines! For the man in a thoughtful mood, what possibilities lie hidden there! Pope speaks to us under the guise of sarcasm, yet he bases his opinions on the life study he has made. He speaks as one who has had experience in life, and who has made thoughtful and resourceful resumé. He then gives this injunction :

"A little learning is a dangerous thing!
 Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring:
 Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again."

How prophetic! Look about you to-day and see what a "little learning" has done. Look at our modern schools, what is there efficiency? What kind of men are they producing? Look at our political institutions. Laws that can't be obeyed; wholesale crime and neglect, dissatisfaction prevalent everywhere. Indeed, to sum up our modern deficiencies we can borrow another of Pope's gems: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Now, turning for a moment from the heavy and ponderous Pope, we are carried down from the heights of reflection and the highlands of sober thought to the very edge of the seashore and the beating surf, as Holmes opens his pretty little ode to the chambered Nautilus:

"This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,

* * * *

And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair."

Here, imagination runs riot. The light, airy and inspiring lines carry one along on the very crest of the white-capped waves of which the poet tells. What a relief they bring the tired man as he hunts (in vain) in the pages of modern fiction for the balm he cannot find. The beautiful moral of the poem unravels itself as Holmes tells his story of the transformation of the Nautilus. Poetic imagery runs unchecked, and his use of figures of speech are profuse.

"Its web of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

* * * *

"As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt, unsealed!"

"Child of the wandering sea
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!"

It is the work of an instant to turn from the bright and anciful to the somber melancholy. The turn of a page, the

flicker of the fire, a creaking noise; any of these is sufficient to divert one's mind, and begin a new chain of thought. In this mood we thumb our volumes for a surcease. What is more suggestive of peaceful quietude, what more fraught with clinging memories than Gray's *Elegy*?

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

* * * *

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Gray shows the futility of ambition in the following verse:

"The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

General Wolfe, history records, recited these lines just before he attacked Quebec (French and Indian War). He said: "I would rather be the man who wrote those words than the one to take Quebec to-morrow." He took Quebec, but fell, mortally wounded in battle.

But perhaps the most beautiful, forceful and wonderful of all Gray's lines are these:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Gray expresses this beautiful gem in a philosophical vein. He sees, with the eyes of the poet, the quiet sacrifice of countless hundreds in every generation; men and women denying themselves the pleasures of life, so that some one else may be made happy. Yet these sublime acts are hidden in the mad rush of a giddy world which sees and acclaims those only who are dressed in the gaudy robes of dazzling publicity.

* * * *

For wild fantasy and imagination run riot, for the impossible, fanciful and extravagant, yet interesting always, and intensely gripping at times, Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" easily takes first honors.

It is a narrative poem, telling the story of a sailor who slew a bird of good omen and the dreadful catastrophe that followed; how the ship, with but this single sailor, "having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical latitude of the great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things she befell; and in what manner the Ancient Mariner came back to his own country."

The style of Coleridge is unique, yet it adds to, rather than detracts from, the general excellence of his work. Regardless of how the author comes by his inspiration, regardless of where he finds his ideals, or how he chooses them, the fact remains that he has found an important place in English Literature and has retained it. His opening lines are suggestive of romance and deeds of strange import:

"It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

* * * *

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the bell,
Below the lighthouse top."

The keynote of the grim tragedy that followed the ruthless slaying of the Albatross is sounded thus:

"God save thee, Ancient Mariner;
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross."

Then follows that wild and hazardous passage on the strange high seas and the impossible things encountered. Coleridge gives free reign to his luxuriant and somewhat untrained imagination, as in

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs,
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white."

The moral of the play is construed in various ways. But the one that seems most logical under the circumstances is: love and reverence all things made by God, even if it be but a seagull. Coleridge himself seems inclined this way when he writes:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God Who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

If you ever have an extra hour, when the shades are drawn, and the night is gloomy with a persistent rain splashing against the window-panes, and yourself comfortably seated at the hearth-stone with a consoling pipe, take up a volume of Poe and search therein for entertainment. He is always entertaining, although at times his work is marred, and reveals the darker shades of the human prism. He is intense, and at times passionate, as he reveals his emotions. For depth of feeling, richness of language, beauty of expression and engaging style, Poe ranks foremost among the American literary luminaries.

The following extracts from "The Raven", where he still muses on the charms of his lost love, Lenore, and throughout the narrative in the poem refers to her time and again, show him to best advantage:

"Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on
the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels He hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

Poe, on asking the Raven if he will ever see his lost Lenore, receives the inevitable "Nevermore" as an answer. He loses control of himself, and flies into a violent rage, ordering the bird of ill-omen to depart.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend!"
I shrieked, up starting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie
thy soul hath spoken!"

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the
 bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
 form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

The charm of simplicity! What is a better test of greatness in writing, than when one's works are read and enjoyed by rich and poor, intelligent and ignorant, old and young? Yet Longfellow, the American Horace, has successfully stood such a test. His work is simple and charming. There is no affectation, no vagueness, no appeal to other than the noble passions, and yet he is the most popular of American poets; this is Longfellow. No writer has delved so deeply into the crudeness of the commonplace and brought forth such jewels of thought and expression. His four cardinal virtues are: harmony, gracefulness, simplicity and clearness; these are interwoven with a consummate skill and the finished product is a masterpiece in itself.

His best known poems are, "Evangeline", "Hiawatha" and "Tales of a Wayside Inn". The tremendous and far-reaching scope of his works forbids a complete classification and limits us in picking any poem as representative. But the following extract from *Evangeline* conveys partially the wonderful powers of this grand old man of American Literature. Longfellow describes the home and father of *Evangeline* and *Evangeline* herself:

 "Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the
 Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
 Grand Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres, and with him, directing
 his household,

Gentle *Evangeline* lived, his child, and the pride of
 the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
 seventy winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
 with snowflakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
 brown as the oak leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
 summers;

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
 thorn by the wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday's morn, while the
bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings
upon them,
Down the long street she passed with her chaplets
of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,
as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long
generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's
benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music."

To take extracts from all the masters is beyond my scope and space. I have chosen at random, not so much because of those who wrote them, but rather because these selections are the most illustrative of the human moods. We have touched upon lightly nearly all the passions of man, his moods and reflections; his love, hate, jealousy and ambition.

To conclude such a survey as this, it is only natural to pick something light and winsome, and thus I select not Tennyson but Shelley. His wonderful power of description is captivating. Most of his poems are lyrics and attain a perfection seldom approached.

Following are some extracts from his poem, "To a Skylark":

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart—
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest."

* * * *

"Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen
 it from the view."

* * * *

"Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
 doth surpass."

Clement M. Strobel, '23.



THE CHORD.

TN this narrow cloister bound
 Dwells a Sisterhood of Sound,
 Far from alien voices rude
 As in secret solitude.
 Unisons, that yearned apart,
 Here, in harmony of heart,
 Blend divided sympathies,
 And in choral strength arise,
 Like the cloven tongues of fire,
 One in heavenly desire.

Father Tabb.

The Roman Bootlegger.

Atlas Liquorius, a former Roman bootleggerus and employee at Retcasius' road "domi" is determined to seek vengeance upon his employer. Atlas was unjustly accused by Retcasius of having tried the effects of his new formula on the gold fishes, and as a result, having caused the death of twelve and his own discharge. Atlas, heart-broken, decided to leave "Romam" and secure somewhere else sufficient "pecuniam" to conduct a revengeful campaign upon his return.

After weeks of traveling he arrived at Carthage; and possessing no other profession than that of a bootlegger he immediately set out to gather the loose "pecuniam" of this "dry" town.

Evidently, he must have succeeded for within a few days the leading "personae" of Carthage could be seen lying along the public highways, or endeavoring to capture wading "amates" frequenting the public "fontanae." Industries were somewhat slackened and an unusual display of strength was daily exhibited by the heart-broken "conjuges" who were obliged to drag home their helpless "hubbies."

Roscus, the town barberus, being an indifferent sort of a chap, decided to mix "pilus" (hair tonic) with Atlas' specialis; the outcome was that he maintained a strong hold on his chair for thirty "dies" et thirty "noctes." During this time the town grew rather old looking, judging by the appearances of men. Female flappers, being unable to secure necessary attention, discarded the "bobbius hairus" fad. Considering all, it took Atlas a short period to accumulate his decided quota, and as short a time to place Carthage on the rocks.

Sporting a classy beard and a "bankus rollius" that would have caused considerable trouble for Jonah's pet whale to swallow, he reached "Roman." His first step was at the shop of Patricius O'Brienus, a native of Hibernia, which could be seen throughout Rome, due to the radiancy of three huge "ballus" that adorned the front. Securing a "toga" and a pair of "secundus manus" sandals, he prepared himself for his long-awaited revenge.

Down along the great Appian "Via" rode Atlas on an elaborate "currus" driven by Bernardus, owner of "Sparkus Plugus," the pride of Roman "equi," Atlas was a wonderful sight to behold—"Magnus" "bene" dressed, prosperous

looking and bearing the characteristics of a Roman "cake-eater." Occasionally he took "tempus" to brush down his beard with a huge rake while "Sparkus Plugus" sped along at a terrific speed of 2 miles per hour. Finally he reached his destination, where he was cordially and respectfully received by Retcasius' superintendent of the "seri." Showing his generosity, Atlas flung 100 livres (5c) upon the ground, and with the dignity of a Roman celebrity entered the tavern.

He was escorted to a nearby table, and possessing a good appetite, made known his order for one dozen of humming birds' wings on toast. Atlas could detect no change in his former place of employment. Many were dancing, while others where danced upon. Bacchus, the champion weight lifter of the Alympic games, was seen in a semi-conscious state but still capable of balancing a barrel of "brandus" upon his expanded "chestus." Ah! Retcasius, Atlas' former employer, could be seen grasping the incoming "pecuniam" with such celerity as would have dazed Mercury.

In the corner sat Tiberius Gurglius, winner of the international thirst, battle, having had at least "decem" drinks each hour, and never bought a bottle of his own. Upon the balcony sat Tederius Snappius, holder of the trick-clothes title, everything he wore was wrong and he held the record of causing seven "nigri" laugh themselves to death.

An important and original "niger" jazz orchestra from Tripoli played so harmoniously that it could be heard throughout the "Seven Hills." So tempting was the music that the flies abandoned their secluded positions in the soup plates of the numerous guests. Again, Vesuvius, the eminent fish-trainer at the tavern "fontana," experienced difficulty in subduing the "music crazed" gold fishes. They continually performed acrobatic stunts, and on one occasion, a gold fish found an entry into the open passage way of Marcus Salinus, who with an outstretched mouth was "laete" singing, "How dry I was."

Frequently individuals could be seen boldly dragged along the marble floor by "Magnus Ben," the bouncer, only to be ejected down a secret slide leading to the turbid Tiber. There in those waters, the sobriety of such unfortunate in-

dividuals was again reviewed. Volstedius, a "brute" for punishment traveled the route on three different occasions.

Trained "Apes" stung "multae personae" whom Retcasius considered merely loafers not spendrifts. Tiberius Gurglius pulled the unexpected and brought a net along.

Completely satisfied with the prevailing conditions, Atlas decided that the time had arrived for the execution of his prepared plans.

Noticing Retcasius comfortably seated and somewhat interested in a conversation with Belinda, the Egyptian Mumma, he awaited his opportunity. As fate has its predestined course, Retcasius was summoned to attend to financial matters. At once, Atlas, as always carried a bottle of glue in order to stick up for his "patria," spread a beautiful coat of it over the vacant chair of his former employer, and then sat back to witness the outcome of his plan. Retcasius, too interested and enamored by the appealing "oculi" of Belinda, thrust himself upon the chair and continued his interrupted conversation.

In the meantime the "niger" jazz band began to play "Ja, Da, ae" and Belinda somewhat inclined to music, for her father had operated a hand-organ along the streets of Cairo, sought the partnership of Retcasius. The delight was only too great for the enchanted boss, so up he shot, and they danced away. Being at this time one of the few couples on the floor, as the others were unable to stand, they naturally found themselves objects of constant review. Applauding and laughter could be heard throughout the spacious hall; Retcasius bowed, and with renewed confidence circled the glassy floorius.

A slight collision resulted when Bacchus, for some reason or other, gallantly attempted to reach Retcasius with an outspread table-cloth. His efforts netted for him a reserved section with the gold fishes. Salinus, who previously in the evening had swallowed a fish, thus rendered rather "fishy," boldly dived into the three foot depth and succeeded in rescuing Bacchus from the man-eating gold fishes.

Unaccustomed to fresh water Bacchus was rendered unconscious. All methods known for restoring his senses failed, and things looked bright for Bruto, the undertakerus. Fortunately, by the fate of Jule, Atlas accidentally dropped a quart of "ginus" which he had secretly confiscated for home usage. This produced such an appealing odor that

Bacchus immediately cast his lot with the "merry makers." But minor happenings like this did not stir the adventure-seeking Romans so on went the dance. A few moments elapsed when 'Alexander Coninius, the international "stool pigeon" of the tavern, who had been in consistent slumber, awoke and observed Retcasius's predicament, rushing out to him he whispered a few words and Paddockius's records were incomparably shattered by the retreat of the popular boss.

Observing the disappointed Belinda, Atlas approached and tried to console her. They occupied a nearby table, and Atlas, devising the quickest way of spending his "wadus," ordered "duae cocae-colae cum strais."

A "servus" working nearby on a piece of metal, carelessly misplaced a bottle containing a strong acid, near Atlas' table, the latter, in a "Cocae colae" daze, reached for it and drank the contents. It is said that Dante possessed the best description of "infernus," but Atlas knew better. He hurriedly spat out the remaining part which accidentally struck "Magnus" Ben who was in a bowed position after having recently maltreated Volstedius, for eating gold fishes. Well, Ben worked within the ice pile for a short time owing to the warmth of the tavern.

Bacchus, fully recovered from his deep sea experience, sat at a nearby table with his "amicus" Salinus, indulging in a ferocious game of dice. Continually the "marbeli Africani" displayed for Bacchus nothing but "duos et tres." This fortune aroused his ire to such an extent that with a sudden swing of his hand in an effort to throw away the "pauci domini," he, by chance, struck Tiberius Gurglius who was in the act of absorbing Bacchus' vinum." Angered beyond comparison, he grabbed Gurglius by the ankles and, with a strength that would have belittled Samsonis, twirled him around. The speed of the revolving body produced such cooling effects that numerous guests were forced to don their mantles. Finally, he let go of the body which sailed through the atmosphere, and upon passing Atlas, its suction was so great that his wavy beard was separated from his beautiful countenance. Gurglius landed in a secluded corner, and it is known that he remained there thinking over the numerous drinks that he had through the "gratis" plan.

Deprived of his beard, Atlas was instantly recognized by Retcasius and "Magnus" Ben who now realized the purpose of Atlas' former offenses thus, he became the object of attack. Ladies were asked to leave and activities began. But, fortunately Atlas was not alone, for Bacchus and Salinus bearing grievances "contra" Retcasius, joined Atlas. Activities rightly began when Bacchus grabbed a plate filled with Roman delight spaghetti and threw it forcibly at Retcasius, who, by shrewd ducking, succeeded in eluding the on-coming Mahoningtown china, which finally found refuge upon the face of "Magnus" Ben. A misguided right-handed hook landed flushly on Atlas' jaw, sending him sprawling through the bass drum only to have Appellinus, the pet bone hunter of the tavern, lick him back to "civilization."

The place was soon in an uproar, and all in all, it resembled a 95 B. C. Flivverius—a pile of junk.

Coninius, unable to endure the proceedings any longer, informed the Roman guards, whose immediate arrival saved Retcasius and Ben from the penknife of Salinus, while Bacchus and Atlas were quickly packing various pieces of silverware for souvenirs.

The outcome of the trial netted thirty "dies" for Gurglius on the charge of having been the instigator of the conflict.

Carolus Cherdinius, '25.



"Jazz."

JAZZ is the name applied to the modern music of America. The word is somewhat descriptive; for, like the music, there isn't much to it. Most Jazz music, however, has a catchy air and is written primarily for dancing, but it does not possess quality enough to make it lasting. The strains are captivating when first heard, but soon lose their potency, and in a short time new ones ring music to our ears. Jazz does not impress itself upon our minds like a visit to the land of its birth, Dixie.

Jazz began in Dixie, and the plantation Negroes were the originators of the fad. They played it on banjos, guitars and other stringed instruments, sometimes a piano was even used if it

was obtainable. Then, the Saxophone rose to popularity: and it because of its weird sound, became the chief medium of Jazz. It did not take long for the white people to herra this new kind of music and to become enthusiastic. A few "colored" orchestras were engaged by fashionable Southern resorts; that was enough; in a few months the whole country had taken up the fad. America had gone Jazz crazy.

The Jazz mania not only held sway in America; but spread to Europe as well. Many of the best "Jazz" orchestras went to France and England, and both fell victims to the false charm. It was something new and pleasing, and they indulged in it to the limit. All the orchestras in dance halls and caf  s began to play our Jazz, until Europe was even more Jazz mad than America.

Some more sober minded people saw in this harmonious discord a detriment to our nation. They heard it and found that it appealed to the barbaric instincts rather than to the finer senses of man. It was a step backwards instead of an advance in culture. Many, too, foresaw the bad influence that would arise if the popularity of Jazz continued, and tried to curtail it, but their efforts were mostly in vain. But, then, with all its faults Jazz is about the only thing lately contributed to the world of music by America. We have, sad to say, no classic authors of note; but Americans are first in the class of "Jazzers" if this is worth being proud of. Some of the most popular of its artists are, Z   Confrey, the writer of "Kitten on the Keys", "Stumbling" and "Tricks", Henry Lange, Ted Snyder, Fred Meinken and Henry Busse. The best Jazz orchestras are, Benson's Chicago Orchestra, Paul Whiteman's, Ted Fuller's, and a colored orchestra now playing in Paris.

About the time that Europe was indulging to the limit in this weird jubilee of sound Americans began to tire of it. They wanted something new, and set out to find it; and at present our music is bordering on Sentimentalism. Such pieces as, "Mary Dear", "Lost a Wonderful Girl", "Parting", "He May Be Your Man", "Call Me Back, Pal O'Mine" and "You Gave Me Your Heart", are the leading popular pieces. Perhaps, ere long we will go back to those beautiful old songs of long ago, and we shall again sing "Silver Threads Among the Gold".

Fred J. Emig, H. S., '23.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Who Should Go To College?

TO-DAY, as never before, the minds of the American youths are turning to the college. So great is the number who are seeking this opportunity of higher education that many people are asking the question: "Who Should Go to College? Should we allow all who desire to enter college to do so, or should we set the entrance standards so high that it will be open to but a select few?"

It is my opinion that all young men who desire a higher education should have it. The question who should go to college, aside from the individual fitness of the candidate, is partly answered by what the object of the college education is. The first great need of the average student is an enlarged view, or horizon. Most of us enter college with an experience which has been confined to our own back yard and home town. To enlarge this horizon till it covers all lands and centuries, until it covers the great domains of literature, science, history, philosophy, and art is the first object of a college education.

The other result of college education should be the mastery of some one subject. Breadth of horizon is not enough. A man may be so broad that he is flat. He must be a specialist in one subject. There is no intellectual joy quite so great as the sense of having mastered some corner of the world's knowledge, to have elevated one's self above the average in the knowledge of some certain subject. To understand completely a chemical process, a period in American history, a great poem, or an economic problem is to acquire a self-confidence, a power of leadership which fits one for real achievement in the waiting world. To know everything of some one thing, and thereby acquire a method by which we may know everything else, is one great result of a college education.

It is for these reasons, then, that no one should be barred from entering college, provided, of course, his previous training renders possible a thorough understanding of the factors which must be overcome to successfully start the study of the desired subject.

No one would contemplate entering a medical college unless he had the ability to read or write, neither would anyone attempt to study chemistry without having some previous knowledge of algebra.

Therefore, having overcome these requirements, there is no reason why anyone should be barred from any college. Whether the subject is undertaken seriously or otherwise should not decide the entrance requirements. In all cases one will benefit to a certain extent through a college education and environment, although to what extent will be decided by the attempt made.

H. C. A. Hofacker, A. C. F., '25.



The Movie Question.

OURS is the age of inventions; persons have quickly realized the utility of new methods and have made a corresponding use of them. Such has been the case of the motion picture, whose progress has been phenomenal. Within an unusually short space of time since its inception, it has advanced, till to-day it is ranked as the fifth industry. Many millions daily patronize the movies—thus, by its very nature and scope, it effects a strong influence (perhaps greater than on the “boards”) either good or bad on public opinion and morals.

There is a certain amount of public opinion concerning the bad influence of the silent drama—and rightly so. Some pictures have a demoralizing result especially in the case of a child or youth. He is at an age when his passions are unfirm, what he mostly needs are forces to strengthen him. Does the youth receive such benefits from the movie? On the other hand, he often procures from the screen information detrimental to him. The evil influences of the celluloid is due mainly to its power of suggestiveness. Suggestiveness is extended to the limit—the required result is easily apparent to the movie fan. As long as the producers keep within the required limits, though the bad effects in this respect are glaring, the censors will give their approval.

The successful man says, "Grasp your opportunity," many however forget the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." It was in this manner that many millionaires were made during the late war. The same principle holds in the films. Some producers claim that they must show indecent pictures as a result of public demand—quite a quise, indeed. Commercial in art is at present a prevading (art) evil. Art for art's sake is cast to the winds; utility in the sense of pecuniary gain is the goal-mark.

The silver-sheet can, if properly used, be a source of much good. Different means could be adopted to warrant the impossibility of undesirable pictures. Of late, the contracts of some actors and actresses contain a clause to the effect that they will appear in none but respectable movie productions. Each individual should make inquiry about a picture before seeing it

Lawrence Quinn, B. A., '24.



Editorials.

THE literary world at the present time is burdened with the publication of numerous periodicals and newspapers treating a wide range of subjects. Some of the magazines deal only with short stories; others include both stories and jokes, balanced with some reading of a heavier and some of a lighter nature, while the newspapers are a varied collection of news items, stories, etc., including a regular editorial page. Yet the editorial page, to a great extent, determines the standing of a book or newspaper.

There are very few productions among the vast wealth of literary which measure up to the standard in regard to their editorials. We know that an editorial is a brief, forcible expression of the writer's opinion of a situation. But I would limit the situation, in which the editorial of the present day press centers, to some event or opinion of national, of civic, or of personal interest to the reader. The editors of these publications are either trying to impose on the unsuspecting public, or they are too ignorant and lazy to avail themselves of better subject matter to mold into forceful and comprehensive opinions. The gems of the average editor show a lack of concentration in regard to their interest to the average reader, and also in reference to the important topics and occurrences of national and civic interest which

would be welcomed by all. The common method of procedure is to treat a few of the important issues of the day; then fill the remaining columns with discussions, which range from the killing of a cat to the wearing of goloshes, in contrast to those editorials which sometimes include the most sublime sentiments and opinions. This fact is a disparagement to our present day editors, and surely ought to be remedied, for it is, indeed, lamentable that we cannot consider facts of more importance than such trifling incidents.

The editorial page is not the place for the editor to give his opinion on things common-place, or of no interest whatever, but on those bearing directly or indirectly on the life and welfare of the individual.

W. E. Boggs.



School of Accounts.

DO YOU KNOW THAT:—

DORSEY of last year's freshman class, is pursuing some subjects as a night student, and contemplates entering Duquesne Law School in February?

SCHOR spends his noon hours training his eye in Messrs. McCourt-Ellis emporium?

BOYLE is a soft drink and delicatessen dispenser when not in school, and PAPPANAU substitutes the same kind of work for football?

JOHN CURRAN calls the home of W. & J., his domicile, but says little about it now? I wonder why?

HARRY BROWN contemplates the stage of matrimony, the date to be in about three weeks?

SCHNEIDER, the husky tackle of the Duke eleven has organized a traveling shoe shop? Ask him, he'll explain?

KREPLEY is the living model for his dad's haberdashery?

B. F. FITZGERALD, HAUSER, MARS, MOEGLE, WILSON, SCOURAN, WHITE and DAURELLI carry the burdens of a husband?

Leonard B. Hodgkin, A. C. F., '25.

Obituary.

THE Boarders' ranks have been visited by the unwelcome visitor, Death, twice during the month of December. JOSEPH BREEN met with a tragic death on December 1st, that spread a pall of gloom over all, particularly over our Juniors. The mortal remains of their youthful companion were visited with tender sorrows during the day preceding the burial. Rich flowers—fragrant remembrances of young hearts—covered the coffin, and numerous Masses were offered for the repose of his soul.

On the eve of the departure for Christmas holidays, another Boarder was called to his reward. Kind and genial JOSEPH J. HENNINGS, after an illness of twenty-four hours, closed his eyes in the quiet sleep of death. He was only taken ill on Monday at 3 A. M., and he was removed to the hospital in the afternoon, and he was claimed in death on Tuesday at 7 P. M. His brother Herbert, who is a college classmate, accompanied him to the hospital, and was there with him, along with the parents, when the silent messenger called his spirit away. His death was due to peritonitis, due probably to an ulcerated stomach. Previous to his death, he was in unusually good health, and only on Friday their indulgent father had taken dinner with the boys in whom he took a commendable and just pride. He was always a delicate boy, one who could not always go regular to school, and after graduating at St. Peter's School, he was tutored privately for a time before going to Duquesne University. He was born in Chicago, on August 4, 1904, and was the son of O. J. and Mary E. Hennings. The family have resided in Wheeling seventeen years. His parents, a brother Herbert, and three sisters, Virginia, Margaret and Ruth survive. He was a member of St. Peter's Church and the League of the Sacred Heart. His death in youth, with a life of promise ahead, just when the family expected him home for Christmas joys, makes it doubly sad. He was a young man of fine qualities, and to many friends of himself and the family, his death is very sad indeed, and sympathy goes out from all who knew him to the family in this hour.

On December 9th, MRS. S. CONNORS, beloved sister of Father Mehler ended a long and painful illness at her home in Greenville, Pa. In disposition, gay and cheerful, like her Reverend brother, she radiated happiness. She met death with saintly resignation, breathing forth her white soul to God, as her brother

raised his hand in parting benediction, having just completed the Holy Sacrifice for her intention. The expressions of sympathy and the testimonies of condolence received by Father Mehler, helped him to bear this bitter cross.

We must chronicle, too, with sympathy and regret, for two members of the College Freshman Class, Messrs. H. O'Brien and Lynch, the deaths of their dear mothers, and tender to both the sentiments of our sorrow, assuring them of our prayers for the departed.



Exchanges.

A FEW months, particularly the first two or three, invariably behold vast improvement in the collegiate periodical. Evolution toward ultimate excellence is apparent in every detail. One is able to distinctly perceive a complete metamorphosis involving both material and make-up. The initial number may be best described as a sort of literary hash, wherein are to be found the left-overs of the preceding year, the first attempts of ambitious freshmen, and such indifferent copy as the old staff has had energy enough to prepare during vacation. It is little better than a promise for the future, and in many cases hardly that. The second issue is a bit more advanced, though still in the embryo stage. If one is persistent one may run across something really good—for by this time the professors of English have had an opportunity to exercise some slight influence on their proteges and have chiselled off a fair percentage of the rough edges. But along about December—which is now—and January—which it will be when this comes out—the journals begin to promenade Quality Street. 'Tis then we begin to rather enjoy this exchange job.

In pursuance of the topic launched above, we must remark anent our impressions of the pre-holiday matter of the magazines which our idyllic contemporaries insist are “wafted into our sanctum on the wings of the frosty zeyhyrs of the winter solstice”—though personally we fail entirely to comprehend just why “ex-men” feel called upon to soar to the lofty pinnacles of Tennysonian allegory to designate the fashion in which the bushel or two of nondescript literature which should be neatly stacked on his desk was delivered unto him. Anyway, the crop

this last fortnight or so has been most gratifying. Nary a booklet has been tossed our way that we could consign to a most inviting waste-basket, and withal retain a clear conscience. The offerings have been clever and interesting in all departments. Even the alumni notes have not grated on our spirit as of yore. Perhaps it is the all-pervading Yuletide warmth of soul that moves us to a statement of such extremity as the last; certainly it is some sentiment that is far from ever-present to us. We must confess that it is not often that we feel within us the inclination to peruse the section devoted to the activities of past students, for however essential the column may be, its fondest acclamer could never talk us into becoming absorbed in it.

The Setonian.

As we have declared many a time and oft, Seton Hill can boast of a real newspaper. Further than that, *The Setonian* is a publication of merit along the lines of essays and comment. The most striking article in the current number is probably "The Movies as a Guide to Good Reading". Besides its appeal as a well-written theme, it holds the added attraction of embodying sane thought and of pointing out a fact which we had yet to see in that light, "The Wisdom of the Ages" is a smart-running sketch, both erudite and witty. Two compositions on the dye industry are more than ordinarily informative, and the young lady who penned "Judge not the Structure Without Vitality" deserves not only commendation for having produced a worth-while paper on an equally worth-while subject, but rates the badge of courage for her intrepid defense of a much-maligned study, Latin. The verse is above the average. Through "Seton's Twilight" shines the poetic temperament, the depth of an appreciative consciousness, a nature embracing a touch of the mystic, acutely sensitive to the enchantment of the gathering shadows, ever enthralled by the God-given quietude of those elusive moments "between the dark and the daylight." "Aeneas Gets Wet" is a painless, abridged version of one of the popular high school classics which should, no doubt, adorn the shelves of every family library, but which we can scarcely blame people for not taking to, at least in the form it was handed to us something like centuries ago when we were "prep-ing." The humor, original and otherwise, spread throughout the pages is generally in its early youth and altogether "a propos." Summing it up, *The Setonian* is a mightily well-balanced sheet and one to which we have taken from the very beginning of our regime as "ex-man" in these diggings.

The Fordham Monthly.

We note before us *The Fordham Monthly* including within its

pages that "petit journal comique," "The Ramrod". At first glance the "Monthly" seemed a trifle slim. We picked it up with intent to sample its content and were agreeably disappointed. Possibly "The Wrong Tree" is the most striking contribution. Purely as an argument against the much-mooted theory of evolution it is no master-piece; on the contrary there is an apparent tendency to cover the deeper points advanced by the exponents of Darwinism with a veneer of irony. As an example of rhetoric the sketch stands fairly high. But the feature that catches us squarely between the optics in the flow of terminology in which the author revels with some success. Frankly such whoppers as "charlatanry," "anthropomorphous," and "eroticism," sent us to the book-shelf gasping for Mr. Webster. The "big 'uns" are literally hurled into our face, staggering us, and causing us to wonder why in the name of Diogenes couldn't this writer chap "be himself" and come down to terra firma. Many of the expressions employed betray obvious self-consciousness, a fault of which one must be rid ere fame in letters may be earned. With all its short-comings, though, we fancied the piece about as much as anything we've cast eyes on lately and do hereby go on record as saying so. "Hawthorne's Puritan Romance", while prosaic, is of value for the sympathetic flare it casts onto the character of the renowned New Englander. "The Moon of Chestnuts" rambles considerably, but as that is what the reader is invited to do at the outset the defect is pardonable. "Will o' the Wisp" is the best college short story we've seen this season. The gentleman who is responsible for it possesses the happy faculty of being able to create an "atmosphere" and a pleasing one. He will go far if his talent is applied properly. There is poetry aplenty and that creditable. "Autumn Leaves and "When the Dead Come Home" rank at the top. "Toys", a breath of Amy Lowell, being *vers libre*, is undoubtedly quite profound. We cannot completely grasp its hidden kernel of philosophy, but it's there—oh, yes, it's there. The "Monthly" is really excellent and we sincerely trust that it will brighten as many wearisome car-rides for us in the future as it has done in the past.

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With deep appreciation we acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Abbey Student, Ariston, Boston College Stylus, Campion, Carnegie Tartan, C. S. M. C. Shield, Dial, Exponent, Fordham Monthly, Graymoorian, Holy Cross Purple, Ignatian, Labarum, Lakeside Punch, Loretine, Mirror, Morning Star, Mountaineer, Nazarene, St. John's Record, St. Mary's Collegian, St. Vincent's College Journal, Setonian, Trinity College Record, 'Varsity Breeze, Victorian, Viatorian, and Xavier.*

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.



FOOTBALL.

George Edmonds, 'Varsity tackle, was elected captain of the Duquesne University football squad for 1923, at the annual grid banquet, held in the dining hall on December nineteenth. Edmonds is a sophomore in the Law Department of the school. He is an Allegheny High product, having played at the North Side institution during the season of 1915. In 1916 he was at Westminster College. He enlisted in the army when the war broke out, and was overseas for a year and a half, returning with the rank of captain. He is the largest man on the team, tipping the scales at 210, and standing well over six feet. His choice is a most popular one, for he is most certainly endowed with a commanding presence and possesses the qualities requisite for an excellent leader. The MONTHLY takes this opportunity to wish the new boss a successful regime, and if Sammy Weiss and Len Hodgkin drag around all the material they've promised for the coming autumn, the Dukes ought to clean up pretty much everything that comes their way.

BASKETBALL.

Coach Martin sounded the initial call to floor practice early last month, the fourth, if we remember correctly. Prospects are the most favorable, since the days before the war, when Mike Obruba, Mike Morrissey and Posey Cumbert thrilled the crowds. The entire regular quintet of last winter is on deck and r'aring to go. Besides, we are told that the wealth of new material is enough to cause Duke adherents to shed tears of gladness. "Ching" Cingolani, Coy Harrison, Ollie Kendrick, Chuck Cherdini, Walt Houston and Joe Nee are all back in uniform. Then we have O'Connell of grid fame, Bob Caffrey, Slattery, "Red" Egan, and a host of others. Tough going has already been encountered though, for "Nig" Savage, one of the most promising forwards to come up from the high school for years, injured his shoulder in a scrub game and may be out for the

season. It is to be prayed for that jinx has bitten the Bluffmen for the last time for a while. After the chewing he gave them during the football campaign, he might act the gentleman for a change us a chance.

Manager Chris Hoffman has arranged a card of which he may well be proud. Though handicapped by a late start he has lined up a set of scrimmages that will be plenty to try out any five in the broad land. We won't give the schedule as it stands, for it is likely it will be increased before the curtain is rung down.

The Red and Blue floor outfit bids fair to cut a wide swath, as the saying goes, in all opposition this winter. Already in the trio of starts that have been run off, and they were tests the Bluffites have emerged on the proper end on three occasions. Oakland Y took the count in the opening imbroglio at Montefiore Hall by a 41-38 margin. The tilt went into an extra period, Coy Harrison tossing the tying tally through the loop within the final minute or two of play, after which Cherдини and Captain Ollie Kendricks accounted for enough points in the special session to insure victory. The go was about as exciting as it is healthy for the writer to behold. The Oaklanders had led throughout until Harrison did his stuff toward the finish, and though the Hill-toppers had been gaining steadily during the second half, it was beginning to look rather bad. The triumph came as the prodigious thrill of an evening of pandemonium and tasted all the sweeter for having been so near to being lost.

The second start, that against Kalamazoo, runners-up to the national collegiate championship, came too close for comfort to being as torrid as the preceding set-to. When the Dukes finally romped off with the bacon, they knew they'd been in a battle royal. The Michiganders uncorked a world of stuff, but fell short of matching the speed of the veteran Bluff squad. Bob Caffrey made his debut in the skirmish, putting up a fast, clever game. Though a trifle green, the grid and diamond star bids fair to develop into a smart basketball man. His strong point is an indubitable ability to break up the hostile passing attack. A trait of this sort ought to prove valuable on foreign courts, particularly the larger ones where the open system is the big noise. As we should have remarked far above, the count at the end of the Michigan skirmish, read something like 33 to 30.

Middlebury College, of Vermont, visited the precincts the night before school resumed, and left rather wiser and vastly sadder. The Easterners were the recipients of a whole-hearted

walloping, 44-21, the Martinites showing to rare advantage. Harrison garnered ten tosses from scrimmage, and otherwise distinguished himself. To add to the jubilation, Middlebury hooked up with Carnegie Tech, the following evening, at Motor Square Garden, and led the Tartans a merry chase before the latter won out, 51-47. Draw your own conclusions, gentle reader!

Just a word anent the personnel of the 'Varsity quint: Captain Kendricks is enjoying the greatest successes of his career. His all-around work has been superb and his free-throwing splendid. Never since we have known him has he displayed such brilliancy of technique. If Ollie is not picked for one of the guard posts on the all Tri-State five, there will be something putrefied much nearer than the oft-referred-to Denmark. "Coy" Harrison is once more showing his real self. In the three clashes to date, he has hung up in the neighborhood of a score of two-ply shots, being well to the front in the department of chalking 'em up. At the other forward, Cingolani is distinguishing himself as of yore. "Cing" doesn't pull a lot of flashy stunts, but the bird who watches things pretty narrowly will inform you that the Butler entry gets there with amazing regularity.

"Chuck" Cherdini, after stepping into the Oakland Y fracas in the unaccustomed capacity of guard, switched back to center in the ultimate half and forthwith found himself in full possession of that pristine excellence which has made him the fear and envy of all opponents since first he donned the spangles. Houston and Caffrey have been alternating on a defensive job. The former is the more experienced and the better goal-grabber, while Bobby is there with the zest and celerity. Joe Nee, Rozenas and "Nig" Savage are primed to hop in at a moment's notice—or no notice at all—and it's our private opinion that they'll give a worthy account of themselves if called upon.

Meanwhile Father McGuigan in his dual role of mentor and director of athletics is saying little and sawing considerable hickory. He is no doubt well aware of the fact that his proteges are of major league calibre, but he isn't telling the world about it. If hard work and a sagacious coaching head go for anything, there will be fireworks on the Bluff several months before the Glorious Fourth,—pending which, we'll leave the future in the hands of what we trust will prove a benevolent providence.

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.

Duquesnicula.

We call our baby Jeckyll, because he always likes to hide.

A young lady boarded a rather crowded street car with her beau. Glancing at a seat which a young man had just vacated, she said innocently, "Can we squeeze in here?"

The answer came immediately. "No, we'd better wait till we get home."

Hipty, bipty, hop,
A bootlegger meets a cop.
Away they trot to the dungeon,
Hipty, bipty, hop.

Professor—"What has eight legs and sings at night?"

Student Body—"A quartet."

Prof.—"Ke-rečt".

Some guys are so dumb they think the Tower of Babel had an inner tube.

Poor little Fido,
Poor little pup,
He'll sit on his hind legs,
If you hold the front ones up.

As the train neared the station the colored porter approached a gentleman, saying with a smile, "Shall Ah brush yo' off, sah?"

"No," he replied, "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

Don't worry over a girl's looks. It's all put on.

Alice—What is the difference between a lemon and a yard of calico?

Grace—I don't know.

Alice—Goodness, I would hate to send you to the store for a yard of calico.

Freshman (at the pump)—Gee, this water is slow.

Senior—You're wrong, boy, can't you see it's running.

Where there's a will, there's more than one lawyer.

Christmas means that Santa claws at Pa's bankroll.

Amicable Relationship.

Savage tells us that Cherdini is his best friend. He even sleeps next to him—in church.

Don't Get Hurt

Little Boy Blue, please sound your horn,

When coming to a corner.
Or some day you will be yanked out,
By plucky, Little Jack Horner.

The Details.

Author—Well, the evening wore on—

Friend—It did, eh? What did it wear?

Author—If you must know, the close of a summer day.

Professor—Why haven't you the lesson prepared?

Student—We had company last evening.

Prof.—Please open the window a few inches from the top.

Butler—Monoghan.

ANOTHER BRAND.

Weiss—"I did an awful thing last night."

Schneider—"What did y'u do? Kill some one?"

Weiss—"No, I put a two-cent stamp on a post card."

Professor Moran—(to Schor who is day dreaming during an English period). "We're all out of step but Schor."

Crowley—"How do you make V equal X?"

Schwerha—"If I knew I wouldn't be broke so often."

Professor Beebe—(to J. N. Brown in accounting). "Brown, what can you say about this subject, you're a pretty good talker?"

Brown—"I can't say much about that."

Examination Week was known among the Bluffites as
"Don't Get Caught Week."

WISE CRACKS.

Whom does vaseline against?

Where did the coat hanger?

Had the cigarette the box?

Can a collar button?

Where does the butterfly?

When is a glassful?

Who ransom?

Did you see the ice wagon its tongue?

Who locked the President's Cabinet?

When should a book report?

Who makes a transfer slip?

Where does General Science have his camp?

Whom did the class play?

Where does the night work?

Did you see the kitchen sink?

BELIEVE IT IF YOU WISH!

Just after the newsboys' Christmas show at Hodgkins' Home Theater in Youngstown had started, James Hodgkin, manager of the theater, found a number of boys out in the arcade. One of the boys had torn a cracker-jack box into little bits and had scattered it in front of the entrance.

Registering severity, Hodgkin said to the boys:

"Who did this?"

No one seemed to know a thing about it.

"Who did it?" again demanded Hodgkin.

One youngster who had been standing some distance away came forward and confessed.

"You pick up every bit of that paper."

The boy reluctantly did as he was told.

"Now you take it over there to the alley door and carefully throw the pieces out."

Again the boy somewhat sulkily obeyed.

"Now you march right into the theater and take the best seat you can find, and Santa Claus will give you a present."

When Hodgkin came out again he saw at least a dozen boxes on the floor in front of the door, and near each box was a small boy waiting for the invitation to confess.

All the boys saw the show and each one got a present.

Leonard B. Hodgkin.

Inquisitive Student—What is brain fever?

Physiology Prof.—Don't worry, you won't get it.

Some students are certainly riding their way through school.

One of Edison's Exam. Questions: If it takes fourteen yards of tripe to make a necktie for an elephant, how far must one drop a hair to split a rail?

Mary had a little dog,

Its pedigree was phoney.

Alone came an automobile,

Honk! Honk! bologna.

First Joker—How do you feel?

Second Joker—Like tissue paper.

First Joker—How's that?

Second Joker—Terrible.

First Boarder.—That dish of ox-tail soup made me feel bully.

Second Boarder.—That's nothing, the hash I had yesterday made me feel like everything.

Success comes in Cans, not in Can'ts.

BUTLER-MONAGHAN.



Book Review.

By John Talbot Smith

Blaze, Benzinger & Co., N. Y., \$1.75

John Talbot Smith has brought out a new edition of "Saranac," a book that every one will enjoy, and which the Catholic reader will class with "My New Curate," as one of the best expositions in English or American fiction of life in Catholic surroundings. Saranac is a Catholic village, situated on the shores of Lake Champlain, in the north-east of the State of New York with a mixed population of Irish and French-Canadians. The conflicting customs of these people in civil and even in religious life is a cause of endless ill-temper to Mrs. Sullivan, into whose very home this foreign element entered; for her daughter had married one Lajeunesse but was now living in widowhood with her mother and her two lovely children Remi and Elise.

Hugh Sullivan is the hero of the story, a man of the old stock, whose word is his bond, with loyalty to his friend (and rival) John Winthrop crowding every selfish thought out of his soul. He lacks the polish and grace of manner of his rival, but he possesses something far more precious,

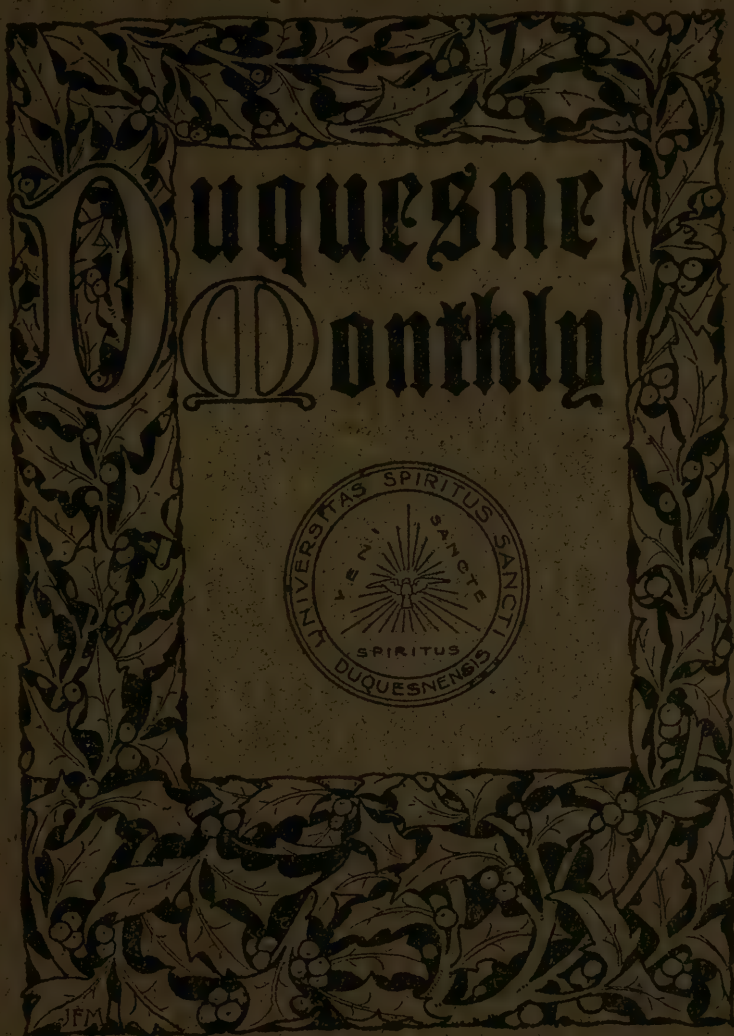
and which the other lacked, that steadfast faith in God and in His Church, which proves a sure anchor in the turbulent sea of life. Neither John Winthrop nor Miss Delaunay, for whose love the friends became rivals, have been educated to practice any religion, and this weakness and want of guiding principles in souls otherwise upright and sincere, throws the character of Hugh into greater relief.

Such are the principal personages of the story. There is no great or profound conception of character. It is really the minor characters that give life and fun and pathos to the book. There is the brilliant scapegrace Amedee La Roche, ("Minister Rush" is the way Mrs. Sullivan named him) deeply wronged and deeply sinning, but gloriously vindicated and dying like a saint. Then comes Mr. Grady, the moral theologian of the village, and self-constituted general co-adjutor and adviser to Divine Providence, who is ever in argument over profound points of doctrine or of nationality with Mrs. Sullivan, but often fails to secure the victory. Besides, there are the old La Roche, Monsieur McCarthy, old Sol Tuttle; all types, drawn with an unerring hand. The various events of importance in the religious life of the village, whether in the Church for marriages and First Communions, or out on the streets for the Church Bazaar, or in the home where the Priest comes to give the last anointing, are put before us often with pathos, often with humor, but always with awe and solemnity.

By this book John Talbot Smith has put English Speaking Catholics in his debt. He is one of the noble band who are striving to create Catholic atmosphere in English fiction, a thing practically never found until Fr. Sheehan first published "My New Curate" in an American Ecclesiastical Review. Many others have labored in this field since then; and among them John Talbot holds a high place. His works should find a ready sale among our Catholic people. The sum of one dollar seventy-five cents will be put to good use if spent to purchase "Saranac."

S. J. BRYAN.





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MY PHANTOM SHIP.

WHEN morning sounds its warming note,
And plays the song of ships afloat,
The ships of my desire : It seems
To lure me from my prosy dreams,

And carries me on silken wing,
To realms unknown, where cherubs sing
The song of ships come into port
With real gems of princely sort,

With coffers filled with blissful hopes
They've gathered from tomorrow's slopes;
With treasure trove of untold wealth,
The treasures of a man's good health;

With scrolls and ancient tales of deeds,
That man, ambitious, worldly, needs :
But better still, the promise won,
From God, for peace when time is done.

The song has ended, comes the night
And shrouds my phantom ship from sight.
It fades, is lost; my dreams are o'er,
My dream ship, too, forevermore.

Regrets are vain, I am content,
My dream, I'm sure was heaven sent,
To show what lies concealed within
My real ship when it comes in.

Anton M. Radasevich, '25.

Across the Atlantic.

(Continued)

LLEFT Lourdes by the one P. M. train. Soon I reached Tarbes, capital of the Department of Hautes Pyrénées. It is situated in one of the loveliest plains of southern France. It interested me in as much as it is the birthplace of Marshal Foch, a military genius, who will take rank with Napoleon as a tactician and strategist, and surpass him in single-mindedness of purpose; his sole ambition was not self-glorification and aggrandizement, to which he waded through seas of blood, but the defense of his country unjustly assailed.

A six-hour wait between trains enabled me to see the chief streets and some of the churches of Toulouse. The streets do not possess any distinguishing features. In the cathedral is preserved the pulpit from which St. Dominic and St. Bernard preached. The mortal remains of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, are laid to rest in the church of St. Sernin, or Saturninus, called after the Saint of that name, who was the first to preach the Gospel in Toulouse, and was probably martyred there towards the middle of the third century. The church is unusually large. Part of it was consecrated by Pope Urban II. in 1096. Double aisles extend through the nave. The capitals of its pillars are ornamented with leaves and grotesque animals. It was in this city of Toulouse that the poets of Languedoc, beginning in 1323, contended in the "Floral Games" for the prize of the golden violet and gold and silver crowns awarded for compositions of merit.

The southern shores of France are charmingly beautiful. That portion which extends from Agay to Monaco and beyond is called the Riviera. Nature has lavishly bestowed upon it a fertile soil, a delightful climate, and picturesque scenery. Palm trees reputed to be a thousand years old, patriarchal olives, orange and lemon trees laden with golden fruit, pretty villas dotting the slopes of lofty mountains, mediaeval castles and fortresses that have triumphed over the assaults of grim assailants and the disintegrating ravages of Time,—all these contrasting or harmonizing, with a cloudless sky above and a wave-lapped shore below, present ever-varying beauties and occasion exquisite surprises. From Nice to Genoa the tourist may drive along The Cornice, a roadway begun by Napoleon as a connecting link between France and Italy. It follows the curves of the shore, at times hewed out of the sides of the Maritime Alps, or tunnelled through projecting cliffs; again winding its serpentine course between walls overrun with clambering roses or hidden

under terraced vines, now dipping down to the sparkling waves that break upon the strand, or sweeping along the base of threatening, overhanging rocks.

Monaco, Monte Carlo.

The little principality of Monaco is the particularly bright gem adorning the vesture of the Maritime Alps. Of the three boroughs of which it is composed Monaco and Monte Carlo are built on two spurs of the mountain, and Condamine rests on the slopes. The total area is eight square miles. The population amounts to twenty-three thousand, but the visitors number over two millions annually.

In the tenth century Count Grimaldi captured Monaco from the Saracens; his descendants have ruled it ever since. Its independence is guaranteed by the European powers. Its little army of ninety men, with half a dozen of police, is amply sufficient for the maintenance of order. The Prince's palace, built like a mediaeval fortress with portcullises and drawbridge, and remarkable for its fine frescos, occupies a prominent position on the rocky promontory and stands two hundred feet above the sea level. Of the four churches in the principality, all Catholic, the chief, of course, is the cathedral. Situated about a hundred yards from the palace and overlooking the sea, it is one of several munificent gifts of Prince Albert III. to his people. It was erected between 1884 and 1887 in the Byzantine style. It now conserves his remains. Our Fathers have charge of the services. The choir, according to guide books, ranks amongst the finest in the world. Prince Albert also built the Oceanographic Museum, and enriched it with all the instruments needed or useful in ocean travel and experiment. This museum is considered the most complete extant.

The handsome residences of Condamine rise tier upon tier along the sides of the mountain, under a lofty fortress built by the Emperor Augustus to command the highway, and another constructed by the French, which is practically concealed from view.

Like its associated boroughs, Monte Carlo is kept immaculately clean. The streets are renewed every year, cleaned daily, and watered three times a day. The hotels extend the length of a block; each suite of rooms has its own balcony. A promenade is being constructed all around the water front. Eight hundred men are employed in the flower gardens; they change the floral designs every week.

The Casino is managed by a Syndicate, which, in reality, governs the principality, subsidises the prince, and relieves the inhabitants of the burdens of taxation. This famous gambling establishment was organized in 1856. It stands on a cliff overlooking the sea. Art has come to the aid of nature in beautifying the site. Drooping palms grace it, marble stairways lead to it, bright flowers and exotic plants set it off, and the blue Mediterranean stretches out in front until the sun-lit wavelets mingle in the distance with the azure of the sky.

After all expenses are paid, the Syndicate nets nearly two million dollars annually. One might imagine that trickery of some sort is resorted to in order that this enormous income may be secured. But it seems that cheating is rendered impossible. As I did not visit the gambling halls, I am indebted to an observer for the following particulars :

"When you enter, a servant in livery greets you with a polite bow and ushers you into a hall where several respectable looking gentlemen in dress suits scrutinize you carefully, and if satisfied with your appearance present you with a card of admission available for one day. On entering the spacious gambling halls you will perceive a number of long tables, in the centre of each of which is a sunken bowl containing a revolving wheel. This wheel has thirty-seven divisions, marked from zero upward, and alternating red and black, and when this is whirled from right to left a little ball is thrown into it in the opposite direction. Finally, as both wheel and ball acquire a slower motion the latter drops into one of the divisions, determining thus the lucky number and also the successful color. At each table are seated four men called *croupiers*, while a fifth man is also in attendance to overlook the game and settle disputes. Upon the green baize cloth are numbers corresponding to the divisions in the wheel, and so arranged that one can bet on red or black, and odd or even, as well as on any special figure. The smallest bet on these roulette tables is five francs and the largest six thousand francs (\$1 to \$1,200). Before starting the game, the *croupiers* notify the players to place their stakes, and just before the ball falls into a division, they forbid any more play with the well-known words: *Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus.* Then at the conclusion of each play, they call out the winning number and color, and the men at the ends of the table with long rakes draw in the money which the bank has won, and also with wonderful celerity and skill pass out gold or silver or bank notes to those who have been fortunate.

"The croupiers are under great mental strain; they have to be relieved every two hours. From noon to midnight daily, though these halls are crowded, everything is quiet and orderly; no voice is heard above an undertone."

A splendidly decorated theatre, where eighty skilled musicians render two concerts daily, and a well-supplied reading room adjoin the gambling hall.

Reports that suicides are common as a result of ill luck, are, I was reliably informed, altogether unfounded. Those who are so unfortunate as to lose their all, receive as a loan, sufficient money to take them home. Until that loan is refunded, the borrower is barred from entrance into the Casino.

It was with feelings of genuine regret that I quit Monaco. Even in the middle of summer, the heat is never excessive; cool breezes from the sea fan the pedestrian, and in winter the Alps protect him from the chilling blasts of the north. As a health resort, it compares favorably with Nice, but in this latter place invalids are so numerous that they exhale depression.

An hour's run in an accommodation train took us to Ventimiglia on the Italian frontier. Here passports and baggage were examined, but these formalities lasted only a few moments. On the previous day I had been informed that communication by railway had been suspended owing to a strike that extended all the way to Rome. Fortunately in the evening an agreement had been reached, and the men decided to return to work; however, official information had not extended to the borders, and we were obliged to secure a volunteer crew to take us to Genoa. On board the train a collection was taken up, and the men were handsomely compensated for their services. We reached Genoa in safety, but too late to catch the express. A wait of nine hours enabled me to see not a little of this, the largest, trade centre of the Mediterranean. It owes its title of *La Superba*—The Proud or The Superb—to its architectural magnificence and picturesque site. Some of the most distinguished artists of their time have immortalized their genius in beautifying the palaces, churches, and other public buildings, and in decorating their interior with sculpture and paintings of surpassing merit. The mansions of the wealthy, springing up from dainty flower gardens, and connected by handsome promenades, stand out in bold relief against the slopes of the snow-capped heights of the Ligurian Alps; they are reached by stone stairways and winding driveways over frequent bridges spanning deep valleys. The business houses and homes of the poor below, fronting mostly on exceedingly

narrow, steep and irregular streets, paved with slabs of lava, with a brick pathway in the centre, for horses and mules, crowd one another down to the water's edge. At the head of the broadest and most fashionable of the thoroughfares, the Strada Balbi, and in an open square in front of the western terminal, a striking monument has been erected in honor of Columbus. The statue rests on a circular pedestal set off with the protruding prows of galleys. The figure of America kneels at its feet. The base bears the simple inscription

A

Cristoforo Colombo

La Patria

the house in which the celebrated navigator is reputed to have been born is still shown in the neighboring village of Cogoleto.

The cathedral of St. Lawrence dates back to the ninth century. It is rich in works of artistic value. A very peculiar tradition is enforced in connection with the chapel of St. John the Baptist; only once a year are women allowed to enter in commemoration of the fact that St. John owed his decapitation to the unbridled fury and shameful wiles of a spiteful woman.

The Campo Santo, or public cemetery, is much admired for its beautiful mortuary chapel and its many monuments of rare design and skillful execution.

It is unfortunate that the mountains around Genoa, extending down to the seashore, necessitated the building of numerous railway tunnels. Some are nearly two miles in length. The connecting link between the western and the eastern terminal is seven thousand five hundred and eighteen feet long.

From the train one notices that, to render possible the cultivation of the vine and vegetables on the side of the mountains, terraces have been built and earth has been conveyed, it is said, with much labor, and mostly from a distance. The retaining walls are sufficiently substantial to withstand the pressure of the soil, and to preserve it from being washed away by the downpour of water from the heights above.

On the way to Rome, after waking from a restful sleep, I was delighted to see the campanile of the basilica, known as "The Leaning Tower of Pisa". The church was begun in 1063 and consecrated in 1118 by Pope Gelasius II. The tower, one hundred and eighty-three feet high, is constructed exclusively of marble. At the base the walls are thirteen feet thick, and at the summit, about one-half that dimension. A series of arches at the foundation, supported by fifteen columns, contribute to its

solidity. The top is reached through a stairway in the wall. Whether the tower assumed its oblique position during the process of construction or at a later date, is a matter of conjecture; as a matter of fact, it leans thirteen feet eight inches out of the perpendicular. That it does not topple over is due, according to scientists, to this saving feature—the centre of gravity is located within the walls of the base.

The country through which we passed was not extensively cultivated. Few farm houses were in evidence, the rural population, as in France, preferring to live in villages for the sake of domestic and social convenience. Hedges, ditches, fence rails and enclosing walls, so conspicuous in the British Isles, were rarely, if at all, to be seen. The only considerable elevation noticeable was the range of the Appenine Mountains away to the left. To the right we caught frequent glimpses of the sun-lit sea with here and there the flapping sail of a fisherman's boat. A beautiful sunset brought a serene day to an enjoyable close. Golden rays pierced or broke through an extended bank of clouds, giving to it the appearance of illuminated palaces on a mountain side. Nowhere, except off the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, have I seen clouds assuming such odd shapes and fanciful, dissolving forms.

On the continent, railway coaches have three classes. Except in England, the first or second class should be chosen. The trains are vestibuled, so that one may pass through side-corridors to the dining or smoking cars. Each coach is divided into a half-dozen compartments, built to accommodate eight passengers. In point of cleanliness and odors, they do not reach the standard of our American lines. The meals served are reasonable in price; the dishes, varied and appetizing. Wines, beers and liquors are in demand. Those who travel any distance usually take precautions against thirst: they bring with them a supply of wine and a corresponding supply of water. They help themselves and their children to a judicious mixture of both, and in quantity that is strikingly moderate. It is not rare to see a dame of ancient days or women, her juniors by many years, indulging in a cigarette; this offensive, and in them disgusting habit is not nearly so prevalent abroad, as the objectionable use of chewing-gum by the painted and powdered young women in the streets of our American cities.

Tired, after a ride of eleven hours, we reached the Eternal City at 9:25 P. M. I jumped into a hack, and soon reached my destination, the French Seminary in the Via Santa Chiara.

Rome.

The French Seminary is a spacious five-story building of rectangular form with interior court. A roof garden partly covered, and commanding an extensive view of the city, serves for purposes of recreation. Two little shrines with statues and climbing plants suggest pious thoughts and add a touch of beauty to the western parapet. The broad marble stairway is lighted up with a costly chandelier adorned with the Imperial Eagle, which once graced the salon of Napoleon III. This seminary was founded in 1853, for the special purpose of training a body of French priests strongly attached to the Holy See, and prepared to counteract the influence of Gallican ideas. It was intrusted to the Holy Ghost Fathers. In 1902 Pope Leo XIII. raised it to the dignity of a pontifical seminary. The students attend the Gregorian University, the lectures in which are supplemented with repetition classes. It was due to the kindness of the treasurer, Father Herbinière, and of the students Messrs. De Langavant, Vermeylen and Vogel, that I was able to see so much that was interesting during my brief adjourn in the Eternal City.

"As every schoolboy knows," Rome was built on seven hills. They have been compared to an open hand, the palm of which is formed by the three that lie close to the River Tiber—the Capitoline, Palatine and Aventine; the fingers by the four that radiate from these—the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline and Caelian. The hills were formed by sand and ashes showered down by mighty volcanoes now extinct. When the Romans and their Sabine and Etruscan foes of the neighboring hills were united under one government, the tops of the hills were levelled, ridges were cut away, and the marshy swamps that lay between were filled up and drained.

Except along the broad thoroughfares that have recently been constructed with noble residences, stately palaces and fashionable stores, the buildings as a rule are yellow with age, and the streets are narrow, sloping, without side-walks, paved and dipping towards the centre to carry off the heavy rains as they fall.

St. Peter's was my first objective. The approach is worthy of the structure. Covered colonnades consisting of four rows of travertine columns in the Doric style, project like open arms from the basilica to welcome the hosts of worshipers. Three broad passageways extend between the rows. One hundred and sixty-two figures of saints adorn the cornice. In the centre of that immense plaza capable of enclosing two hundred thousand

people, stands the obelisk of Heliopolis brought over eighteen hundred years ago from Egypt to grace the Circus of Nero, where unnumbered Christians suffered martyrdom. It is a solid block of reddish granite one hundred and thirty-two feet high. At the summit is a bronze cross containing a fragment of the Cross on which Our Saviour died. On either side, half way across to the colonnades, two beautiful fountains rise to a height of forty-six feet. If the visitor stands midway between a fountain and the obelisk, and directs his glance towards the colonnades, he sees the front pillars only, the others being concealed from view by their semi-circular arrangement.

St. Peter's was built, according to plans by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, in one hundred and seventy-six years (1450-1626) and cost \$48,000,000. So vast is the interior that from forty to fifty thousand people can find accommodation. So perfect is its symmetry, and so harmonious are its proportions, that one fails at first to realize its size. But as one gazes in awe along its aisles and notes with increasing admiration its forty altars, seven hundred and forty-eight columns, three hundred and ninety statues, one marvels at the magnitude and magnificence of that most wondrous sanctuary, which human invention devised and human labor executed. In the Fourth Canto of his *Childe Harold*, after paying tribute to the "Ephesians' Miracle" (Diana's temple in Ephesus, numbered amongst the Seven Wonders of the World) and "the bright roofs of Sophia swelling beneath the sun," Lord Byron exclaims in an ecstasy of admiration:

"But thou, of temples old or altars new
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True.
Since Sion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be
Of earthly structures in His honor piled
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty
Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

Beneath the high altar—on which the Pope or some Cardinal, specially delegated, alone celebrates Mass—are preserved the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul. In front is a marble balustrade from which eighty-nine golden lamps cast their mellow glow. Above, a magnificent baldacchino, resting on beautifully chiseled marble pillars, rises to a height of ninety-five feet.

One hundred and fifty feet above the colored marble pavement curves a glorious dome dazzling with inlaid gold. At the

base to the right in letters six feet high, are the words of Our Lord to His Viceroy, Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church."

On every hand are mosaic decorations, some of which consumed twenty years in the making; marble reliefs of many of the popes, heroic statues of the founders of religious orders, sculptured tombs of the Apostles Simon and Judas Thaddeus, saints of the Church and one hundred and thirty-two popes. The monument to Clement XIII. is a masterpiece of the first order. It took Canova, possibly the world's greatest sculptor, eight years to finish it. The entrance to the crypt in which the body reposes is guarded by two lions. On one side of the portal is the figure of Religion holding a cross, and on the other is the Genius of Death with torch inverted. Above, the pontiff kneels in prayer. Fifteen feet above the pavement, and close to the choir chapel an enclosed niche stands prepared for the body of the reigning pope, until the sepulchre chosen for his interment is ready to receive it.

At the fourth pillar on the right is a bronze statue of St. Peter, some fifteen hundred years old. Along the left transept confessionals bear indications of the languages spoken; a visitor from any part of the civilized world may enter one or another and be understood.

In the crypt are four altars and numerous tombs. That of Pope Pius X. is, according to his own instructions, exceedingly plain. Four marble vases filled with fresh flowers show that he is not forgotten. Directly overhead a small cross on the floor indicates where he was laid to rest. When passing by, I noticed a lady in prayer kissing it devoutly; her faith was enlivened with the knowledge that miracles have already been performed through his intercession. It is confidently expected that before many years glide by he will be canonized.

An elevator and stairway bring the visitor to the roof. From it he enjoys a fine panorama of the city. Majestic statues of the apostles, cut out of superposed stones, adorn the front. Many small cupolas rise above it, to convey light to the chapels and altars below, and a few houses accommodate the guards. Returning to the stairway, the visitor can climb still higher and enter a railed-in balcony in the dome, from which he can get a closer view of the angelic figures that seem so small from the pavement. I measured the foot of what had seemed to be a tiny angel, and I found that it extended from my elbow to the tip of my second finger. The acoustic effects reminded me of the peculiarities of the Whispering Gallery in Washington; I could distinctly hear

the voices of tourists opposite, but not those of persons only a little distance away.

Too dizzy to mount to the cupola, which from the ground, over four hundred feet below, looks as small as an association football, but which in reality, is large enough to admit from twelve to fifteen persons, I descended leisurely, noting on the way, slabs attached to the wall, and bearing the names of royal and other distinguished visitors, and the date of their visit.

On leaving, I bore away with me lively sentiments of the greatness of God and His magnificence in the midst of His angels and saints, and of the faith of the many, who exhausted their wealth and their genius to adorn with such splendor the tombs of those two poor Jews, who were once so insignificant in the eyes of the world.

The Vatican next claimed my attention. Its beginnings date back to the reign of Pope Symmachus, 498-514. Its growth since then has been gradual through the centuries. Passing the two Italian soldiers posted at the extra territorial limits, I mounted the stairway leading to the Secretary's office. The Assistant Secretary, a Christian Brother from Dublin, stated that the audience of the day was limited to thirty, and that the number was already complete, but recognizing in me a fellow countryman, he immediately wrote me out a pass for that day and a pass for the following day good for four. The pass bore in the middle of the upper ornamental border a print of the papal arms, and in the left hand corner the seal of the Secretary's office. The prescriptions, with regard to dress, are printed in Italian, French, English and German. What is lacking in one's wardrobe may be rented at a store, where the street car stops in front of the plaza. Mounting two flights of a broad marble stairway, and passing by Swiss guards in their picturesque black, red and yellow uniforms, I reached the "Anticamera Bassa", where gentlemen and ladies laid aside their hats and wraps, and on presentation of my pass, was ushered into the papal ante-chamber. The Methodist ex-Governor Gardner, of Missouri, with his wife, daughter and two sons, were at my left, and a lady with her little son from Milan was at my right. All present lined up along three walls of the salon beautifully adorned with frescos. We had not long to wait. An officer announced the approach of His Holiness. All dropped to their knees. Four noble guards entered, and Pope Pius XI. advanced slowly into the room. He passed along the lines, giving to each his hand and ring to kiss, and saying a few courteous

words that thrilled the heart and were treasured in the memory. The round completed, he blessed us and the pious objects we brought to receive the plenitude of indulgences. As he stood there, a white-robed figure with uplifted hand, with fatherly affection in the glance of his keen blue eyes, with sonorous voice and sympathetic heart, we felt that that heart was large enough to love us all, and that its enshrined desire was the salvation, the sanctification, the permanent peace and happiness of all his children, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, throughout the world.

Though the Vatican comprises one thousand rooms, very few are used for residential purposes. The vast majority serve as museums of art and science and offices for the administration of business of world-wide extent. So numerous, so varied, and so excellent are the art exhibits that, if all other collections were unfortunately destroyed, the Vatican collection alone would suffice for the perpetuation of all that is best in pagan and Christian aesthetic culture. There may be seen the Torso of Hercules, the Belvedere Apollo, the Laocoon—pronounced by Michael Angelo, "the miracle of art"—the Cnidean Venus, a mosaic regarded as the most perfect copy of the masterpiece of Praxiteles; pictures and priceless tapestries pendent from the richly gilt coffered ceiling to figured marble floor.

Of the chapels, the Sistine is celebrated for its choir, but more still for its historic associations and ornamentation. It is there that the papal elections are held. It was built between 1473 and 1481. On each side are six stained-glass windows presented by Prince Regent Leopold of Bavaria. The rear wall shows Michael Angelo's painting of the Last Judgment, and frescos on the walls to the right and left portray scenes from the life of Christ and Moses.

H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.

(To Be Continued)



“God or Gorilla”.*

The words “Evolution” and “Darwinism” give rise to misconceptions in the popular mind. Many take them to be synonyms for the doctrine that man is but an ape developed, without a spiritual soul, with neither a divine origin nor a divine destiny, living a few years on this planet, and then sinking back into nothingness. This is, however, an extreme form of the theory of Evolution. Considered from a purely scientific point of view, Evolution is a theory according to which the various species of plant and animal life arose by development, in the course of ages, from one or more pre-existing forms. This is not a *truth* of science, it is but a theory, that is, an explanation of existing facts, based on arguments which render it reasonable or possible, yet not certain; and as such it has been accepted by many of the leading scientists of our day, Catholics and non-Catholics. It does not pretend to explain the origin of life; it supposes one or more living forms existing from which the rest have developed. Catholic evolutionists of course consider the human species as one of these original forms. Created directly by God, with a material body and a spiritual soul. Such is the theory of Evolution. “Darwinism”, properly so called, is an attempt to explain the manner in which this supposed mutation in the forms of life was brought about, and attributes it to the gradual accumulation of small differences under the influence of natural selection. As the theory of evolution was first popularized in the English-speaking countries by Darwin’s “Origin of Species” (1859), the term “Darwinism” came to be loosely assigned to the whole theory, instead of to one of its details to which it properly belonged.

Thus understood, Evolution is purely a scientific theory, like, for example, Einstein’s theory of relativity, which will stand or fall, according to the strength of the scientific arguments brought to its support, and which in no way conflicts with the revealed truths of religion, as found either in the Bible or in the teaching of the Church.

As long as Evolution remained a scientific theory there was no trouble. But in the hands of Darwin’s successors, notably Huxley and Spencer in England and Haeckel in Germany, it ceased to be a scientific theory and became instead a philosophic speculation. With them and their disciples, *monistic* evolution became a doctrine, not proved but *believed by Faith*. There is no

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need, they say, to suppose a personal God or a spiritual substance. All forms of life, they maintain, man included, are derived from one living cell, which in turn sprang from matter, under the action of purely material forces and without any divine interposition.

We have thus to-day two distinct classes of advocates of Evolution. The tendency of many of the more scientific minds, is to accept the theory of polyphyletic evolution, that is to suppose, as a theory, that a certain number of living forms were created by God (man being one of them), and these endowed by Him with the power of developing into the various forms that exist, in accordance with natural laws, and in conformity with the plan of Creation. The world-renowned exponent of this theory is the Jesuit Fr. E. Wasmann. But on the other hand, *monistic* evolution, that is, evolution unrestricted and atheistic, claims many adherents, not so much among the real scientific thinkers as among the popularizers of science. It seems to have captured to a large extent, journalists and teachers in normal schools and colleges. No pains are spared to instill this doctrine into the minds of the primary school teachers, with the object of reaching the children of to-day, who will be the men and women of to-morrow. These fantastic speculations, are set forth as the sober teachings of science; where neither proof nor semblance of proof exists recourse is had to open fraud.

It is in exposing these frauds that "God or Gorilla" has done a real service to the country. And we submit this excellent book to the readers of the Duquesne MONTHLY with special satisfaction, since Mr. Alfred McCann, its author, is one of our own, a devoted alumnus and a former Professor of Duquesne. He is now on the New York *Globe*, and is quite an expert fraud exposé. As a recognized authority on pure food, he has been holding up to public reprobation the food profiteers, and in this public service, he has been in 206 lawsuits, and has won them all.

"God Or Gorilla" is not the dispassionate reflections of a philosopher; it is the intense pleading of an advocate, profoundly stirred by the dishonesty of his opponents, and the evils which their doctrine is bringing on the country. No where is this dishonesty more apparent than in the manufactured "proofs" of the ape origin of man, to the refutation of which more than one-third of the book is given. But Mr. McCann pitilessly lays bare the deceit that has been practiced, and exposes it too by pitting one evolutionist against another. Thus he examines the famous Piltdown man, the Trinil Ape-Man, the Neanderthal man, to find

that the first was a human skull fraudulently united with the jaw-bone of a chimpanzee, that the second consisted also of bones belonging to different individuals, and the third was no missing link, but a real *Homo Sapiens*. He possesses a very complete knowledge of the literature, ancient and modern, bearing on the subject, and a forceful vocabulary and style that very effectually tear to pieces the forgeries and villainies that try to impose on the public. Then the general theory of evolution is submitted to examination, and we are invited to consider the inherent absurdity of the arguments, the inconsistency, and sometimes insincerity, nay, evident dishonesty of some of its advocates, and the refutation of one system by the supporters of another. Special attention is given to Haeckel's forgeries and to Wells' historical romance. A very pleasing and valuable feature of the book is its wealth of excellent illustrations.

Our High School graduates and our College men should all be well primed on this question of evolution. Most of the literature of the day accepts the theory as a demonstrated truth. The youthful enquirer sees only one side of the question, and that often dishonestly presented. If he wishes to keep his mind attuned to truth, the calm assumptions of Arthur Brisbane or of Wells or of Osborn must be offset by the opinions of true scientists; and these he will find very copiously supplied in "God Or Gorilla."

S. J. Bryan.



MY STAR OF HOPE.

MYRIADS of stars in the heavens are beaming,
All glowing brightly with lovelight divine;
Radiantly sparking amid the vast gleaming
Is there a star that may not be called mine?
Even though sometimes its light does seem failing,
Brilliantly shining, 'twill soon reappear,
Regal in splendor, and then quickly sailing
Onward will beckon towards hope without fear;
Never deceiving, its beacon-light guiding
During the darksome hours of strife,
Ever directing towards sweet love abiding,
Reached as the goal and ambition of life.

B. J. S.



Double Crossing.

HAZEL HENDERSON or "Billie", as she was more familiarly known to her friends and associates, was cozily curled up on the sofa and an unbefitting frown on her forehead the cause thereof held loosely in her hand. The appellation "Billie" was tacked on in early life owing to an innate ability of turning up where least expected, and delving into everything she could, personal belongings, secrets and private business, as well as hidden jam and goodies. But "Billie" was tackling a problem of real life, one that many girls her age are doing, have done and will continue to do, as long as this and the old world spins along on an old and well-used axis.

She had been used to attention. All girls are, mostly. They are so used to it that it comes as a matter of fact. But "attentions" carry trouble as well as happiness. When six perfectly nice young chaps (with motors attached) ask the same girl for the privilege of an exhibition of one-handed steering, or the delightful distraction of a smooth floor and real jazz. well—*well*—also when six (perfectly young) nice chaps all call the same evening within an hour, well—. Again when six (perfectly) nice young chaps ask the same maid to wear six different fraternity rings—figure it out for yourself; it gave me a headache.

But the race had slowly and unnoticed dwindled down to two. Jack Hardy had the inside track with Jimmy Anderson a close runner-up. Jack, or rather Jack's uncle, had quite a lot of the popular hardware and the nephew, to repeat it à la vernacular, was the favorite heir and "sitting pretty." Jimmy, after leaving college, had entered into real estate and was doing modestly well. Besides this, he was handicapped in life by a dazzling smile, a genial disposition, and a constitution that demanded three square meals a day.

But to return to the problem. "Billie" had just read the aforementioned letter. Of course, it was an invitation to the same affair that Jack had already asked her to. There was the difference. Jack was impetuous, and besides, Jack never trusted Uncle Sam's servants, and rarely the "hello" instrument. It was so much easier (and more effective) to run over and ask person-

ally. But with solemn seriousness she unconsciously admitted to herself that she had rather it would have been Jimmy.

There was only one thing to do. It was high time he woke up. Served him right anyway. So it was that Jimmy received a note a day or two later, kindly and tolerant, but refusing his company.

Jimmy accepted defeat with stoic philosophy. Anyhow business was unusually brisk, and perhaps he could find another date when his "sheba" would have an off night. Yes, that was the proper thing; yet, why let the other fellow have the field so much to himself? It was time to get serious. When a man reaches twenty-eight it is indeed high time for action. If he only had a motor! ah! There, indeed, was the rub. If he had a nice little roadster. "Billie" liked roadsters. Besides, she could run a car almost as good as any man.

That same night, the object of Jimmy's thoughts held a consultation with herself. Secluded in her own boudoir, she confronted herself in the mirror. She hadn't lost any of the looks that made a riot in college. Beautiful blond hair, a battery of two large, blue eyes found a fine profile, small mouth and even teeth.

But something was wrong. It was Jimmy. The mere thought of it moved her glance back to the old life-long friend and confidante. She regarded herself closely. It was true, because her face was flushed. Long she pondered, but the situation was hopeless. A girl can't go to a man and demand marriage. It's not done, you know. She found temporary respite in a popular magazine. Of a sudden her interest quickened. Her problems were moved into the background, and she buried herself in a beautiful tale of Romance.

Come Sunday, and with it Jimmy. "Yes, "Billie" was in and would be down in a second." The second broadened into a minute and one minute into five. No hurry: Jimmy didn't care. He invariably picked up the first readable thing, and enjoyed himself till the object of his joy and misery appeared. Here was a magazine and a fine article on real estate. Worth while, maybe, so Jimmy eagerly perused it. "Fine stuff that." From time to time he made a mental note of striking passages. "Continued on page 102." Jimmy found 102 and looked blankly. He thumbed back to the front, reread the direction, and sure enough there it was 102. But it couldn't be the article. Here was a thrilling story of adventure. Kidnaping or something. No it was abduction of a kind, only it wasn't material abduction . . .

some rot about a fellow who rescued a girl from a ruffian who was attempting kidnaping; if it wasn't kidnaping then it was burglarly or, oh hang it, what did he care what it was? It was some beastly blunder. Unusual, and not looked for, but it could happen. Before he found the article, "Billie" came trancing in all apologies for her tardiness.

Jimmy enjoyed himself immensely until Jack came along. The same old story: a double date. They are as welcome as rain, when you haven't an umbrella. Jimmy sulked. No wonder "Billie" was so long in coming, she was dressing, expecting Jack.

Two nights later Jimmy was reading the same magazine that he accidentally had picked up a few nights previous. Remembering the unusual incident, he read the article over, and found that it "continued on 162" and not 102. Having finished it, curiosity forced him to read the other article also. When he had digested it, a definite plan had shaped itself. Glancing at his watch, he picked up hat and coat, and sallied forth into the night. As he walked, the brisk night air cleared his brain, and his plans grew more tangible. He knew that "Billie" was going to a movie with some girl friends. She had told him so herself. That meant she would be back by ten-thirty. The rest was easy, for he remembered clearly the plot, as it was in the magazine.

At ten-thirty "Billie" sang out a clear good-night to her friends and tripped into the living-room. Eventually, she picked up a book, and was soon lost to all else.

A stealthy step, misguidedly placed, alarmed her. But before she could make an outcry, a horribly seared face with a handkerchief partly hiding its repulsiveness, peered into the room, and a hoarse voice told her to "stick 'em up." The marauder then advanced upon her, and with one terrified shriek, "Billie" fell to the floor in a dead faint.

When reawakened conscienceness claimed her, it was to find Jimmy dabbling a wet rag over her head, and murmuring all sorts of unheard of things.

"Are you all right dear?"

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Sure, I didn't hurt you?" By this time Jimmy had helped her to a sofa and, "Billie", though somewhat weak, was strong enough (by clinging tightly to Jimmy's neck) to answer all his questions. It was lucky he happened along. Just getting back from the office, or some special work, and—then he heard a scream. "Feeling better?" "Oh, I—I'm all right, only s—s scared a—a little."

Jimmy looking into those alluring eyes, felt himself slipping.

An accidentally tightened grasp by "Billie" on Jimmy's collar-bone did the rest.

He didn't begin—he just told her. Told her how he worshipped her, thought she oughtn't to be left alone for vicious-minded citizens to attack, how she ought to have strong masculine protection, and finally ended by volunteering the information that she wasn't very far from the one who could supply it.

"Oh, Jimmy, really I—I—(pressure on Jimmy's collar-bone) I—I—(more pressure)—Oh, Jimmy, you musn't—Oh—Oh . . . Yes, Jimmy, I—I do love you."

After a while Jimmy left, left a new man. Stepped out into the night ready to tell the world he had the best and most beautiful girl in all the world.

Returning to his room, the reaction set in. Really, was it right? He scared her so. But then—well the hero in the magazine did the same thing. Fiction, only fiction! But fiction is taken from real life at times. From an hour conscience tormented him. He had a mind to go to her and confess all.

But the perverse imp held him back. Finally the imp won.

"All is fair in love and war."

* * * * *

That night "Billie" talked to the friend and confidante for a long, long time. She beheld herself in all her glory and wickedness. There was her image reflected, and it regarded her accusingly. Still, it looked pleased and happy. Then she bent nearer her confidential friend, her better self, and gave her a goodnight kiss. She meant it for Jimmy anyhow.

"Did I do right, 'Billie'?" And "Billie" nodded a decidedly affirmative answer.

Funny how easy it is to change a six to a zero.

Clement M. Strobel, '23.



The Pursuit of Pleasure.

THE human race to-day is madly racing in pursuit of that elusive something, called pleasure; that something which will brighten tired eyes, lighten wearied footsteps, smooth out the aging wrinkles, that life has stamped upon men's brows in every manner of conception; that something which will serve as a tonic to the entire system, and relieve the tension on high-strung nerves.

The pursuit is on, yet wither does it lead? Where lies real pleasure, and how is it recognized? What marks distinguish it from kindred emotions?

Every man possesses free will and intelligence by special favor; yet each is individual, in as much as he perceives and recognizes things in an individual manner. Thus, each pursues what to him is the embodiment of pleasure.

The old are not so numerous in this chase. Here and there, however, in the ranks a silvered brow, a seamed countenance appears amidst the darker hues of his companions, but that is by exception. The old have come to realize the futility of heedless action. They have learned that pleasure is not elusive, distant, but is with them, ever patient, ever present, waiting to be recognized. It is the young that fill the ranks; the young that lead the chase; the young that must be satisfied.

Some pursue Venus, others Bacchus; some seek mental exhilaration, others physical rejuvenation. Then, there are those who seek to find pleasure amidst more dangerous surroundings. They pursue the Goddess of Chance, thinking that in gambling of one form or another, they will find the means to still the craving for pleasure. But these very often find that the craving has gained the mastery over mere will and self-respect. Any means then, however drastic, must be taken to appease the master's hunger. Consequently, they deteriorate mentally, physically and morally, till, at last, their footsteps must lead to the gutter.

It is a hard thing to define pleasure, much more difficult than to pursue it. But more important, even than the definition and the pursuit, is the fact that it must be merited, it must be earned. There must be necessity for it; there must be labor, too, before it. Then, when it is earned, let the spirit soar along on carefree wings; then you will find that pleasure is not elusive; then you will not even demand that the chase lead you along dangerous and harmful paths, but rather, find it in the innocent and blameless relaxation of mind and body brought about by dancing, skating, tennis, ball and other pleasurable pastimes, which indulged in moderately and heartily, will promote your general well-being. This, after all, is the *real* purpose of pleasure.

Anton M. Radasevich, '25.

Frost.

TRACING back the etymology of the word, frost, while we are reasonably sure that it came from the Sanscrit, we do know beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was known to the Hebrews and hence to all the Eastern peoples. The word frost, like many other good words, was shamefully neglected until the dawn of the twentieth century. Before this time its wonderful possibilities were bound up in the narrow confines of the Webster definition. Under these circumstances the word was given a rather cool reception, and was in vogue only, when the weather forecaster wished to throw a scare into people, who believed in his predictions.

But at the dawn of the present century, when Rhetoricians, dazzling in their brilliancy, severed the bonds of conventional slavery, and paved the way for universal use of a word rich in unbounded possibilities, they established its place in the very pinnacle of the literary world. Like all modern movements and devices, expediency and utility were the prime factors underlying its metamorphosis. We blush in shame at the gross ignorance of our forefathers who never appreciated the merits of such a wonderful word. We apologize for them and ask a critical world to be lenient in judgment.

The grand masters of the past would exhaust their vocabularies in describing the disappointments of any particular affair. They would enter into a lengthy discussion of the subject and inform the reader of all the particulars entering in the question. They would politely tell him that the affair was not a success. But lo! the Popes, Addisons and Shakespeares of nineteen hundred and twenty-two convey all this and more in a four-worded sentence: it was a *frost*. Here we find the word used in a sense entirely strange to that of age-old usage. Grammatically it is incorrect because these embryonic satellites of literature have not been recognized. Yet, for directness of meaning and scope of comprehension put forth in such a manner, one must give serious thought to the incoming style.

But frost, in the generally accepted sense, is not concerned with freezing weather, not the slang for, unsuccessful, nor the sweet icing of a cake, but in the sense of frozen dew. When the leaves color in the autumn, we say that the frost did it; thus frost is an agent of beauty. Certain vegetables and fruit must have frost to make them tasty; thus frost is an agent of utility. Just what particular work the frost does is not known by the laymen. Perhaps, if we stood close to nature, and not try to imitate her (flappers take notice) we would learn infinitely more than we do. How does the frost sweeten the pumpkin? How does it flavor the

apple? Why are some leaves made red; others brown; others yellow; and some an artistic creation, embracing all three? Perhaps we can't answer these questions, but we do know that there is such a thing as frost, and we're mighty glad of it.

A home-made pie from pumpkin
Kissed by the freezing dew.
A dash of spice or somethin'
And just for me and you.

The cake is nicely covered
With icing of rich hue.
The layers deeply smothered,
And just for me and you.

If both were set before you,
Without regard to cost
Oh tell me, I implore you!
Would it be an awful "frost"?

Clement M. Strobel, '23.



Utility.

PERHAPS the world has never seen an age when utility was so much heralded as to-day. This fact is not only noticeable in the ordinary, daily activities of man's life, but it is especially true of studies, pursued in the various schools and colleges.

The present era threatens to destroy the life of the finer arts and sciences by the application of its standard, utility. By which, the average individual means a direct aid in acquiring money. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that men cannot sustain themselves as easily to-day, as in the earlier times of primeval history. Now, men no longer can or must provide all the necessities of life by their own toil, but depend more or less on others. They pursue their own particular trades or endeavors, but the close competition of the times renders the struggle for success a difficult task. So the man of to-day is concerned only about his own and his family's welfare, and as his time is spent, for the most part,

in this undertaking, he has little opportunity, except in the evening, for any other activity. In the early ages the men were mostly self-sustaining; they built rude homes for themselves from neighboring forests; they tilled the land and raised their own farm produce; then wove their own cloth for clothing, yet still had ample time to ply their own particular trades or favorite activities. Later on they were aided in this, too, by the co-operation of the monks of those periods who were skilled artisans in practising the various arts and trades. These devout men had formed monasteries, and after their usual work was completed, they devoted themselves to their own favorite pursuit. They co-operated with the poor settlers around their abodes since they encouraged and trained them in the various trades, and fostered the natural ability of the talented. The result was that men in the earlier times practiced the arts and labored diligently, not for mercenary gain, but in the interest of art itself, although such talent could be commercialized. Should we wonder, then, that they became so proficient in their private pursuits and attained such excellence? The first culture known,—that of the Ancient Greeks, has stood the test of time. Their skilled hands created masterpieces of sculpture, architecture and literature, which stand to-day as monuments to their constant and faithful application, while, at the same time, they serve as models that the world tries to imitate. But, to-day, few men can practice or afford to practice art for itself alone; although another reason for this is that the majority would consider it as time wasted.

This idea of utility has not confined itself to the outer-world of business; it has crept into the educational institutions of our country especially. The students no longer wish to pursue those courses or studies which were accepted by recognized educators as contributing the maximum to individual training and culture. They ask the question in the modern sense,—of what use is it? They fail to see that very few studies have a direct application to the pursuit of any particular activity, and that it is the acquiring of knowledge, but not so much the knowledge itself that benefits us and trains the intellect. The finer arts are not cultivated as they should, even by the talented, and the great majority of people in our country are ignorant of the first principles entering into their composition and practice. The savage student laughs when you try to explain the necessity and advantage of a well-balanced course in high school and college. The present system of credits is lowering the standard of education. To-day the student takes what he pleases and omits what he dislikes. This

optional selection of studies weakens, rather than develops his character, aside from any consideration of the acquisition of knowledge and culture. So the average student pursues those studies which are useful to him in his estimation, not which, in reality, are less useful than the prescribed studies of a uniform course.

If men could be shown the advantage and pleasure derived from individual culture, especially in the activity for which they have been best fitted by God, and if students would be directed rather than direct themselves in their choice of studies the present age, then, would tend toward general progress, as of old, in the arts and sciences.

William E. Boggs, B. A., '23.



MOTHER'S VALENTINE.

WHEN, Mother, after hours of toil and strife,
 You idly turn the sodden, crumbling page,
 Wherein are told the sorrows of a life
 To your forgetting and forgiving age;

When dried your furrowed face of bitter tears,
 And trembling hands are clasped around the past,
 When sunken eyes look thru the glass of years,
 And you bereft, a weather-beaten mast;

When winter howls outside your cabin door,
 And Children's voice forever hushed inside,
 When turning, Mother, to your treasured store
 Of countless nothings, still your lasting pride;

You find a flower, a faded feathered leaf.
 A letter too, where words are long since dead,
 A Memory dear to turn your smile to grief,
 To bathe the pillow of your widowed bed;

If Mother, 'midst such ruthless death should live
 Some fond, some loving, or some vibrant line,
 It is the message that my heart would give
 And ever give—it is your Valentine.

M. F. Coleman.



Imagination in Business.

IMAGINATION in business! The average man of to-day never thinks of this, yet there is not a business existing without it. The best example I know of is a firm, The Dennison Manufacturing Company.

Seventy-five years ago the great grandfather of the Dennison family began to make paper boxes in his kitchen. A knife, a scissors, a pot of paste, a slab of wood were his factory.

To-day the company manufactures 10,000 separate articles, sends its products to all parts of the world, sells millions of tags, and baggage checks to railway companies, millions of Christmas cards to small retailers. But prosperity brought its perils. There were certain stockholders who saw the Dennison industry merely as a means to an end, the end being profits and then some more profits, with the absentee owners in the saddle in unchallenged enjoyment of money and power. The president of the company, himself a Dennison, saw another vision. He saw the Dennison plant as something more than an engine for turning out profits. He saw it also as an instrument for manufacturing articles which he could sell to railroads and persons who would use them up in making the world richer. He determined that while he had control, he would fix it up so that those who looked at the industry in his own broad-minded fashion should always keep control. And that is how there came to be government by imagination.

Who is it that creates the profits of the Dennison Manufacturing Company? It certainly is not the absentee stockholders. The original Dennison evidently had a creative imagination. It was used in making boxes that nobody ever thought of before, and creating markets that nobody ever imagined could be created. Who, then, are the real descendants of the original Dennison? Shall we say they are the workers? The original Dennison was a worker. But it was not his work that built up this magnificent business,—this young concern that lives on fifty years after he died. It was his creative imagination. He hired the workers and they did what he told them to do, after his imagination had told him what to do and how to do it. The real descendents of the original Dennison are those of the 3,000 workers who work prim-

arily with creative imagination. It is by imagination that the Dennison Company has developed 10,000 separate articles, and it will be imagination that will make and sell the innumerable new articles, and to better old ones that it must make and sell, if the concern is to keep going another seventy-five years. In 1913 there were 167 principal employes. In 1919 the number had risen to 320, about one-ninth of the total force. One-ninth are employes with creative imagination. They are the real industrial descendants of the great grandfather of the Dennisons. It is they who produce the profits, and keep the concern young. The other eight-ninths produce wages.

Profits are in the future. It requires imagination to see them. Wages are paid every week in cash.

These are paid for jobs which need little imagination. Many of the employes are girls, whose industrial life is soon over—two or three years in the factory after schooling time is past, in which to put by something for family or for self. Their imagination is more bound up with anticipation of romance than devoted to developing the perplexities of production. For them and all the others, whom it has been thought advisable to keep in the other side of the industrial partnership line, weekly wages are deemed the accurate measure of their value to the company. They are paid mostly by the piece. Their performance can be seen and measured as they go along. Theirs is not the field of the creative imagination, of profit creation, nor should theirs be the reward. Having discovered the one ninth, whose imagination creates the unseen profits, how shall they be put in control of the profits which they expect to create? The absentees own the property. The absentees simply must be bought off. How much will they take to get out, and in what currency will they accept payment? A simple matter once it has been done. But it was a big imagination that conceived it and did it.

Induce the absentees to turn over their common stock with voting power to the imaginative workers, and accept preferred stock without voting power. Clever enough, but the imaginative workers had to pay. They paid \$4,500,000 in preferred stock at 8 per cent.—a permanent charge of the business of \$360,000 a year, where the dividends on the common stock had been running something like \$200,000 to \$250,000. The preferred stock is doubly secure. If the workers fail to pay that full \$360,000 a year for a period of four years, then the preferred stock automatically gets back its voting power and the absentee owners step into control. The preferred stock holders are virtually bond-

holders but are saved the trouble of legal foreclosure if interest is defaulted. How about the common stock? They call it "industrial partnership stock." Where does it come from? By March, 15, 1913, 122 shares had been issued to the 16 per cent. principal employes. The issue amounted to about one-third of the total salary roll of the principal employes. Thirty-three and one-third per cent. profit for imagination. But it was not cash, of course. It was just that amount of profits put back into the machinery and buildings and business. In 1919, thirty thousand shares of industrial partnership stock were issued—forty-five per cent. of the payroll of 320 principal employes—all of it going back into the business. A good depreciation account and several reserve funds have been built up for lean years and emergencies. Besides, the industrial partnership stock had been getting dividends in cash as high as 15 per cent. in 1919. This dividend must always amount to 5 per cent. in cash before any additional stock can be issued.

Finally, another clever thing, in fact the heart of the whole thing, an industrial partner cannot sell, or give away, or bequeath or even take away his industrial partnership stock, for every share of it is a reward for the continual exercise of creative imagination on the job in the interest of an ever-expanding and improving Dennison industry. Not the investment it represents, but its conferring of power on one who has been selected to help keep alight the Dennison imagination, this is the real significance of a share of industrial partnership stock. If an individual partner severs his connections with the concern, the reward for the use of imagination in the past is, of course, made secure. The company may pay immediately for his stock, either at par or at cash, or by the issuance of a second preferred stock of equal face value which can be sold, given away, bequeathed, and taken away, but which has no voting power. On some other Dennison worker will descend in time the mantle of power as a reward for imagination, which this new absorbed partnership stock used to hold.

Leonard B. Hodgkin, B. S. E., '25.





A Gentleman.

A WORNOUT and broken old man, while driving along a little country road had lost a wheel from his cart. As he was struggling with the heavy wheel a beautiful black horse trotted by, bearing one of society's clever young men. He made a sarcastic or, as he thought, a witty remark and passed on his way. Soon after this a workman, having finished his daily tasks came trudging along. He stopped beside the wagon and asked in a pleasant, but certainly unrefined manner, what was the trouble. When he learned the cause of the old man's grief, he set to work to help him. As the pair worked, a third man approached them. He was dressed in a loose, comfortable, but spotless hiking outfit, and bore all the marks of a well-bred and learned man. His manner was gentle and quiet, and his language soft and flawless. He, too, stopped and gave a hand, and soon the old man was on his way again. Which of the three was the ideal gentleman?

The first is certainly not to be considered. Truly he possessed a veneer of good manners and drawing-room etiquette, but he lacked the very rudiments of a gentleman. He had no kindness or respect for others, unless he gained by it himself and, unfortunately, most of our young men of society resemble him in this.

The second was the other extreme. He had the good-will, kindness and other gentlemanly qualities, which spring from the heart; but he lacked the outer polish, which marks the man of the world—the man of letters—the gentleman.

The third man was, in my opinion, the ideal gentleman. He had both the inner soundness and the outer veneer. He did not hesitate to help those, undoubtedly of lower social standing than himself. He was neat, unassuming, quiet, and in no way did he render the other two men embarrassed in his presence.

Above, are pictured the three types of men most commonly known to the world of to-day. A fourth type might have been mentioned, but he is so far removed from gentlemanly qualities, that he is as a thorn to prick the side of mankind. The man to whom I refer is the so-called rowdy; he who lacks both the inner

and outer qualities of a gentleman; he who is a disgrace to the world.

Let it be well understood by those who aspire to be known as gentlemen that the first and most important quality which they must possess is goodness. Goodness! It is a general term, but it contains many, many specific ideas. It means that a gentleman must be self-restrained, a man of will; he must be kind and gentle to those beneath him; he must have respect for discipline and authority; he must know his duty and do it; he must hold his own rights, but never encroach on the rights of others; he must be honorable, just and trustworthy. A gentleman never holds a grudge, or makes sarcastic remarks to hurt his fellowmen, or does he fear to make an apology or own up to a fault. A gentleman knows God. The last contains them all.

These qualities should be in every man from the most learned to the most illiterate, but they do not always mean a gentleman. They cannot make a gentleman, but a gentleman cannot be without them. He should have certain other surface qualities to finish him as it were, just as the varnish finishes the oaken table by giving it a pleasing luster.

These qualities consist in that quiet, unassuming mien, which can hold a mob spell-bound, and sway it at a twist of the hand. They consist in being able to conduct one's self mannerly at any social gathering; in taking or giving an introduction, and in numerous other rules that mark the polished man or woman.

Remember, everyone has the opportunity to become educated and to obtain this ease and smoothness of manner. If you cannot go to a college or university, you can read, and reading is itself a higher education. A well-read man is always welcome, never boring; for, from his extensive knowledge of all topics, he can talk in a way to hold the interest of the high and the low. Reading trains you in the rules and customs of the best people, as well as moulds your own character. Therefore, good reading will make you a gentleman, and a much sought after, gentleman.

Slowly, but surely, our men and women are beginning to realize the great part literature and culture in general play in their lives, and just as slowly and surely they are becoming ladies and gentlemen, instead of men and women.

Thomas Quigley, H. S., '23.



High Ambition.

THE majority of persons to-day know the meaning of the word, ambition, in an abstract way, but fail to realize it in the concrete, as especially applicable to themselves. We know by experience that everything tends to its ultimate perfection; the tiny blade of grass or weed grows until it becomes noticeably strong. It is this desire, on our part, to attain the highest position in all things, or in any particular activity, that we term ambition.

The world, in general, at the present time, has either perverted or indifferent ambitions, or none at all. To the first class belong those whose ideals are due to the laxness of the present age. They strive for things which tend not towards their moral perfection, but have the luring glare of wealth and pleasure. Such persons care not for individual rights, but use their unfortunate fellowmen as stepping stones to attain that prominence and affluence necessary for the acquisition of their objective. The world is the worse for men of this nature, who seek to exploit and trample others for their own personal aggrandizement,

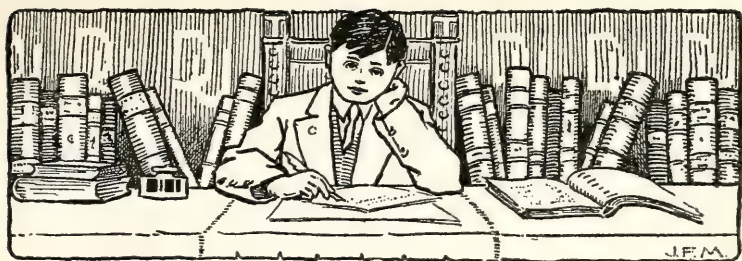
The second category mentioned, viz.: the indifferent playthings of ambition, comprise the greater number of persons. This type of individual continues to plod without any definite purpose in a material way, (although morally, perhaps, in the height of perfection). They are content to go on, as usual, in a semi-conscious, mechanical way, and are occasionally spurred on by the thought of ambition's gifts; but these mental pictures remain only momentarily, and soon blend with the waters in the sea of indifference. This touch of ambition is like the flash of a firefly; you know not when or where it will next appear.

For the last class of human beings ambition means nothing whatever. It is something that seems not to fit into their life morally or physically. They are not fired by its alluring rays, and so, as beings merely existing, they take life as a matter of course. If every one were of this type the human race would be in a state of stagnation and decay.

It should be the ambition of every human being to serve God, man, and country, to the best of his ability. But the first and most essential of these is to serve God to the highest degree and to honor Him as the Creator of the World. The one who does this faithfully will naturally perform his duties well to his fellowmen and to his country; for you cannot fulfil the first without including the other two. By respecting the rights of our fellowmen, and aiding him with useful service to the best of our ability, we can obtain the greatest success, while, at the same time rendering this a better world by our presence. This service need not begin a material way; it can take the shape of encouraging those around us in their undertakings, and radiating good cheer at all times.

The individual whose high ambition leads him to seek these ideals, is worthy of admiration and respect.

W. E. Boggs, B. A., '23.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Veteran's Goal.

OUT of the chaos of the present day comes the warning that the country is slipping into the same state of unpreparedness and pacifism that existed before the great war. The World War Veterans are taking active steps to improve the situation. They demand, that they who bore the brunt of the battle, should be given a place with the experts in diplomacy and finance at international conferences. Their programme is outlined on the face of every veteran qualified as an expert in suffering, and back of it stands the determination for peace, resulting from the experience of facing death in a horrible revel of destruction.

It is an entirely different kind of pacifism from that known already to the universe. None are better prepared to defend their country than these men. They are experienced theorists, who will not submit to foreign policies, or surrender those liberties which cost the lives of their fellowmen. The American Legion, which represents thousands of these heroes, showed their sincerity at their last convention, when they approved of universal military training, and adopted a programme for the conscription of labor in times of war.

These battle-scarred heroes hate war with all the fierce passion that useless suffering stirs. They are determined to have peace, not peace overshadowed by greater powers, but as an individual right of all nations. The force behind their demand is the best assurance that this new kind of pacifism will be a valuable asset in starting the world upon its right course. These experts in suffering, trained to fight, will not stop, it is hoped, until their victory is consummated, or their defeat memorialized in a lasting peace among nations.

John R. Doran, H. S., '23.

Newman On Education of Youth.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, regardless of how remote he or his ideas may appear to some people, possessed an uncanny ability to administer to the wants of the educational system of his day. He vigorously opposed new shams and faulty systems in providing education for youth. Those who would better the facilities for the teaching of youth have not obliterated themselves from public notice. There are those who still seek a more modern system by which the young man may acquire the fundamentals of knowledge. Cardinal Newman adhered to the old school of developing the memory, instead of cramming useless studies into a child's brain.

In the case of a boy who is just beginning his schooling, the most important factor in shaping his education is the developing of his memory. On this point Cardinal Newman makes himself particularly clear: "Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business, when he goes to school, is to learn; that is, to store things in his memory." Whether he is taught religion, arithmetic, or spelling, the only way he can retain what has been explained to him, is by committing those things to memory. His mind becomes a repository, wherein is contained his knowledge of things.

The mind of a boy is flexible, and is ever ready to grasp new information. It is susceptible to impressions; and these impressions are stored away in the mind as fast as they are perceived. There is no discriminating in the welcoming of this new knowledge. Whether the newly acquired information is beneficial or not, nevertheless, it is absorbed. The boy will use it, either to his advantage or detriment, just as his morals have been formed.

As he grows to manhood, he will repeatedly search for information stored away in his youth. In his boyhood he is unconsciously collecting knowledge that in later years will prove useful. He may be a politician, a religious, or a man of letters, yet his resourcefulness will be due greatly to the early receptiveness of his mind.

The future of a boy depends very much upon his aptitude to develop a retentive memory.

The neglect of some education to give the necessary consideration to this part of a youth's training is a fatal mistake. The great minds developed in past centuries will hardly be duplicated under a negligent system. The theory of Cardinal Newman should be maintained.

Christian J. Hoffmann, B. A., '24.

Vocational Guidance.

A FEW years ago there was a lot of talk about vocational guidance, but we do not hear so much about it to-day.

Like many other things it was overworked. It is true that there are four entirely different classes of occupation, such as (1) the professions, including medicine, law, the clergy, and journalism; (2) mechanical lines, including engineering, machinery, manufacturing, and building; (3) salesmanship, including merchandising, tending stores, selling on the road, and advertising; (4) agriculture, including farming, forestry, stock raising, horticulture, and various other outdoor pursuits. But this classification is wholly adequate for an extensive vocational study, and is sufficient for everyone's purpose.

It is true that there is a woeful lack of intelligent vocational guidance. It is also true, however, that the very touchstone of any test, is to be honest with one self, when considering one's adaptability or inadaptability for any particular position considered. A young man who dreads meeting people should not become a salesman. A man who dreads detail should not become an auditor. A man who is chicken-hearted should not become a doctor. A man who dislikes appearing in public should not become a public speaker. If, however, the man who does like to meet people, and who is eternally optimistic wants to be a salesman, it makes very little difference what he sells, so long as it makes the great mass of people healthier, happier and more prosperous. The thing which is easiest to sell to-day, will be the hardest to sell a few years hence, and the thing that is the hardest to sell to-day, will be the easiest to sell a few years hence. If a man likes details, if he likes figuring, if he likes to pour over accounts, if he thoroughly enjoys doing these things, then he should become an accountant or an auditor. If a man enjoys ministering to people's ailments, he should become a doctor. If a man enjoys speaking in public, and continues to practice it, he will become a public speaker.

In fact, the solution of not only our individual successes, but many of our industrial ills lies in finding what each of us likes to do; in finding the opportunity to do it, and then doing it with all our might. The fact is, that if anyone has given considerable time to any employer, that one will be better off to stay with that employer. If anyone has devoted considerable time to a given industry, that one, no doubt, will be considerably better off to stay with that particular industry. If anyone has established a

reputation in a given city, his chances of success should be greater in that city, where a good reputation has been established, than in unknown fields. If anyone has devoted considerable time to a given profession, his opportunities are greater in that profession, about which he has some knowledge, than in some other profession of which he is uninformed. Our individual success lies in the thing that we are now doing. It is based upon how faithfully we prosecute the work at hand.

Leonard B. Hodgkin, B. S. E., '25.



THE SNOWDROP.

MANY, many welcomes
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid !

Tennyson.

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

JANUARY, 1923—Dr. Coue must have received a copy of the MONTHLY, as he borrowed our slogan for his cure theory: "Day by Day" in every way is getting more popular. Last month, I purposely omitted my contribution. All the subscribers wrote, phoned or wired, they wanted their money back. Now, isn't that nice?

JAN. 2—The annual banquet for the alumni priests was held to-day. Many of the old faces—faces though, on which time has traced no lines—were there beaming. Does anyone ever remember not having seen Fathers Enright and Maher at these gatherings? Boy, page the chronicler. The younger generation turned out almost to a man. Many stayed to see Father Mac's quintet overwhelm the Middlebury College floor men.

JAN. 3—"Forced by circumstances," as the sale sign puts it, we find ourselves under the careful patronage of Mr. P. J. Fahey again. We are happy to renew his acquaintance; for, "service" is always his motto. The change of publisher has got the editor somewhat out of his stride. He expects to get back to the normal regularity within a month.

JAN. 4-8—New students registered after the holidays. All the old boys are back, looking in the best of health, after the rest from their arduous (?) studies, and an enjoyable sojourn around the Christmas tree at home.

JAN. 9-10—I met most of the seminarians yesterday and to-day. They were "just going back, and thought I'd drop in to say 'Hello'." I suppose all the Duke seminarians came to visit the old friends and haunts; among those whom I had the good fortune to see, were Messrs. O'Donnell, Heilmann, Cusick, Schroth, Pawlowski, Mareski, Watterson and Reiland. The Rev. T. Brown, a picture of youth, joy and health, was around on several occasions. We certainly do appreciate these visits, dear seminarians, and express the fond hope that they be renewed and prolonged. But who was it that returned home at 8 A. M. from the Seminary, and was seen in the main building of the University at 10 o'clock?

JAN. 12—In our midst again, and to stay (we hope) is none other than Father Sebastian Schiffgens, C. S. Sp. He is the same quiet, unassuming man as of old. Temporarily, he is teaching in

the Commercial classes, and aiding in discipline. Students who knew him as a prefect, will appreciate him, and the Faculty bids him a hearty welcome.

JAN. 15—The alumni smoker, to-night, was a decided success. New officers were elected. J. V. O'Connor, president; Rev. H. J. McDermott, secretary; Thomas Nee, vice-president. The gymnasium was packed to its utmost; and the old-timers marveled at the 'Varsity floormen, and enjoyed the victory of the Dukes over the sturdy quintet from St. Bonaventure's.

JAN. 16—Not much of anything came to my notice all week. It is repetition week in the High School and College, marked by prompt and regular attendance, as by a spirit of zeal and studiousness that is refreshing.

Big doings are in evidence, too, in remote preparation for the annual reception. The affair bids fair to establish a record in the book of success. We shall hear more of it anon.

The current issue of *Our Boys*, organ of the Curtis Publishing Company, with a picture of William L. Hassett, of the Second Commercial, hits it straight between the lamps, with the following testimony, as flattering as it is founded: "William L. Hassett, of Western Pennsylvania, is one of those hustlers who recently succeeded in advancing himself from sub-agent to district agent. You can guess why he was promoted! Yes, he proved his ability as a P. J. G. salesman; but, more than that, he impressed Mr. Pamplin, the Curtis superintendent, with his manliness, his enthusiasm and his eagerness to succeed. Since his promotion, William and Mr. Pamplin have become very good friends . . ."

Dukes, does William not impress you as a living example of the advice he gives? The paper quotes him: "What I believe makes a person successful is *promptness, neatness and politeness.*" Good for you, William!

JAN. 23—The exams are on in full force. The alleys are neglected, the "gym" is deserted, and glad will be the hearts that survive the test. Yes, boys, it is a long grind, and the strain is terrific: would it be if you worked a trifle more during the term? The knights of the blue pencil have my sympathy, even more than you. But,—only two more!

JAN. 26—Noon bell rang: it is all over. Many of our boarders went home to rest up after the battle. Those who didn't, loitered around the second corridor, wondering if they had "flunked."

JAN. 29—The results of the examinations were published to-

day. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: College—E. J. Caye, J. M. Rozenas, P. G. Sullivan, J. F. McCaffrey, L. T. McKee and J. S. Meier. Pre-Legal—A. H. Parker. Commercial—P. F. Gabriel, E. L. Bishop, F. J. Witt, W. J. Mobrey and J. Boleky. Scientific—L. H. Kornman, M. J. Reisdorf, W. Holveck and L. J. Holveck. Academic—H. S. Fitzsimmons, T. J. Quigley, M. Dudich, T. F. Henninger, E. B. Ross, J. P. Thornton, J. P. Desmond, I. F. Nelis, M. A. Dravecky, D. W. Markey, H. J. Laurent, A. A. Miller, M. Grocha and W. Iwanicki. Three hundred and twenty-four honor certificates were awarded. The following students obtained the highest percentages: D. W. Markey, 98 $\frac{1}{2}$; A. D. McDermott, 96; J. M. Rozenas, 95 $\frac{2}{3}$, and J. J. Murray, 95.

JAN. 29—The annual Euchre and Reception was a day all in itself. So well had the various committees worked, so carefully had they planned the affair, and so wholehearted had been the co-operation of all in procuring prizes and disposing of tickets, that the seventeenth floor of the William Penn Hotel was packed at Eight-thirty. The euchre set was handled with dispatch and skill, and the display of prizes was superior to any ever. Credit and a vote of thanks are due to all who helped to make the affair really "the greatest ever." The donors of prizes must be especially complimented on their generosity and bounty. To all our loyal patrons: our grateful acknowledgment.

JAN. 30—Now, we are back to the serious strain. The annual retreat for the students opened this afternoon. We deem ourselves most fortunate in having succeeded in drawing the Rev. F. T. Hoeger, C. S. Sp., from the seclusion of the monastery, from the arduous duties of Master of Novices, from the snow-clad lower Berkshire Hills, and from behind the shroud of his humility, to conduct these exercises. His conferences, built on the text of the Prophet, "With desolation is the whole land made desolate, because there is none that thinketh in his heart," led us through every road, into every recess of Christian life, led us gently and with persuasion to the necessity of considering seriously the end for which we have been created. A master of the spiritual life, a theologian of merit, a close observer of human nature, he used his exceptional powers of oratory with telling effect. He illustrated his doctrine by examples taken from the lives of the saints. His conferences were sweet-meats of piety and doctrine.

Rev. M. A. Retka, C. S. Sp., conducted the retreat for the

students of the First High, and although, I had not the pleasure of hearing him, he needs no introduction, as his reputation as an orator and preacher, has long since been established.

All the students approached the sacraments, and the retreat closed with solemn benediction on February 2nd.

For the happenings of February's "Day by Day", you must, dear reader, wait till our next issue. Thank you!



School of Accounts.

DO YOU KNOW THAT:—

SAMMY WEISS, the diminutive quarter-back of the Duke eleven, says, "Murphy" is his agnomen? Get 'im Griffin.

MARTIN FLANIGAN lays claim to the title "junior accountant" at the Shannopin Country Club? However, he is home after May 1st.

The lounge lizards of Carnegie believe in the old adage, "let George do it" when MR. ABSOLEM is around? However, George does not confine his Sheiking to his home borough; in fact, Dame Rumor has it, that he enjoys traversing the South Hills during his leisure hours as well as at other times.

The following was the welcome the Sophs received from the black-board, as they merrily showered the home room with their intelligent brows, the Monday following the last exam?

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are, I've flunked again."

I wonder who's guilty?

MIKE GRIFFIN is not going to give up, but he's going to be like a postage stamp—stick 'till he gets there. Full power, Mike, let 'er go!

EDDIE DIEMER is giving our friend, KREPLEY, a merry chase for the haberdashery honors? Pa Krepley better hurry his spring stock.

PETE KILDAY is the captain-elect of the Duke baseball bombers. Peter doesn't take part in the gridiron game, or adorn a basketball court, but watch him when April turns up.

Leonard B. Hodgkin, B. S. E., '25.



REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

IT IS our pleasant duty—particularly agreeable in view of the disastrous grid season—to record a triumphal procession for the Duke 'Varsity floor squad during the late month of January. It will be remembered that in the last issue of this excellent periodical we chronicled victories over Oakland Y, Kalamazoo College, and Middlebury. We are prepared at present to add to that list, and in so doing, emit loud paeans of joy that shall ring throughout the land. In the course of the past thirty-one days, the Red and Blue has disported itself on nine occasions. On precisely eight of these the Martinites have quaffed of the widely known saccharine cup. But once did they receive the fateful razzberry, and even then, it was more a combination on adverse circumstances, than the ability of a rival which sent them into the doldrums of defeat.

Perhaps before going into detail on the tilts themselves it would be well dish out a few apt remarks on the players who have so distinguished themselves, on Father McGuigan, whose coaching and tireless endeavor have made all this possible, and finally on the manager, who does the dirty work and the explaining, but is usually far in the background when the laurels are passed around. We're going to be brief about it, for any words of ours are rather superfluous. Anyway those who peruse this are fully acquainted with the affairs of the team. If they're not they're hopeless and we give 'em up in disgust.

First off comes Captain Ollie Kendrick. That lad has been putting up the game of his life at guard and surrounding points, The all-around stuff he has displayed has been a marvel to behold. According to official statistics compiled after the Casey Club fracas, Ollie has dumped 135 fouls into the net in 195 tries an average of .692, no mean mark, especially considering the fact that it was run up on no less than ten different floors. In addition he has holed out twenty-five times from the field—something for a defense man to brag about. He is miles and miles

better than ninety per cent. of the basketeers we've lamped this winter, and yards ahead of the rest. You, gentle reader, need not laugh cynically at the above statement, for we've gazed upon practically every college squad worthy of the name that has favored this fair city with a visit to date and are aware whereof we speak. If Kendrick isn't placed on the decidedly mythical All-Tri-State quint, there will be something very, very rotten somewhere.

Then we have the two forwards, Harrison and Cingolani. Both have been banging along beautifully, sinking 'em right and left. The former has accounted for forty-four from scrimmage as we go to press, being the leading scorer in this respect. "Cing" has piled up a total of 34—an accomplishment worthy of note, for the Butler stepper is essentially a bird perfectly willing to let his individual interests ride when a mate is nearer the loop with a better chance of easing the pellet through.

The redoubtable "Chuck" Cherdini has held down the pivot post since the initial moments of the Oakland skirmish, and has done so with the neatness and dispatch that has become proverbial with him. Many's the guffaw we've enjoyed while "Chuck" has dribbled around, about, between, inside, almost under and over, five bewildered opponents who stand dazed, vainly attempting to stop him by mental telepathy or some other absurd method. "Chuck's" tallying clock struck thirty-six as his third double-decker of the Casey contest trickled into the meshes. No center we've cast optics on can hold a birthday candle to the Bluff star. A lot of wise eggs from Grove City, the noted North Penn metropolis, may quit eating soda-crackers long enough to murmur a line in behalf of Fay, the Crimson jumper, but those lads sell no bananas in our precinct. We pick Cherdini for any outfit, and little do we care who is cognizant of it.

After which we approach the subject of Bob Caffrey and Walt Houston, goal-killers de luxe. Bob and Walt have been alternating at stationary guard to the no small agitation of hostile point-seekers, who, as a class, have found their efforts largely futile. Because of their strictly defensive position, the twain mentioned have confined themselves to discouraging the enemy attack, and have attempted nothing toward rolling up the Duke count which is more to their pride than blame. It is a most laudable trait, this sacrificing the acclaim of the crowd to the welfare of the school, and we hereby commend it.

The substitutes are developing nicely. Nee, Savage, and Rozenas seem ready to take a turn any minute, and should ac-

quit themselves with honor. Nee has been shining lately at the Newman Club, and with the practice gained thereby, should land a 'Varsity berth in the near future. "Rozy" and Savage are likewise getting plenty of workouts which will inevitably bear fruit.

Now, as to the tussles of the month: The Bluffites landed at Philadelphia, the first stop of their Eastern trip, on January fifth. They tarried just long enough to administer a nasty walloping to our old Villanova friends of dismal pigskin memory. The result sounded like 42-32 and gave balm to our feelings sorely wounded last November. After a hectic party at the home of Father McGuigan's aunt, Mrs. J. Murphy, the lads meandered over to Annapolis, where the Middies hold forth,—and also first, second, third, and fifth. Whatever they got at the Philly blow-out must have done them good, for the trimming they handed the Sailors caused a flurry in the Department. Anyway, they found themselves 28-26 victors over the Midshipmen, though not until a terrific battle had gone into an extra period, and had been decided ultimately by Cherdini's sensational toss from mid-floor.

There are a number of highly interesting side-lights on this Naval engagement which will bear retelling. Foremost, Cingolani tied the score with a pretty twist under the hoop on a pass from Kendrick, with fewer seconds left to play, than we can think of without a chill. Ollie, himself, rang the bell from the trifling distance of seventy-two feet, the longest successful shot since David smacked Goliath in the Philistine Islands, shortly before President Harding learned to play golf. The commandant of the Academy was the first to congratulate Father McGuigan on the win, and express the hope that Duquesne will visit Maryland in 1924. Everyone was accorded perfect treatment, and took quite a fancy to the place and its inhabitants, than which we can say nothing more complimentary to the Annapolians, for when a visiting club declares itself satisfied with its entertainment, we begin to believe in Utopia. To fill out the paragraph we add that Mount St. Mary's received an artistic pasting two evenings later at Emmitsburg by a 41-30 margin, thus dealing much food for cogitation to the Maryland champs of three years, and leaving them plenty to discuss, when held indoors by a couple of fathoms of snow.

We now arrive at an incident which we are loathe to recall to mind, to-wit., the Duke-Grove City debacle, wherein the Pittsburghers lost a 33-15 decision. To say that the imbroglio furnished us with a bad taste in the mouth, is to put it mildly; to

opine that there is about it an atmosphere most repulsive to our delicate sensibilities is altogether inadequate. The Hill-toppers were exhausted by their sojourn in the orient and the wicked ride to the wilds of Mercer Connty. The Grovers were primed for combat after a full week's rest, were in their own back yard, urged on by a partisan mob, and, all in all, had advantages galore in their favor. They grabbed the apples in a rough senace not devoid of those grappling tactics so dear to the hearts of certain alleged luminaries. It would be thrice-heavenly to the students of this man's school to behold another go with the Crimson, at Motor Square Garden for instance, but from existing indications Thorne's athletes will allow discretion to guide them, and rely on their stupendous victories over the sterling Thiel and Westminster passers to annex the Tri-State trophy. We wish 'em luck!

Following the Grove City thing, the men of Martin hit their stride again forthwith. In quick succession they cleaned up on Geneva at Beaver Falls, 37-25, St. Bonaventure's in the Bluff gym, 32-27; Heinz House on the North Side, 38-31; Bethany at Bethany, 36-29, and the Caseys at Wheeling, 30-23. Geneva fell before the assault of Cingolani and Chuck, the Bonnies owe their mauling to Kendrick and his pal, Harrison, Heinz House stood on its head at the hands of the whole aggregation, Kendrick pulled a second-half rally to smear Bethany, and "Cing" did his stuff in the Casey flop. Perhaps the sweetest spectacle we ever peeped at was the Heinz affair. If there is such a quality as speed, and that quality has yet been raised to the "nth" power, by what the Dukes exhibited that gosh—awful Saturday night! The Picklers are no slouches at this floor game, but they were simply lost in front of the Martinites. The fashion in which the brilliant Bobby Baker, the consistent Staiger, and the clever Bennie Colker, rushed around in circles, unable to locate themselves or the sphere, brought unto us the joy that surpasseth understanding. Not that we've an axe to grind with the proteges of Francis,—in fact, just the contrary—but you know how it is! And thus our narrative of the month closes.

MUSINGS OF THE MONTH.

"Chuck" (christened Charles V.) O'Connor has been handed the reins of football membership for the coming autumn. The new game-getter is a Junior in the Arts Department and a graduate of Sacred Heart High School. He is vice-president of the Campus Club, associate editor of the MONTHLY, and a tennis player of note. We congratulate him on his appointment, and predict a big year for him and his team.

While on the subject of the grid sport, we take pleasure in announcing that Broadus College has been chosen the Dukes' initial victim in that branch. The West Virginians are billed to do their stuff here on Saturday, September twenty-ninth. Dayton will be met there the following week, October sixth, to be exact, and Geneva will furnish what opposition she can at Beaver Falls, a fortnight later, on the twentieth. Further than that we are not prepared to divulge, though we have it pretty straight that the remainder of the schedule only awaits of official sanction ere being published.

The 'Varsity floor squad takes this opportunity of extending sincerest thanks to Mrs. F. J. Murphy—Father McGuigan's aunt,—Commissioner T. P. O'Brien, and Mrs. P. C. Gundling, for their generous hospitality shown the members of the team on its recent visits to Philadelphia and Wheeling. The basketeters declare that these Duke adherents threw prodigious parties in their honor—all of which were enjoyed immensely by one and all. Personally, we're sorry we couldn't make the trips ourself. We hereby toss off the hint that press tickets for the next blowout be sent to the head of this department.

Hal Ballin, our noted pigskin instructor, has unleashed the information that, given forty candidates, he'll turn out an eleven that'll make 'em all sit up and take notice. If we're to believe Sammy Weiss and Len Hodgkin, that brace of worthies have themselves persuaded the requisite two-score to attend school on the Bluff, and incidentally to pursue the elusive oval under Ballin's tutelege. (Editor's note—Give US forty dates—candy or otherwise—and we imagine we could make 'em all sit up and take notice, too).

We do hereby announce that the 'Varsity baseball season opens with West Virginia University at Morgantown, April sixth and seventh. The home lid will be pried off at the expense of Westminster on April eleventh. Grove City appears here ten days later and Bucknell comes the following week. There will be more of this later. If you don't believe us, ask the diamond manager—he'll tell you the same thing.

Now, that we've hogged about half of the magazine, we'll quit shooting off, and give the paid advertisers a chance.

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.

Exchanges.

A SINGLE matter there is pertaining to the college magazine on which we feel strongly. That is the choice of subjects. We believe that our position of "Ex-man" privileges us to see our victims, not only as they are, but as they should be; which after all is but the difference between destructive and constructive criticism. Is the office of the scholastic publication merely that of mirror to the cut-and-dried curriculum of the English Department, or is its aim the broader one of providing intelligent and interesting near-literature for student, alumnus, and casual reader? If its purpose be the latter, we ask you, our editorial contemporaries, why in the name of the *Atlantic Monthly*, do some of you permit from three to five essays on the same identical topic to creep—nay, elbow their way—into the hallowed space between your covers? If—and Heaven forbid—you are so "stuck" for copy that you must, perforce, resort to such tactics, we, as the voice of all long-suffering reviewers, implore you: purchase *Life*, *Judge*, *Punch*, anything; clip from their classic pages enough to satisfy your simple needs; sound the depths of your pot of paste; should worst meet worst, plagiarize; but heed our heartfelt prayer, cut the multiplicity of impressions on any single affair, and so doing, make yourself loved by this and future generations!

We have before us an issue of the *Marquette University Journal*. Despite its antiquity—it is well-nigh old enough to be the grandfather of other pamphlets on our desk—we find it engaging, much, no doubt, as the *rechercheur* delights, in delving through the pages of the *Tattler* or *Spectator*. It's our own fault for not taking it up sooner, but here goes: The cleverest offering of the month is a paper on Shelley. The treatment of the poet is most sympathetic, and must have warmed the soul of that melancholy genius, were he here to peruse it. "Robin's Egg Blue" ranks at the top of the fiction printed chiefly because of its thoroughly human atmosphere. "Fool's Folly" is rather good, but strikes us as one of those "deep" creations—a short block from "Main Street", wherein the misunderstood wife feels the yearn to "flee as a bird," and wonders if the whole business of married life is worth while after all. "The Dancing Partner" is quite too sensational to be convincing, though it's entertaining if one be willing to overlook the element of plausibility. A new section, "Short Lengths", promise to turn out a prize-winner. The humor of it is appealing, and there is also considerable food for thought to be found. An economic discussion anent "The Problem of Personnel Management in Government Offices" was

too much for us. We frankly confess that we lacked the stamina to cover it in its entirety; yet we commend it as informative and ably handled. Verse is plentiful and of unusual quality. "Dreaming in Domremy" finds place in our scrap-book of college classics. We break all precedent by appending the four last stanzas:

"A fragrant night wind whispers low;
A million stars their vigil keep;
A moon-bathed brooklet gurgles near;
We sigh—and soft we sleep."

It is not without a measure of gratification that we cast eyes upon the *Exponent* of Dayton University. With one accord, we pull off to a safe distance and gurgles, "Gosh, how you have grown!" But jesting aside, we do fancy the new size; not that the other was abhorrent to our aesthetic temperament, but innovation denotes progress, and that's what makes the world go round. The superior grade of paper permits the running of "cuts" with more facility, and this in itself is an improvement subordinate to none. "Pro Pace Mundi" is an enlightening treatise on our present Holy Father, Pius XI. In a few words it has given us an insight into his character that all previous reading had failed to leave us. O. Henry comes to life for a moment in "Sons of Cyclops", a tale involving the gentle art of grabbing the coin. It might well have ended with the principals chirping, "Where Is My Wandering 'Jack' To-night"? Installment one of "We Americans" settles the question of our country's traditions in no uncertain fashion, and an interview with Eugene O'Brien, star of "Steve", and until recently one of those movie heroes, for whom the girls would just love to make fudge, is a stunt that seems worthy of emulation elsewhere. "The Beggar" is an excellent bit of versification, but "Winter", while meritorious, is a trifle too melancholy. We would prohibit such articles as "Is Prohibition Prohibitive"? The public is about fed up on rum statistics and booze literature. The piece was fair enough for what it is, but why not let the strophied amendment rest or die, or do whatever it's aiming to do? At least don't soil the Daytonian pages with denatured alcohol. "The Beggar" is an excellent bit of versification, but "Winter", while meritorious, is a trifle too melancholy to suit our blithesome tastes.

We greet another pal of ours, *St. Ursula's Journal*. As is usually the case, the girls of Ursuline have handed us a booklet worthy of persons vastly farther progressed along the paths of knowledge than the average academy student. The authoress

of "Under the Christmas Spell" has caught the style of P. G. Wodehouse and draped it in holly. Now, if there is one writer besides Ring Lardner about whom we are no end of dizzy, it is Mr. Wodehouse. He is our ideal humorist, and the gentle reader may picture our jubilation when we recognized a kindred spirit in the young lady who has given us the above-mentioned tale. "The Legend of St. Ursula" continues to charm, and "Patts Dabbles in Mystery" is a novel theme. The editorial department makes its debut in the proverbial blaze of glory. We award the palm to "Ghandi and the Unrest in India". "First Oration Against Cicero" is the keenest thing in its line we've run across in moons. "Fidelity Rewarded" is appealing, but could have stood more care on the part of the producer. Last for emphasis, we place our remarks on the "Journal" poetry. It is really the best was ever encountered in a prep. school periodical. "Christmas" is perhaps the top-notch of the lot, though "Happiness" and "Because of You"—the later a tribute to Mother, not Sweetie—rank close behind.

The MONTHLY acknowledges with sincerest gratitude the receipt of its exchanges, not only for February, but for the entire year.

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.



Duquesnicula.

You can't always blame a red nose on the sunshine; it may be moonshine.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a banana;
When she got there, cherries were ripe,
So she brought him a cantaloupe.

We can't call the time after Valentine Day our own.
It's Lent.

Teacher: Jimmie, give me a sentence with the word elbow in it?

Jimmie: My uncle asked dad for ten dollars, and he said, "go to 'ell bo!"

Yar: Got a new job to-day.

Mark: What now?

Yar: Manicuring lady-fingers in a baker shop.

An optimist is a guy who is still paying dues in the bartender's union.

After years of constant study and research, we have concluded that when a man is sick, he is not feeling well.

Now, that Lent's here, the "Follies" will drift into town.

All students over fifty-nine are not obliged to fast.

Quoth the onion: "Day by day, in every way, I'm growing stronger and stronger."

The following are exempt from fasting:

B. & O. railroad.

Freight elevators.

Checker champs.

Six-day bike riders.

Speaking of bakers, do you remember, "When Knighthood Was In Flour?"

The Father: "Son, you are too young to marry my daughter; you are but eighteen, she is twenty-four."

The Boy: "All right, I'll have her wait for me."

Thanks be to goodness George Washington didn't mistake a telegraph pole for a cherry tree.

WISE CRACKS.

Movie Questionnaire from Edison:

What did Oliver Twist?

In what war was Charlie *Chaplin*?

How old is "Grandma's Boy"?

Who came "Smilin' Through"?

Why did Julius *Caesar*?

How far is "Way Down East"?

Did you ever see Tom Mix in cement?

How much is a "Robin Hood"?

Where are the "Heroes of the Street"?

What paper did Wallace Reid?
 Did Fred Stone him to death?
 What makes Clara Kimball Young?
 Who fell "Over the Hill"?

OTHER TUNES.

The brewer who recently wrote to his dealer "There is likely to be a little hold-up from time to time in our supplies" done spoke a parable.

Patron: "Here, waitress. This doughnut has a tack in it."

Waitress: "Well, I declare. I bet the ambitious little thing thinks it is a flivver tire."

"Money is the root of all evil."

"That's why we all try to dig it up."

Study Greek *roots* and develop various *branches* of learning.

Cannibal No. 1: "Our chief has hay fever.

Cannibal No. 2: "What brought it on?"

Cannibal No. 1: "He ate a grass widow."

Teacher: "What kind of birds are frequently held in captivity?"

Pupil: "Jail-birds."

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Sometimes, why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has called me to come across."

Prof.: "Do you know where shingles were first used?"

Pupil: "I'd rather not tell."

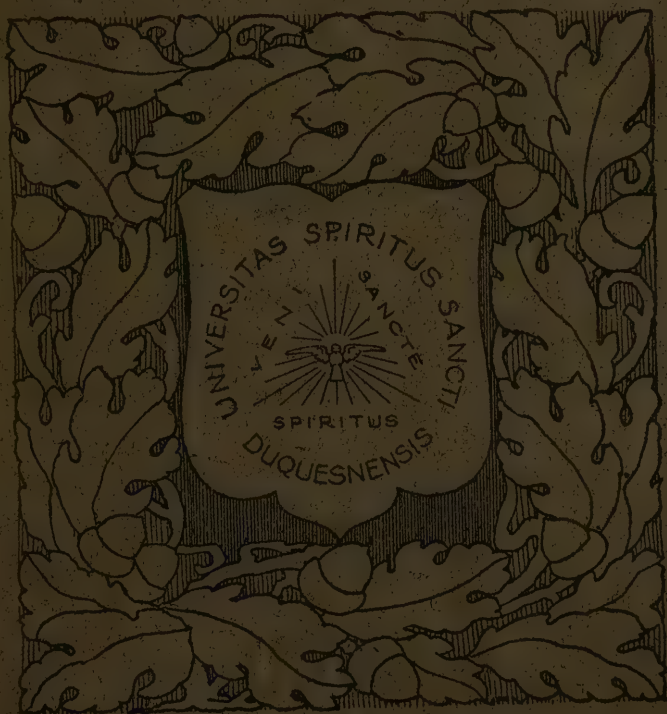
"Sistah Smith, I's sorry, but I needs must depaht."

"Oh, Mr. Jones, needs you must?"

Butler—Monaghan.



Duquesne Monthly



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MOTHER.

THAT noble face, enshrined in memory
so dear !

How bright and tenderly it glowed when
I was near !

The soft, sweet smile that ever trembled
on her lips,

The wrinkled brow, the love-lit eyes,
the soothing finger tips.

The lamps of love and pity, all, are
burning still,

Tho' loving arms and cheery voice are stilled
and never will

Caress me as of yore when ills of
childhood's day

Oppressed me; oft she pressed me close and
scattered them away.

My Mother sweetly sleeps beneath the
gentle sod,

At peace with all the world and, surer still,
with God.

But oft' I hear her crooning in the silent
night,

Those songs of long ago that made my
childhood bright.

Anton M. Radasevich, '25.



Across the Atlantic.

Rome, Continued.

ST. JOHN LATERAN was formerly the residence of the popes and the cathedral of Rome. It bears this inscription over the entrance, "*Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*," indicating it as the mother and head of all the churches both in Rome and throughout the world. The Emperor Constantine (274-337) with his own hands labored at its construction. A wealth of marbles and mosaics, the latter dating back to the fourth century, beautify it beyond expression. Venerable by its age and its historical connections, the altar is unique in this respect—it contains no relics; it is actually the wooden altar on which St. Peter celebrated the Holy Sacrifice during his residence in Rome. It is encased in marble, but the original wood can still be seen. High above the altar in a Gothic canopy resting upon four pillars, the heads of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul are religiously preserved. To the left may be seen the sarcophagus prepared to receive the mortal remains of Pope Leo XIII. Away up on the right droops the silken banner captured from the Turks when their design to overrun Christendom was frustrated in the battle of Lepanto (1571).

The baptistery, to the rear of the basilica, was founded by Constantine. The font is an immense basin of green basalt.

To the left of the extensive open space fronting on the basilica and stretching down to one of the ancient encircling walls of Rome is the Church of the Holy Saviour. A stairway leading up to the Chapel of the Relics is the venerated Scala Sancta—the stairs Our Divine Saviour mounted to the praetorium of Pilate on Good Friday morning. It was sanctified by His footsteps and the Blood that issued from His many wounds. Animated with a lively remembrance of His bitter Passion and a profound sorrow for sin that caused it, the faithful ascend it on their knees, praying on each step. A double stairway on either side serves for common use. Another object of intense interest preserved in the chapel is a very ancient picture on cedarwood of Our Divine Lord, attributed, not to human hands, but to angelic origin.

The basilica of St. Mary Major, also called Our Lady of the

Snows, was built in the fourth century. Its future site was miraculously indicated to its munificent and pious founders, John a Roman patrician, and his equally noble wife. They had no children to whom they might bequeathe their immense wealth; they jointly determined to make the Blessed Virgin their sole heir, and they earnestly besought her in prayer to make known to them how they might spend it in her honor. She benignantly answered their prayer; she appeared to them individually and simultaneously in a vision at night, and expressed the desire that they should build a church and dedicate it to her on the spot which they should find covered with snow. They informed Pope Liberius of the favor that had been accorded them, and, to their surprise, heard that he too had been similarly favored. Accordingly, on the ninth of August—a time in Rome when the heat is so intense that all who can afford it seek the cooler altitudes of distant villas or summer resorts along the Mediterranean shore—accompanied by clergy and laity, they sought and found a spot covered with an immaculate mantle of snow. The magnificent church erected there contains the tombs of St. Jerome, St. Pius V., and Popes Sixtus V., Nicholas IV., Clement VIII., IX., X., and also of Paul V. A stately baldacchino, supported on porphyry columns, rises high above the main altar; underneath that altar are preserved the precious relics of St. Mathew, the apostle, and the holy crib in which Our Lord was laid on the night of His nativity; it consists of five boards blackened with age. St. Helena had it encased in silver. To preserve it from the fury of the Mohammedans, it was brought to Rome in 642 along with the sacred swaddling clothes. During the year they rest in a silver cradle; on Christmas night they are carried in procession together with an image of the Christ-child. The picture of the Madonna painted by St. Luke the Evangelist is also preserved in this church.

The churches in Rome are rich in souvenirs of Christian antiquity. Almost under the shadow of St. Mary Major's, the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, built in 431, treasures the chains with which St. Peter was bound in Jerusalem and in Rome. These venerated relics were a gift to the church by the Empress Eudoxia. In this church is also to be seen the gigantic statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. It is double life-size. Viewed at close quarters, the captious critic may object to the unnaturally distended veins in the left arm, and the massive shoulders apparently out of proportion with the neck, chin and forehead. But let him withdraw to such distance as the width of the church wi

permit, and he will realize that it is these seeming defectuosities that produce the effect intended by the artist—the figure of a wrathful leader of a stiff-necked people descending from the Mount with the tablet of the Commandments received from the Supreme Lawgiver, to find that his people so favored by their deliverance from the bondage of the Egyptians, and by their miraculous maintenance in a cheerless desert, had turned from their Benefactor to worship the brazen image of a stolid calf.

On the Capitol where once stood the ancient citadel of Rome and the temple of Juno, the church of S. Maria in Ara Coeli now rises heavenwards. It marks the spot where the Emperor Augustus had a vision of Our Lady on an altar in Paradise. In the sacristy, the Santo Bambino, or Holy Child, a little figure made from wood taken from the Mountain of Olives, attracts crowds of children during the Christmas holiday season. Their devotion to the Infant Christ finds vent in remarkable recitations, impromptu speeches, and dialogues demonstrative of their love and indicative of their precocious minds and inherited volubility of expression and eloquent gesture.

There are over three hundred and sixty churches in and about Rome, each rich with its own particular history, its artistic adornment, and storied urns. In addition, there are numbers of chapels, collegiate, conventual and monastic, each and all worthy of a visit, remarkable as the sanctuaries of martyred saints, celebrated scholars, or holy souls sanctified by a life of seclusion, prayer and mortification. Of those others that I visited, I shall mention briefly only three. The church of St. Clement in the neighborhood of the Ghetto, existed in the fourth century; it is served by the Irish Dominicans. The Gesu contains the body of St. Ignatius and an arm of St. Francis Xavier. The church of St. Ignatius is enriched with the strikingly handsome tombs of St. Aloysius Gonzaga and St. John Berchmans.

The student of history will revel in the monuments of Rome's ancient grandeur. Chief amongst these is the Forum Romanum, the former centre of the business and political life of the city.

To reach the Forum I had to climb the Capitoline Hill, passing on my right a recently erected monument to the memory of King Victor Emmanuel II.; it is a gilded equestrian statue with a semi-circular colonnade as a background. At the summit—half the height of our Bluff—the public square is adorned with the equestrian bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, Rome's noblest sovereign. The figure is worthy of the man, and the steed is all

but endowed with life and motion. To the left is the Tarpeian Rock, from which all traitors and the basest criminals were hurled to their death. In front, extending from the foot of the Capitoline along the northeast of the Palatine lay the spot from which went forth the edicts which enabled the Romans to conquer, civilize and hold for centuries the known world of the time. The space in the centre was kept free for the transaction of business, the holding of political meetings, the funeral pageants of the wealthy and the gladiatorial games. Along the sides ran rows of shops and booths, the shops standing side by side in porticos, with balconies above, from which the spectacles in the inner arena could be seen. Towards the northwest corner stands the famous rostra from which were delivered those flights of eloquence which dazzle and delight the classic world. Slightly above this platform is the Mamertine prison of two rooms, one above the other. From the upper the prisoner was lowered through the roof of a circular chamber, described by Sallust as a "horrible dungeon, repulsive and terrible on account of its neglect, dampness and smell." In this loathsome cell the prisoner St. Peter baptized his jailors, St. Processus and St. Martinianus with water that miraculously issued from the floor and still continues to flow. It was here also that Lentulus, the Catiline conspirators and Jugurtha were killed or starved to death. Somewhat to the south stood the Miliarium Aureum, erected by Augustus, a marble column sheathed in gilt bronze and inscribed with the names and distances of the chief towns on the roads which radiated from the thirty-seven gates of Rome. On the south side was the Temple of Vesta, which contained the sacred fire and the relics "on which the welfare and very existence of Rome depended." It was the duty of the Vestal Virgins, six in number, to keep this fire burning constantly. They lived in a palace of almost regal splendor, and enjoyed exceptional privileges. When one died, a child under ten years of age was chosen to replace her. On the north side stood the Basilica Portia, the first building of its kind erected by Cato the Censor; the Curia Hostilia which formed the meeting place of the Senate, and the Basilica Paulli. In front of the Basilica Paulli were three statues of Janus, and as this neighborhood was the resort of money-lenders, the name of Janus was used to describe their quarter.

The Palatine Hill runs along the southern side of the Forum Romanum. The most western portion is occupied by the Farnese Gardens. They have little to boast of except the fine view they

command of the Circus Maximus now run to weeds, and of the city that lies beyond. Palaces in ruins extend to the eastern extremity. Built for luxury and protection, they were the scene of treachery and cold-blooded homicides. There Domitian was murdered at the instigation probably of the empress; Caligula was done to death in one of the subterranean galleries—he had conferred upon his favorite horse the title of consul and fed it with gilded corn out of golden bowls; Britannicus died a violent death at the hands of his half-brother Nero, and the Emperor Claudius was poisoned with mushrooms prepared for him by his wife Agrippina.

Between the Palatine and the Forum lay the Via Sacra, Rome's once most fashionable street. It was along this roadway that the victorious general was conducted in triumph to the Capitol. Senators met him at the city gate and led the way. Prisoners and slaves laden with booty followed. Before his chariot drawn by snow-white horses walked the most illustrious of his captives, barefoot. The blast of the trumpeters and the shouts of victory echoed from hill to hill. The eagles of Rome's legions glistened in the sun and the air vibrated with the welcoming acclamations of rejoicing thousands. The conqueror, resplendent in purple toga embroidered with gold, sat proudly in his chariot, holding in one hand the laurel of victory and in the other an ivory sceptre. But even in this most joyous moment of his life, in order that he might not give free reign to his pride, a slave stood beside him and ever and anon whispered in his ear, "Remember that thou too art but a man." Gone are the glories of ancient days, and the ruins of the Forum are but slightly suggestive of its former handsome buildings and temples. The desecrated rostra, isolated columns, dismantled walls and tessellated pavements overrun with weeds forcefully remind us that the greatest works of human genius may excite the destructive rage of a furious, unthinking populace or fall prostrate before the attacks of savage hordes.

Hard by the Forum are three monuments of unusual interest: the Colosseum, the Arch of Titus and Vespasian, and the Arch of Constantine.

The Colosseum, called also the Flavian Amphitheatre, was begun by Vespasian and dedicated by Titus A. D. 72. It rises in four stories, the first Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, and the fourth composite. It was here that the Romans at the bidding of their emperors kept their holiday. The emperor and his attendants, the Vestals, the senators, the nobility

as well as the rabble of Rome, 80,000 in number, sat with bated breath whilst gladiators fought amongst themselves or contended with wild beasts on the sand-covered wooden arena. Ten thousand athletes were kept in readiness to kill one another; four hundred lions fought with wild fury at one time, and Caligula caused five hundred bears to be killed in one day. The multitude were never satiated with the flowing of blood. In the year of Our Lord 400, the monk Telemachus leapt into the enclosure, and with uplifted hands prayed the combatants and the spectators to have done with such deeds of carnage. He was stoned to death, but his protest was effective. The urgings of the populace to deeds of death, and the groans of the dying had been heard for the last time. This immense amphitheatre has suffered more from the depredations of men than from the ravages of time. Up to the year 1800, upwards of two-thirds of it had been torn down at various times to build palaces for the wealthy or walls for the defense of the city. One may form an idea of its immensity from its vast dimensions; it was six hundred and twenty feet long, five hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-seven feet high. Within one hundred paces to the west, the Meta Sudans still stands—a fountain with whose waters the gladiators washed the blood from their wounds after the combats.

In front of the Colosseum to the south rises the majestic Arch of Constantine built fifteen years before he transferred the seat of his dominion from the banks of the Tiber to the shores of the Bosphorus. Slightly to the west and spanning the Via Sacra, the Arch of Titus and Vespasian was erected by Domitian to commemorate the conquest of Judaea by Titus in his father's reign. Reliefs show Titus entering the city in triumph with his soldiers bearing trophies taken from the Temple of Jerusalem.

From the Arch of Constantine I decided to take the Appian Way out to the Catacombs of St. Callistus and St. Sebastian. The narrow Appian Way covered with white dust that rose with every gust of wind and passing car lost for a moment the charms woven around it during years of classical studies; yet there it was solid as when first laid down and trampled upon by victorious Roman legions. It was constructed in 312 B. C. The Romans were the road-builders of the world. They marked out a straight course to their objective, regardless of obstacles in the way. They ran two parallel trenches sixteen feet apart, and removed the earth between until they reached a solid foundation; on this foundation they laid two or three courses of flat stones in mortar; rubble masonry of small stones laid in mortar came next, and on

top of all a layer of polygonal blocks in fine cement. Stone causeways bounded the roadway and separated it from unpaved sidewalks each half the width of the paved road.

From the motor bus in which I travelled I could see distinctly to the right the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. They had originally been enclosed in porticos nearly a mile long. They contained a library, a theatre, a museum, and halls for conversation, study and oratory, all elaborately decorated with the choicest works of art. In these halls literary men delivered lectures, poets recited their compositions, philosophers discussed varying systems, and athletes and musicians entertained the idle many.

The Catacombs of St. Callistus are in charge of Trappist monks. A telephone message the previous day had prepared the guide for my appearance. The entrance to the Catacombs is through an ordinary opening in the ground. Stone steps lead down to the first level about forty feet below the surface. Galleries, ten to thirteen feet high, but not broad enough for two to walk abreast, run off in every direction, and are crossed by others at frequent intervals. The guide leads, carrying a lighted taper in the hollow of his hand as a protection against currents of air; the visitors follow with like precaution. The line of communication is maintained by each one's holding on to his predecessor's coat-tail. Separation would have proved fatal. The story is told of two young students who descended with a new guide. He lost his way. When their lights went out, they groped about in darkness until overcome by fatigue, hunger and despair, they fell on their knees before the tomb of a martyr and commended their souls to God. Years afterwards their skeletons were discovered, where together they had awaited death. Below us were two more stories with similar galleries. Light and air are secured through chimney-like openings in the roof. It has been calculated that if all the underground passages were set in a straight line, they would extend through the length of Italy. The tombs rise in tier upon tier along the sides of the galleries. In several, the skeletons of the dead are visible, and occasionally attached to the tombs are little phials, through whose transparent sides may be seen the blood now dark and coagulated, that had been shed for religion and gathered up by pious hands. In the course of centuries the bodies of one hundred and seventy-four thousand martyrs were taken from their resting places. Latin epitaphs and inscriptions show that distinguished Roman families were buried there even in apostolic times. Pictures and symbols point to the hope of eternity and to the means of grace on which

that hope was founded—faith in one God. An anchor, palm or dove stands for hope, victory and everlasting peace. The Good Shepherd is frequently portrayed, and the fish is used often as a symbol of Christ—the Greek letters standing for fish are the initials of Jesus Christ, God, Saviour of Men. In a room about fifteen feet square and at the altar of St. Cecilia, I offered up the Holy Sacrifice. In an alcove to the right is a statue of the saint as she was found in death with face downward, the index finger of one hand extended to profess her faith in the unity of God, the thumb and two fingers of the other showing her belief in the Trinity of Persons.

After partaking of a plain but substantial breakfast of bread and chocolate served by a monk in the monastery, I passed on to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian cared for by the brown Franciscans. They differed but little from those I had already seen. There are four sets of subterranean passages, one below another. I was especially interested in a little nook to which St. Francis often withdrew to pass the night in prayer and contemplation. In the church above are preserved in a screened altar on the epistle side the relics of St. Sebastian, part of the pillar to which he was bound, and one of the arrows with which he was shot to death. Behind and above the tabernacle is shown a block cut out of the Appian Way, bearing on it the impress of the Feet of Our Lord when He appeared to St. Peter.

The Romans loved to be buried along the public thoroughfares. The natural craving for immortality even in the pagan heart suggested the choice of places where their names might be read and their deeds recorded. Over 20,000 ruined sepulchres may be counted along the Appian Way alone. On a knoll beyond the church and catacombs of St. Sebastian, the imposing tomb of Caecilia Metella had been erected. It is two hundred and ten feet in circumference. The walls had once been sheathed with marble, but the marble was long ago removed to adorn more modern structures.

Of all the mausoleums, by far the most elegant and elaborate was that which Hadrian built—beginning in 135—to contain his own remains and those of his successors. It stands across the Tiber in view of St. Peter's and the Vatican. The monument at its base was square, measuring about six hundred and forty feet. It was faced with Parian marble, graceful cornices and tablets of bronze. Groups of equestrian statuary set off the corners. Above all rose the great round tower of travertine crowned with a series of statues, triumphs of the sculptor's art; these stood on

guard around the tumulus—an aerial island of earth where cypresses swayed in the wind; in the middle of this hanging garden rose the majestic bronze figure of the sun-god resplendent in his quadriga. The interior of the base was honeycombed with cells radiating from the centre for the sepulture of members of the imperial family. A wide and lofty passage paved with mosaics and adorned with pilasters, wound upwards in a spiral to the tomb of Hadrian. Little thought he when building the chamber wherein he hoped to lie forever undisturbed in the stillness of death, that his tomb would be turned into a fortress. In 537 the Goths came to devastate Rome. Their gloating eyes rested with cupidity on this treasure house. They advanced to the attack. The defenders dragged the glorious statues from their pedestals around the parapet, snapped and hammered them to pieces, and hurled the heavy fragments on the heads of the scaling parties. The attacking Goths were beaten off, the masterpieces of the ages were in ruins, but Rome was saved! What survives of the mausoleum is now known as the Castel San Angelo. In the sixth century a plague was decimating the city. Pope Gregory the Great ordered a procession and public prayers for relief. As he was crossing the neighboring bridge he saw a vision of the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword as if the work of destruction was completed. The plague immediately abated, and a bronze statue of St. Michael, commemorative of the fact, was erected on the summit of the edifice.

The Pantheon, built by Agrippa in B. C. 27, as a temple consecrated to Mars, Venus and other supposed ancestors of Caesar's family, stands in all its original strength and simplicity some few yards away from the French Seminary. It was dedicated as a church under the title of Sancta Maria ad Martyres by Pope Boniface IV. about the year 608. It contains the tombs of King Humbert, King Victor Emmanuel and the artist Raphael unsurpassed as a portrait painter and decorator.

Nearly every American visits the American College in the Via d' Humilta. It was opened on December 8, 1859. It owes its existence to Archbishop Hughes, of New York; Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, and Bishop Michael O'Connor, of Pittsburgh. As the students were all away on vacation my interest was confined to the chapel in which St. Francis de Sales offered up the Holy Sacrifice, the dining-room decorated with oil paintings of many of our bishops, and the gardens where seminarists pass their brief recreation hours.

The Irish College had a chequered career for two hundred

years after its foundation in 1628. Few students were enrolled, but these shed a lustre on the Catholic Church in foreign lands. Irish clergymen have replaced the Jesuits formerly in charge, and with marked success. In the chapel is preserved the heart of the Irish Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, in fulfillment of his last bequest: "I leave my soul to God, my body to Ireland, and my heart to Rome."

I reserved for my last afternoon a visit in which I was much interested. I wished to bring away fresh impressions distinct in their individuality. Accordingly I wended my way to a house in the *Vicolo del Pinaco* frequented by foreign ecclesiastics during their stay in the city. Up four flights of stone steps I climbed to a garret on the highest story. My companion had come provided with the key. He turned it in the lock, and we stood in the doorway of an attic that had been divided into two compartments. As we advanced we had to stoop in order not to strike the roofing tiles and rafters. The smaller of these rooms had been the abode of our Venerable Founder, Father Liebermann, when he went to Rome in 1839 to obtain the approval of the Propaganda for the foundation of a society of missionaries destined to evangelize the most abandoned heathen peoples. He furnished it with a plain table and chair, and laid a mattress on the floor, covered with a single blanket, to serve as his bed; a stone supplied the place of pillow. A crucifix and a cheap engraving of St. Francis of Assisi were the only decorations. A bible, a prayer-book and the *Imitation of Christ* constituted his library. Here in this almost inaccessible spot, scorched by an Italian sun, and almost suffocated from lack of proper ventilation, the venerable servant of God waited until 1841 for the needed approval. He had determined to spend the interval in writing up the Rules and Constitutions of the future society. He waited and prayed in vain. His mind was almost a blank and the plan was densely obscure. One day, as soon as he had determined to dedicate the new society to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, his mind was illumined, his plan rounded out and developed, and thoughts flowed so rapidly that his pen was all but too slow to commit them to paper. He completed the work. He obtained the necessary sanction. Moreover he was assured that the dread epilepsy which had hitherto barred his way to the priesthood would prove no further barrier. The little room in which he saw his efforts crowned with success has ever since been rented by the Holy Ghost Order, so that every member visiting the Eternal City may see in what poverty and isolation and human abandonment the

holy founder was instrumental in working out the mighty designs of God.

There is but one Rome. Other cities may have been the capitals of provinces or countries; Rome, alone, is the capital of the world, as she was its administrative centre. Much of our language may be traced back to hers; many of our laws were promulgated in her Forum; our boasted culture has come down to us through her literature; she inherited the civilizations of preceding ages, and passed them on to us with lavish hand. Her genius has left its impress on our government, politics, military science and art. The visitor who passes through her streets and monuments with a Baedeker in his hand or a Cook's agent at his elbow, may have glimpses of her heroic grandeur as I have had, but the longer he stays, the more he studies, the more thorough grasp he has secured of her history and her achievements, the more must grow his admiration of her and the keener the regret he must experience on leaving with still so much to see and so much to learn.

H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.

(To Be Continued)



TO MY CANARY.

FAIREST birdie, tell me why
 You are happy and so gay.
 How you make the minutes fly,
 Singing blithely all the day !

Comes there never any cark
 To annoy your tiny head ?
 Though your future is so dark,
 Brightness is throughout you shed.

Why do I, God's singer here,
 Luckless fate and doom bemoan
 While your soul in gladness sheer
 Makes the universe its own ?

Haste once more your note to give;
 You shall I immortalize :
 Echoes of your song shall live
 Aye in life beyond the skies.

John Bulevicius, '26.

The Church and Art.

MUCH indeed may be taken from the words of Cardinal Newman when in speaking of the Church, he said: Her mission is to sanctify the elect and to increase their number. When the Church does this, she has done all that can be expected of her, as she has done since she was established by Jesus Christ. But the Church cannot ignore human passion; she cannot be deaf to the cries of the human heart, and consequently she becomes interested in the longings of her subjects; she becomes active in fostering the beautiful, and is ever encouraging the arts and their makers.

Art is the application of skill with regard to production according to fundamental principles, or perhaps, it is the expression of beauty in form, color, sound speech and movement. The artist tells by these acts, the visions or melodies that haunt his gifted soul. He sees what others do not see, and thus he is able to reproduce, by one means or another, the hidden beauties. He may be a singer, a painter, an actor, but whatever he is, he is able to tell what others behold and are unable to tell. And it is this that the Church unceasingly fosters. She calls to her feet, the musician, the painter, the architect, and sculptor, whispering her message to each, and blessing them in their noble pursuits.

For this reason does she have in her possession the masterful works of Michael Angelo, Raphael and a host of others. Even the catacombs bear testimony of the efforts of the early Christians to express themselves in form, color and love, in their rude paintings and rough altars of their faith. But when the Church emerged from persecution and found herself a living force, the world was in a period of sadness. There was no hope; with many this world was the be-all and end-all of everything, and sadness settled in the hearts of men. But why did not Europe fall into barbarism or tribal isolation? The Church is the ready answer. She alone was vigilant, and guarded with a mother's care the few remaining treasures of art. Sadness disappeared, and color, form, music and graceful movement became living forces. When the world seemed to be dying and Europe was declining to the low spirit of barbarism but one bright spot remained—Ireland. She was at peace and her artists produced masterful works of beauty. Their souls appear in their beautiful production of carved jewels and crosses. The Celtic monks were great artists and their works stand out as proof that Ireland was the only bright spot in an unsettled world.

The modern drama of to-day found its origin in the masterful ceremonies of the Church. Her feast days were observed with

luxuriance of drama and music. The towering stage of the dramatist was found in the square of a European cathedral at festive times. That illustrious product of the Church, Dante, inspires the human race with his holy and Christian thoughts. The pagans had their sacred dances and processions and the Church illustrates artistic sense when she infuses her spirit into them. All this comes from the breast of Mother Church, the living image of Him, "Who hath done all things well."

T. Murray O'Donnell, H. S., '23.



AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

DID it ever come upon you,
 Just a feeling to be gone;
 Just to leave this life behind you,
 And to strike into the Dawn?
 To the land that glows so golden
 In the sunlight of your dreams,
 To the country and the riches
 Of your wondrous, airy schemes,
 To the Valley of Adventure,
 That seems ever still to lure;
 Where you conquer fear and danger,
 In your youthful heart and pure;
 Where there is no end of gladness,
 Where there's joy throughout the day,
 Where they don't acknowledge sadness
 As an actor in Life's play:
 To the Valley of Contentment,
 In the shadow of the palm,
 Where they haven't time for meanness,
 Where all is serene and calm,
 In the whole of this great country,
 Thru the breadth of this fine land
 Not a single disappointment:
 Wouldn't such a place be grand?

Chas. V. O'Connor, '24.



The Magic Crystal.

MY acquaintance with an American-educated Hindu had ripened into the first stages of friendship. Our conversations, no matter how exalted the subject, were to me a constant source of profit and delight. On one of my visits to his abode he asked which incarnation I was passing through. My inability to give a quick and precise answer to his inquiry brought into prompt action his ever ready willingness to be of help.

He led me into an adjoining apartment decorated with gorgeously, yet tastefully elaborated tapestry. In the center of the room stood a table whereon rested what seemed to me a glass ball about four inches in diameter. Picking up the ball he rubbed a piece of silk over it, and holding it close to me said it was the Magic Crystal, a priceless treasure of his clan, because possessed of remarkable properties in solving the mental problems of those who consulted it with a view to aligning their conduct with its revelations. He bade me look into it, offering to lend assistance when needed.

At first nothing was discernible, but after an interval I noticed a movement as of a mist which slowly grew and divided into three centers of apparently uninterrelated motion. Specks as of motes floating in a sunbeam now appeared and, as they came within the several fields of swirl, acted in a manner that compelled attention. Some would immediately be drawn to the vortex and increase the kern of aggregation; others would remain altogether unaffected until brought by drift under the influence of one or the other of the remaining nuclei when they too would be swept to the center of attraction. After the movement of agglomeration had been completed and the air had become clear again, the middle mass divided into two, and all the formless masses began to assume shape and color until four human figures were moving about, two in the central panel and one in each of the panels to the right and left.

One figure was clothed in black that lent an austere attractiveness to his sombre visage. He was moving about from tomb

to tomb in a cemetery, stopping before each graven image and going through actions suggestive of religious worship. From time to time he gained new zest for this exercise by glancing at passers-by outside the graveyard. He was always careful when so doing to adjust to the bridge of his nose a pair of smoked glasses, but even at that the sight must have caused him extreme nausea,—at least such was the interpretation I put on the ensuing twitching and contraction of his nostrils. A black cat which secured food and enjoyment by suddenly decolorizing its eyes at sight of its prey and thereby paralyzing them with fear at the spectacle of an ebon embodiment of evil with optics bereft of irises and ghastly, ghostly in the starkness of their glaring white, espied him, and recovering from a momentary paralysis of terror lit out through space at a rate that plainly indicated it had solved the problem of the fourth dimension.

The second figure, clothed in white, suggestive of shirt-sleeves, seemed a very ordinary person without any aura or radiation of promise that you might catch such inspiration from listening to a recital of his theories. He was occupied in the very homely task of mending a pair of shoes. Several dogs and a litter of playful puppies, several cats and a litter of playful kittens, a loquacious parrot and a vis-a-vis or good listener in the person of a poker-face owl,—these and other members of the animal kingdom formed his entourage and gave an air of universal satisfaction, which made it futile to expect entertainment from his variations on the world-old song of divine discontent.

The third figure was clothed in a green that made the surrounding grass look red. His obese figure unmistakably evidenced a digestive apparatus unduly optimistic in its estimate of his locomotive powers. He was reclined on the grass, knees drawn up, soles resting against a rotting log, head reposing on palms with fingers intertwined, eyes and face vacant of movement, save that of a straw obedient to an invisible tongue and showing that its mover was mentally chewing the cud.

A stir in the second frame attracted my attention and looking there I saw that the figure in white had arisen and was moving off. His coterie of animal friends had taken signal from his action and were trouping about him on all sides displaying their excess of vitality by running about and evincing the same playfulness towards one another that had made them so attractive when I saw them the first time. His figure slowly grew small and at last disappeared below the horizon,—the parrot still talking, the owl still listening.

A glance at the panel to the left showed that something was in the wind there too. In fact a vehicle like a morgue wagon had made its appearance. On one side one could easily read the inscription: Elite Undertaking Parlors. The driver and his companion hastily descended and drew out from the enclosed part a coffin such as cities donate for their pauper dead. They next extracted two contrivances consisting of poles with a hoop at the end supporting a net. Lastly they deposited on the ground a can of about five gallons capacity. I was interested in the label: Shur-Ded Embalming Fluid. It must have been concocted by an honest firm for the name was followed by the soul-satisfying caption: Guaranteed to keep you dead or your money refunded—a guarantee, of course, which no concern could fail to make good without running foul of the Federal pure food and drug laws. As I was wondering why undertakers should go fishing in a cemetery they took up the nets and catching sight of the clerical-looking gentlemen in black they betrayed, by the gleam in their eyes and their stealthy approaches to take him unawares, that they were intent on acting in the capacity of dog-catchers. Their quarry, however, had taken the scent right from the start and observing the significance of their actions in stalking him, had circled about and deftly eluded them. While I was admiring his ingenuity in dodging his pursuers I was aghast by his imprudence in turning up at the spot where they had left the bulk of their paraphernalia. The jeopardy he incurred was strongly reminiscent of Socrates refusing to leave Athens when flight from peril would have been so easy. So too the figure in black seemed to court danger. He stooped down and picked up a document I had hitherto failed to notice. Opening it with air of an accomplished actor he began to read. All I could make out was the heading: Death Warrant; the body was indiscernible. But the message must have been for him the voice of Fame: an ennobling sadness conjoined with an expression of ineffable consolation lit up his features and assuming the pose of the figure over the tomb of the Father of Philosophy he seemed Socrates himself come back to life for the express purpose of showing men how to die. Just then his pursuers returning caught sight of him, as he of them, and a smile of holy resignation came over his countenance. As they quickened their pace he voiced the word "hemlock" and looked at the label on the can. He may have conceived a doubt as to its efficacy; perhaps the "Trade-mark registered United States Patent Office" was too modern to suit his taste; maybe he had been played as a sucker before and hesi-

tated to accept a guarantee which had a refund-clause added; at any rate he put down the document, took up the can and extracted the cork. One whiff of its contents was enough and he catapulted himself into space as the descending nets of the poursuivants came swishing through the air to enmesh the head consecrated with the oil of the wisdom of all the ages. Nature's first law of self-preservation never had such startling verification of its eternal truth as it received from the manner in which he scorned all but the high places on his way to safety. His speed increased rather than decreased with time and he finally disappeared,—finally, that is to say, from the first pictures, only to leap through the tenuous wall into the second frame with a sigh of relief at his escape. But what a change had taken place! The black garment had gradually lost its color as if the dye had not been fixed and the perspiration of the fright and flight had caused it to run until the original white was alone left. The features too had altered. There was no longer that supercilious air which had formerly made him so attractive as a person whose friendship it might be well to court. On the contrary a distinct feeling of disappointment came over you as you began to sense that possibly he was a being made of the same common clay as that from which you had been taken. Instead of that studious demeanor distinguishing the gentleman of leisure from the man who earns his living, he now began to take on the air—or lack of it—which is the unmistakable badge of the man subject to the law of work. His fall from intellectual grace was only too plainly evidenced by the care-free contentment exuding from him as he devoted himself to such homely tasks as planting potatoes and developing his brain by seeking to outwit the fish in his slowly improved efforts to get an evening meal while pretending to give them one.

A commotion in the third panel prevented me from following his education further, as I should have liked to do. Movement there was and enough to satisfy. The cow had overtaxed its capacity for absorbing chlorophyl and was now in the last stages of painter's colic. Its paroxysms of pain were frightful to behold. Forsaking its natural dignity it lay upon its spine, its four legs frantically beating the air in an effort to exercise the demon of pain within its entrails. At last one spasmodic kick and all was over. Buzzards circling above now descended to their feast and tearing open the carcass with their beaks and claws soon made a swelter of bovine gore and anatomy utterly disgusting to a worshiper of the form divine whether human or

brute. After the first pangs of hunger were satisfied the buzzards settled down to gorge themselves, and I should have turned away from the revolting spectacle had not a lowing bull put in an appearance, evidently in search of something. He was not disappointed. One recognizing glimpse of the departed companion of his joys and sorrows released all the furies of his brutish soul. Following the trail of cloth from the innards through the esophagus and mouth to the verdant bootlegger whom it enfolded he gave one fierce look at the wearer of the garment and backed off to the proper distance. There could be no mistaking the malevolence of his intentions. The figure in green hastily arose and betook himself to flight. The angry widower enraged at losing his stance became more infuriated at this refusal of reciprocity in playing the game and put extra energy into the levers of the body as he hurled himself through space. I was afraid that he would eventually overtake his quarry. He gradually gained upon it and the distance between the two slowly decreased. Making a rough estimate of the enduring powers of both, I felt it was only a question of time when the son of Aries would glut his lust for revenge, unless something occurred. Something did occur. When the thundering snorts and hot breath of his adversary foreboded speedy dissolution the figure dropped to his knees in a second of hurried prayer, and as if by magic the walls as it were of a church arose with a stain-glass window about twenty feet from the ground. This at first seemed to betoken that whatever providence existed was lined up on the side of the bull and making mock of the suppliant. The latter slightly changing his position had put himself in the attitude of one about to leap. He presented to his foe that part of the human anatomy which Nature has supplied as a buffer to break the blows and buffets of outrageous fortune. The bull mistook the posture for a signal of surrender and lowered his head preparatory to lunging, digging his feet into the ground for better purchase, when suddenly the men began to unloose the telescope of the body in a spring destined to make Alvarado's famous leap look like an infant's toddle. The bull noticing the change and determined not to be foiled a second time, made a vicious upward movement of the head calculated to send the man spinning round in the air till gravity should bring him down to meet a pair of savagely uprearing horns. But the thrust defeated its purpose. It met the shock-absorber and transmitted that extra energy needed to turn the leap from failure to success. With a grunt and a groan from the impact of the blow

the man soared into the air and vanished through the window. The bull bewildered at the way he had outwitted himself collapsed with chagrin on one side of the wall and the figure, with joy, on the other. He was now in the central frame, and I observed the same transformation in him as in his predecessor of the black robe. The green had almost entirely gone and given way to a dull white. He too seemed to become interested in practical husbandry, and soon was manifesting marked proficiency in ichthyology, zymology, ornithology, zoology, phthiozoics, philology and, in general, that whole university of sciences which goes under the homely name of farming.

The figure in red had remained unchanged. The advent of two strangers dispelled the quandary as to subsistence raised by the departure of the original figure in white. He would continue to reap where he had not sown; he would continue to eat where he had not worked. He appeared to be growing worse, a strange contrast to his two companion figures whose garments became whiter and whose countenances were increasingly more alike as they exchanged confidences and compared notes and showed more and more zest for the new life that had dawned upon them. At last when they had become the center radiating out cheerfulness to their animal subjects they picked up their few belongings and were enhaloed in the glory of the setting sun as they melted beneath the horizon. The figure in red was stung by a snake he was half fondling and half teasing and died. Then the picture blurred; it went into a mist, which dissolved into specks as of motes floating in a sunbeam. They too disappeared and the ball became once more what it had been at the beginning—a glass ball.

I looked at my friend in puzzlement and asked him to explain what it all meant. He smiled good-naturedly and remarked that compliance was impossible until I recounted what I had seen, because no two persons ever had the same revelation from the crystal. Its message was fitted to the character and temperament and idiosyncrasies of the person consulting it. Furthermore, its message was direct. While it might be "interpreted" by an intermediary, the interpretation itself would seem so much nonsense unless the recipient lived the verity revealed. It was only when the subconscious saturated with truth crystallized in consciousness that genuine intelligence illumined the mind; mere theoretical knowledge was like painted fire as compared with real fire—it neither illumined nor warmed nor developed motive power. Distrustful of myself and feeling it presumption to take

upon myself so broad an obligation, I was about to call off the interview when he diagnosed my hesitancy and graciously assured me that my attitude was a sufficient qualification for receiving an explanation. He promised, however, that he possessed no infallibility in the matter; he had made self-knowledge his way of life, and it was on the assumption that any man who knows himself has a substantial knowledge of others, that he would undertake to give articulate expression to the message I had received.

He began by remarking that the colors would seem the most likely clue to the inner meaning. Black signifies death or life that is past; green signifies hope or life that is to be; red signifies fever or life in dissolution; white, synthesis of all the colors, signifies perfect harmony of all forces making for human betterment.

The figure in black, therefore, is the man who despises the present, who is a *laudator temporis acti* and, by that same token an *actor temporis laudati*. He lays aside his own part in the play and masquerades in the trappings of another. Divesting himself of his own personality by his impersonation of someone else, he is a mummy, and finds more satisfaction in posing as a memorial of the dead past than in shining forth as a flaming symbol of the living present. When the sanction of Nature commences to operate through her agents and human opinion which he has outraged conceals measures to take him at his word, he makes the startling discovery that after all he would rather be a live fake than a dead hero.

The figure in green is the man who likewise merely exists in the present, but in his own concept lives in the future. Not possessing the power, or rather the will to actuate the present, he denies it has the power to be actuated, and consequently waits for the day when the universe shall have generated enough energy to make it worthy to engage his attention. When that day comes he will put the magic torch of his intellect and personality to the pyrotechnic pieces which his servant Nature is laboriously building up for him, and the world will be astounded at the immensity of his achievement and mystified by the ease with which he brought it about. But when his wife pines away and a child or two dies a policeman with an unfeeling boot sets him at a rock-pile with the seemingly impossible command that those stones be made bread. His "I can't" being of no avail dire necessity makes him at least go through the motions of compliance. And then his education commences. He begins to

perceive that there is more actuality in the stubborn facts of the present than in the mirages of the future; that there is more solid contentment in earning one's self-respect than in achieving glory from others; and he is chagrined to think what a fool he was to have wasted so much opportunity while stumbling over the nuggets at his feet in quest of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

The man in red lives neither in the past nor in the future nor even in the present. He exists in this last it is true and vegetates and performs animal functions there and goes through certain motions of mental life, but he does these latter either to further the pleasure he derives from mere animal actions or else to clothe and disguise their animality. His intellect is used as only as a subsidiary to bodily organs and he glories in the impunity with which he outwits Nature and eats of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. But Nature is not mocked and eventually he finds doom where he sought joy.

The figure in white is that of the man who may be said to live in the past, present and future together. Instead of making the achievements of by-gone ages the sum total of his wealth he enrolls himself as the servant of Nature and is entrusted by her with the same capital which she placed at the disposal of the departed great and which she assumed again on their demise. That part of the personal profit accruing to themselves which they have been able to bequeath to their successors is practically infinitesimal when compared with the capital itself and consists for the most part of methods of organization and accountancy together with other intangibles utterly without value unless wedded to real wealth. The man of the hour, then, does not despise the past neither does he worship it,—he uses it. He takes up its record and reads it as a map setting forth spots for the advantageous placement of fulcra and grounds of purchase for the efficient exertion of energy. The scroll of history is not a piece of dead ornament for his dwelling quarters nor a convincing proof of a theory as to how far the ancients surpassed the moderns in beauty of penmanship. On the contrary, its dull graphite glows to incandescence as he sends through it the current of life. Instead of putting on a dolorous mask and turning himself into a gloom at a wake he bends down to kiss the sleeping beauty and bid her come to life again.

So, too, his stand in regard to the present. He has a higher concept of its worth than to fritter it away in devotion to pastimes. Mere gestures of living have no fascination for him.

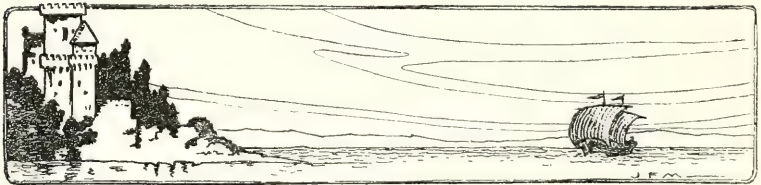
His activity is something more than galvanization arising from extrinsic force whether that be the lure inherent in the tokens of success or the will-o'-the-wisp called glory or the fond excitant of muscular expansion and contraction. He rises above what after all is sheer passivity and evinces vitality by movement that has its origin and term within. The material universe undergoing a gradual transformation and metempsychosis in the plant and animal kingdom passes through the last stage of its refinement in his bodily organism and is apotheosized in his brain which instead of serving as a panderer to tyrannous appetites annihilates space and time, and became a wireless receiver catching the conversations of the great as they stroll on the shores of eternity.

His position with reference to the future is equally unassailable. In place of waiting for things to grow up to his mental stature he measures up to their potentialities and bends them to his will. He has supplemented his own personality by partnership with Nature and his profits automatically increase for they grow while he sleeps. He is contented with his environment and sees his contentment mirrored in Nature's face. She lights her flaming torch and preceding his triumphal car she heralds his approach and bids the golden minutes come to pay tribute to her faithful servant on his way to glory.

Briefly: The black and red and green are recreant to Nature and hence are their own worst enemies. With the logic of self-deification they proceed to the second stage: self-immolation in idolizing the past, present or future. The figure in white hearkens to Nature's voice and thereby is his own best friend. He alone is alive; the others are dead,—dead from too much yesterday or too much to-day or too much to-morrow. One is possessed by the past; another, by the present; the third, by the future. The man in white is possessed by none and possesses all three: the past, by inheritance and absorption into his working capital; the present, by treating it as an opportunity or something dynamic and not solely as enjoyment or something static; the future, by lien. One sins against hope by despair; another, through indifference; the third, through presumption. He alone is well balanced. Unlike the red he is concerned, but unlike the black and green he is not too concerned. Like the black he esteems the past but unlike the black he does not grovel before it; like the red he enjoys the present but unlike the red he enjoys the activity of conquering it and not the passivity of being seduced by it; like the green he faces the future with hope but unlike the green he has a blank draft upon it and he knows that the signature will be honored. The black was born too late and

wants to be a fossil; the green was born too early and wants to remain embryonic until Nature has adjusted matters; the red has no higher concept than that he was born once and shall die once, just like a caterpillar. The white expresses by co-operation his gratitude to Nature for the great boon she has conferred upon him in the opportunity of perpetually dying in order perpetually to create himself anew through all the uprising scale of ever more spacious worlds of increasingly supernal beauty. The others may regard him as a chrysalis but with a smile tolerant of their contempt he turns his mind inwardly to the entrancing vision of Light, the Alchemist, busily engaged in weaving in the fabric of his being an iridescent raiment against the day when Nature throwing open her palace doors shall bid the sun send forth its choicest rays in floods of golden glory on the enthroned figure before which she prostrates herself and sings her *Nunc Dimittis*, on having attained the end for which she was created.

Andrew J. Schneider, '25.



The Trend of the Modern Novel.

IT became a sorrowful as well as a romantic and courageous background for the novel when the great world war sprung into being. In the most disconsolate and glum days of war time activities, when opposing peoples fought each other, not knowing why, there crept into short stories and novels a spirit of retaliation which sought to outdo a previously existing type, more or less accepted as conventional. Regardless of his usual style of writing, the author felt it an innate duty, both to mankind and to the progress of thought and conditions, to adopt the prevalent mode of portraying life, as ordained by the god of WAR. The development of this new idea instituted a complete alteration in fictional endeavors. It did not come all at once, but gradually like the dawning of a new day. The time of this change might be set at the juncture when rumors of war in 1914 were speedily brought to a horrifying realization.

The trend of thought in the novel underwent a transformation in those days when the Allied forces were combating the Central Powers without the aid of the United States. On both sides of the Atlantic, it not only became the popular and accepted choice of reading, but it steadily grew into importance, as the dark days of human hostility continued to dominate the lives of men; and it reached its zenith when the United States enlisted to take a part in the world struggle. Even with the defeat of the Central Powers and the signing of peace documents, there was no let-up in this field of literary activity. The war hero and the Red Cross nurse had a strangle hold on nearly every piece of fictional work. There was an affinity between the times and the works of fiction which rose into a formidable power in the world of letters.

This war time fiction was a recalcitrant element to deal with. For, it was not until about two years ago that a new field for the novel and short story was in the stages of development, which came as a result of the line of thought generated by the war, namely, realistic tendencies in literary presentations. The change became an evident fact with the publication of such novels as "Babbit", "This Freedom", "Glimpses of the Moon", and many others. The new offering in story writing was accepted with a spirit of relief mingled with expressions of doubt as to its stability of purpose.

Several of these latest novels have an inclination to return to that sentimental appeal, typical of the Victorian period; but the bulk of our stories reveal quite a contrary design. A sophisticated realism permeates the pages of some of our best stories. Exaggeration and a tendency to add a mythical touch to the plot only increased the demand for such works in the Victorian period; to-day the writer displays a deep and laborious study of life; he subtly draws pictures of human lives which tend to overwork the theory of realism, as a predominant factor in making literature more true to life. As the final perspective in word pictures, the author proceeds in his tale to the denouement, where the reader is presented with a fine and ostensible revelation of disillusionment. It is a heartless way to treat the youthful lover of romance: nor does the story always seek its ending by returning to sentimentalism,—too often it ends by leaving the reader in an uncomfortable state of mind—a cruel, cold sensation.

This spirit of realism is with us in good earnest, and its position is difficult to explain. As stated above the romantic reader finds little self-satisfaction in perusing books exemplifying

this thought. It nauseates him to think that all his dreamland inventions are being shattered: because he cannot deny the truths depicted by the writers of this neo-realistic school. Even the less romantic are at times ill-disposed to laud the qualities of these works. Then, we have the cynics, near cynics, and pessimists, who shout to the very heights of the heavens with voices jubilant over this new era in literature. Undoubtedly, these writers know that about which they write. They are students of life, possessing a clear insight into human weaknesses and frailties, and also understanding the refractory and obstinate qualities in man.

At times the incentive to give a very realistic touch to the story has brought much discussion as to the limit to which the writer should be permitted to go. There are passages so skillfully handled in delineating the passions of men, that they have caused some of our exacting and conventional citizens to throw up their hands in protest against such outrages. Occasionally an ambitious youth, principally for pecuniary purposes, will overstep all rules of propriety by writing what are called risky books. In the hands of the young they are assuredly a dangerous implement; and, since it is chiefly among the younger generation that such books find a market, the elders have been strenuously objecting to the publication in the future of novels of this nature. Even among the elite in the world of letters, there have come specimens of this irritable fiction, goading on the morals of men.

But the realistic and risky types of novel are not the only kind which are being released for public scrutiny. As shown among the latest editions, there are returning in many instances the sentimental presentations so highly approved in the past, where the imagination runs riot, recounting the story of simple and innocent lives. Creative genius must be acknowledged no matter in what form it is presented. If a person does not care for one or the other type of novel, he can respectfully lay it aside and take up that one which appeals most to his aesthetic faculties. Each type carries its own message, so in this era of the modern novel one's choice of reading may be extremely versatile.

Chris J. Hoffmann, '24.



English Dominion.

TRULY, England, or as her historians call her, "The British Empire", is one of the most powerful nations of the earth.

To deny this is absurd; for, is it not a fact that "the sun never sets on the British Empire?" She is so great a power that all the seas wash her shores, all peoples pay homage to her magnificent prowess as a conqueror, that her ships may stop and command in all sectors of the globe; and greater still, she is respected everywhere as the possessor of the world's cultured men.

The men, who have labored and striven and cheated not a little, to make England that glorious and wealthy power that she is, were and still are, accredited the most brilliant of men. Numbered among these are statesmen, clergymen, warriors and tradesmen; and all are to be commended. Yes, all are to be lauded to the utmost. So, it is mere recitation of fact to show that England and England's are of the highest.

But still, it seems to me, that there remains a little room for thought and inquiry into the why and wherefore of "Merrie Englands's" supremacy. To even begin to undertake such a task would, no doubt, be more far-reaching in content and purpose than one could fully set forth. Thus, a few well-known events, tending to show the English method used in the past to subjugate peoples, followed by some that may, in the future, be rightly attributed to them, will be related and questioningly considered.

One of the terrible blots on the world's history is that showing the treatment of the Indians at the hands of the English. In fact, what little the world knows of that inhuman process used there may serve as a mere sample of what really took place. The semi-barbarous natives of India were fighting against themselves, and here is where those brilliant statesmen figured. England's generals, there, were as heartless as her very self, and just as treacherous and as grafting. But over it all she showed her inborn and notorious ingratitude. For did she not humiliate, yes even try to convict, the man, Warren Hastings, who probably more than any other accomplished for England what little success she enjoys in India, simply because, from his government's example, he overstepped himself? Still, England is not all-powerful in India.

For seven centuries England has been striving to conquer the Irish race. She could use the Irish in her fight against Ireland. England's brilliant men have taken for use that greatest weapon—lack of education among the Irish, and again that

pairing off of one faction against another. She knew that in order to have a chance of winning, education must be prohibited and jealously aroused. Not content with that campaign, religious prejudices were planted and fostered. For in the seventeenth century the Earl of Essex founded a Protestant colony in northern Ireland. In Ireland as in India, England thru massacre, murder and various outrageous barbarism, has tried to break the spirit of the people. It is in this that those brilliant men have erred. The nation reflects the mind of the individual, and how many individuals are ever pacified by beating? True, they can be made insensible or killed; but, then, they can be used to no advantage. And England will never use Ireland to advantage.

Let us come closer home and consider briefly some up-to-date affairs. Of course, these things are only to be considered without drawing conclusions.

Possibly, that famous yet infamous gang,—I say gang, because its actions fit to the definition—the Klu Klux Klan might have received its rebirth and strength from our "ally"—"British Empire". This is only a surmise, most likely an idle hallucination, but yet comparison with the past may point out at least a slight chance of correctness.

In talking with men who know, one learns that there is to-day more "dope" and drugs of evil purpose in the United States than the remainder of places combined. And these same men, know that English ships and Englishmen smuggle the narcotics: not a few hint that the mighty Empire across the water is the real dope peddler. But if we can prove for the comfort of our cultured England the end justifies the means, then where is there room for criticism? Even in the newspapers, controlled perhaps by British censorship, and histories, written by the only historians—British, we read propaganda of English origin and always aiming at some special object. In short, many learned and conservative people to-day think and express the opinion that a sinister influence is being exerted by England over the United States. It may be so, and maybe not. No definite conclusion need be drawn.

At any rate, the British Empire, realizing her position, may be insidiously attacking this country as she has attacked others, but let us still disregard it, and by humoring and ignoring her, let England stub her toe, and fall as she surely will. That policy of deceit, treachery, murder and atheism, sponsored by anyone, is always certain to be the undoing of those who follow. So, if

England, or her illustrious government has, by chance, been guilty of any regular or continuous wrong mode of execution, then hasten the day of her downfall, and put an end to English Dominion, as it is.

Francis J. O'Connor, '23.



WISHING.

DID it ever come upon you;
 Don't you ever want to roam;
 Don't you get the tramping fever,
 Just a craving to leave home.
 Don't your feet, man, just start itching
 For the long, the sunlit road?
 Don't you ever start to longing
 For some trails that you have trod.
 For the woods, so green and fragrant,
 For the mountains, free and high,
 Or the rivers, cold and sparkling,
 Underneath a winter sky?
 Don't you ever just start wishing,
 Till your heart just fairly aches,
 For the wood or for the river,
 Or the limpid mountain lakes?
 Ever wish that you were sailing
 O'er a rolling midnight sea,
 Where there are no human watchers,
 Where somehow you feel more free?
 Wish you far from human voices,
 From the tale of human woe?
 Man! its awful when you feel it,
 And you know that you can't go.

Chas. V. O'Connor, '24.

A Few Debts.

IF there is one to whom I owe a debt, it must surely be my mother, for, all I am and all I hope to be, I am because of her interest in me. All the ideals I have ever cherished have been fostered by that dear heart. That is my greatest debt—to live up to what my mother would say was right. And then too as I grow older, I see how precisely those home thoughts and home ideals are the true basis of a nation's prosperity and formidableness. The greater a man is, the more he realizes the debt that still remains—the unpayable debt he inherited through his parents—the respect for the ideals of his home.

As nations fall and rise, it is not upon the battlefield or upon the seas the decisive victory is won, but through the standard of the moral and natural law in its social life. So, if we want our nation to be the noblest and remain so forever, we can start well by holding dearer to our hearts the love of our mothers.

And to dear old Duquesne, too, we owe a debt, a debt not unlike that which we owe to our mothers. For she gives to each of her sons the stimulus to carry on and perpetuate—and, I might say, materialize—those noble thoughts and instincts which shall mould us into men capable of being called red-blooded Americans. Our *Alma Mater* lavishly extends to us the invulnerable armor of learning that we may more effectively combat against the social evils and conflicts in this world and that we may more appreciate the greatness and nobleness of our civil government. She instills a self-respect that the laws of God and the laws of a nation should sanction.

Then, to the Unknown Soldier, we owe the unpayable debt. I feel he died facing those evils which seem to threaten our homes. He is just the symbol of that which other heroes of America stand for. He realized that the land that gave him his home was good enough to die for. When all civilization seemed to totter, that stamina, fostered by home, slate, school and a mother's love—came forward and conquered. Hence among debts, we shall always endeavor to hold these as sacred.

R. R. Kaye, H. S., '23.





Tastes in Plays.

IN the theatrical world, to-day as in the past, there prevails the necessary custom of giving the public what it wants. I call it necessary because it is essential to the lucrative part of the profession. If you do not supply the demands of the people they will refuse to patronize those productions not to their liking. So, to-day, we have a varied array of plays which should satisfy the most exacting and discriminating folk.

When we go to see a show it is probable that comparatively few of us realize that the production has been thrashed out to the exhausting point before it was finally released for our approval. The producer is a keen student of life and its oddities. He must understand human nature and must know with what weapons he can captivate the theatre goers. His job is to give them what they want.

In the past year there was a revival of Shakespearian presentations. At first it was not exactly apparent whether this revival was the result of public demand, or whether the idea was originated by a set of ambitious actors. It was probably the combination of both as exemplified by Mr. Warfield. In past years Mr. Belasco obstinately objected to Mr. Warfield interpreting Shakespearian characters, stating that he was not the type. But Mr. Warfield overcame these objections and is now appearing, under the direction of Mr. Belasco, as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. The public was as eager to see him as he was to demonstrate his skill. It is gratifying to see that the public is not as frivolous in the appreciation of plays as many critics believe.

Within this same year there appeared three other noted players in Shakespearian roles, who previously were starring in more modern productions. Ethel Barrymore and Jane Cowl each gave an able portrayal of Juliet; and strange as it may seem, the latter was accorded the bigger ovation. Ethel's brother John appeared as Hamlet and was received with much enthusiasm. The old masterpieces are far from being extinct. They may slip into the background now and then, but they are bound to reappear even as the winter snow.

Among the recent offerings of the more popular plays there is imminent in many of them a cynical view of life. It is either a dissatisfied husband or a discontented wife. From the start they find some sort of excuse whereby they can agree to disagree. Then as the plot develops there occur incidents which change the phases of things with the result that both parties reunite to lead a more sensible existence. Sometimes they merely agree to try to understand each other a little better. As might be expected this is the most frequently used of all themes—the intricacies of married life. And a certain few of our idealistic cynics seem to go into ecstasies when depicting scenes actually taken from life. They dare not make the bold statement that all marriages are failures, so as an alternate they resort to the citation of some notorious examples of unhappy unions.

Another prominent feature of the modern play is the unscrupulous use of questionable words and expressions. It is a far cry from the snappy lines in the present day plays to those learned ones of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Frankness is the notable characteristic to-day. In itself it is a praiseworthy faculty; but when over indulged in it can easily lead to misinterpretation.

Do people really desire this sort of thing? Undoubtedly there is that class of persons who delight in performances of questionable repute. But on the whole one is often led to believe that persons inveigle themselves into thinking that they like it, probably just because it is the latest thing offered in shows. Happily it does not take one long to see the unsubstantiality of this type of play. They are like the petals of a delicate flower which fade when touched.

However, by presenting the same thought surrounded by a different atmosphere the modern play continues to thrive. Eventually it will exhaust its resources and then give way to some new invention in stage craft. That it has its influence upon the people is an evident fact. Like themselves these extremists would make cynics of us all. But regardless of how many arguments you bring against it, you cannot deny the truth that there is a sunny side of life.

Chris J. Hoffmann, '24.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Self-help.

THE primary purpose of education, if we consider it from the Newman viewpoint, is to fit men for a place in civilized society. Colleges and universities should shape their curricula in a manner and form best suited for the students' needs. In this way education would come to mean more than mere culture which, after all, is very often shallow, and imperfect, leading to snobbishness; it would give him a solid and dependable foundation upon which to build the super-structure of life.

Education then, by giving a student those branches of study which aim at making smoother the pathway of life, is giving the student all that is necessary. It is now clearly up to him. If he fails the blame falls on no one but himself. This, however, will not happen if he has applied himself at school. Here enters the element of self-help. Regardless of proficiency of teachers the student who applies himself vigorously will never go down, whereas the one who does not will fall by the wayside. It all depends on himself. He must be alive, alert, "on his toes" as it were at all times. He must not depend on intuition or fortuitous circumstance. And he must not depend on others. If education is to be the means of success he must take advantage of it. He must help himself wherever and whenever he can. It will give him an inexhaustible font of courage and perseverance.

Self-help is the outward manifestation of ambition. It is the visible symbol of one who has an objective in life. It shows the difference between thinker and doer. It reflects the power and energy of a wide-awake mentality. It is an indelible mark of success.

Self-help is self-action. All action is perfection. Perfection is the goal of all goals. If you would be perfect, be a self-helper.

Clement M. Strobel, '23.

Youth and Old Age.

YOUTH is the summertime of illusions; as long as there is any spark of youthful inclination in us, illusions as to the future are sure to confront us. As a matter of fact, we never can free ourselves from this monstrous mirage, for even in the days of later life we still conjure up many things that never will enter the realm of reality. But, at least, there is this about old and matured age—it has had the experience of disillusionment, that is, it has seen certain hopes dashed to pieces; and, for this reason, it knows how far to go into the land of hope, and what hopes to relinquish. It is during this period of life that the awakening comes. During the later stages of our lifetime, we cease “pulling the wool over our own eyes;” for then we realize that it is high time to give ourselves a square deal.

As we grow older, then, we soon realize the necessity of always playing the game of life with what we have and not with what we only suppose we have. Youth, especially the youth in our high schools and colleges, could well take an example from old age. If a young man feels in his heart that he possesses little or no possibility of ever becoming a lawyer, there is no use in pretending to take up law. If he lacks sense enough to pursue those studies which he is fitted for, or those studies which his own individual nature will permit him to take up, then his failure later on should not be ascribed to his father, mother, or teacher, but to himself. To this statement many young men will answer: “How can I know what I am fitted for?” Well, let them remember that if they themselves do not know what they are fitted for nobody else knows. As the years glide by, however, they will realize their true worth—the Providence of God will see to that. But their true worth will be realized then only, when they cease acting in a false show, and when they begin to act in proportion to their ability.

Joseph M. Rozenas, '24.



Conflagrations in Pittsburgh.

DURING the past month the city of Pittsburgh and its suburbs have been menaced by a series of fires of unknown origin. They have not broken out in any one part of the city but have visited every district.

There have been about five or six really damaging fires in the North Side district alone within a month. Braddock, South Side, Lawrenceville, West End, and other districts have all likewise suffered.

In most cases the origin of these fires cannot be determined. Sometimes causes are given which of their very nature are unbelievable.

Whether these fires are merely accidental or whether they are just a series of fires, the work of an incendiary, is the question which the Department of Public Safety must answer. If they can be proved to be purely accidental, there remains little to be done, except to issue warnings of carefulness when handling fire, and to begin a more rigid fire inspection of all buildings in the city.

But should it be ascertained that there is a fire-bug at large in the city, every means should be taken to apprehend him, for Pittsburgh in her glorious progress, cannot well afford to suffer from the menace of fire.

John Garrity, '24



DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

FEBRUARY 2—The Retreat ended with impressive ceremonies to-day, and all expressed their appreciation. The boarders, for the most part, went to spend the week at home.

FEB. 5—I noticed on my way to school the progress made in the buildings. The interior wall of the gymnasium was sparkling in the sun. The thirteen girders are on the campus, ready to be swung into place.

The Canevin Hall is near completion: the masons are now on the fourth floor. The beauty of the two becomes more apparent day by day. The winter cold and snow did not interfere with the work for more than ten days. Now, Dukes, the next thing is to fill those twenty-eight class-rooms.

FEB. 6—Father John Malloy has renovated the stage setting, and rearranged the lighting system with the ease that is so natural to him, and the effect that shows the artist's hand.

FEB. 7—Rev. E. A. Malloy is much in evidence, always has been for that matter; but of late, his activities in behalf of the C. S. M. C. have brought him into the sunshine of popularity. He is preparing a pageant to be held in May, that will take Pittsburgh and the surrounding country by storm. He deserves loyalty and unqualified praise.

FEB. 8—Seldom, if ever, do I read in these pages of our Orchestra. The reason is not that it does not deserve respect and applause. It is simply the retiring personality of Mr. Weis that keeps the chronicler in check. Mr. Weis has been on our Staff longer than any man in the University to-day; and he has always given us the best: he has developed talent in thousands; and the masterly way he handles his orchestra, is proof that years have not dimmed his spirit and his genius.

FEB. 9—I omitted inadvertently an important item for February 2. It is an event that will ring down the long and lengthening corridors of time. Yielding to the continuous request of his numerous admirers, Rev. Father McGuigan took the first degree in the Pittsburgh Council of the K. of C. His enthusiasm is running high. Twice since then, he has been prevailed upon to leave his busy desk, and address different councils in the city.

FEB. 11—There was a corking good concert, at which the Faculty Quartet rendered several Light Opera selections. The generous applause was not a bribe from students, but a true appreciation of the vocal talents of the artists.

FEB. 13—Few of you would have known James Whalen. But students of the present and of the past twenty-two years knew "Jimmie in the kitchen." "Jimmie" passed away quietly and piously to-day. The remains were visited by all in silent reverence. The funeral took place on February 15th. He was laid to rest in Sharpsburg, beside the grave of his old-time companion, Mike Gavin. God rest his soul!

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* and *Leader* made their last appearance to-day. The *Post* and *Gazette* are now our only morning dailies. We regret, personally, the passing of the *Dispatch*; it was always serious and well-informed.

FEB. 14—Lenten resolutions are in order. Lent is here. The usual ceremonies took place on Ash Wednesday.

FEB. 15—Rev. Father Cohill, missionary from China, dined with the community, and addressed the student body at 12:30. His talk was brief, instructive and comprehensive. The students appreciated the visit, instruction, and the items of interest touched upon by the zealous, youthful apostle.

FEB. 18—Lent has brought on its surplus of work for most of the Fathers. Rev. W. Keaney is preaching at St. Anselm's, Swissvale; Rev. M. Retka, Aspinwall; Father John Malloy at Emsworth; Father E. Malloy at Oakmont, and Rev. E. McGuigan is preaching a course on the Virtues at Saint Francis Xavier's. Crowded churches are reported from these parts. Father Williams is thrilling the people of Homestead.

FEB. 19—The Very Rev. Eugene Phelan, C. S. Sp., paid us a visit to-day. He is greatly interested in our new buildings.

FEB. 21—The Right Rev. Bishop Boyle paid us a short visit, and had a brief interview with some of the students.

FEB. 22—Washington's Birthday was observed by class recess, and the day was enjoyed by all.

FEB. 23—The Thiel College game brought out a host of old-timers, who were delighted with the Duke quintet. The Bluffites kept them enthusiastic till the final whistle. Indeed, larger crowds turned out to the games this year than ever before.

FEB. 25—The Freshman debate featured this evening's concert. The first year college men gave a great account of themselves, and will make anyone hustle who would wish to gain the oratorical laurels. Great credit is due to the untiring efforts of their professor, Rev. Father Keaney.

FEB. 26—The Reverend President went to Harrisburg to-day in the interest of the University's appropriation. The court case, however, was postponed. The President was accompanied by several members of the Faculty from the different departments of the school.

FEB. 28—The Forty Hours' Devotion opened this morning, and the Junior Choir that has not been heard from for some time, came to life, with all the splendor and glory of a resurrection. The fogs of Pittsburgh hold no terrors for our songsters, and the occasion brought out their best efforts. They distinguished themselves no less brilliantly on the two succeeding days, but particularly on March 2nd, at the closing ceremony. We regret that we cannot hear this choir more frequently.

MARCH 2 and 3—March came in like a "." It was neither. But, March, we are awfully glad to greet you, lion-like or lamblike. You will bring us snow and wind and cold, 'tis true, but you'll also bring us back our long lost feathered friends, the robins. Welcome!

MARCH 5—Bright and early, beaming from pole to pole, came Gerald J. Schroth, B. A., '22. Forced to consult his oculist, he could not resist the call of the Maloney Building and his friends. He brought us good news and reports from the D. U. contingent at St. Vincent Seminary.

MARCH 6—The hearing on the State appropriation began to-day at Harrisburg. The witnesses were examined and cross-examined. The sessions were continued on the following day, and everything points to a favorable decision.

MARCH 7—Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. The members of the Philosophy Class received Holy Communion. One of the Fathers delivered the eulogy on St. Thomas. The Juniors and Seniors were then excused for the day.



School of Accounts.

DO YOU KNOW THAT:—

FRANK EBBERTS, the "Jeannette flash", heads the Duke sharp shooting brigade, regardless of the fact he lays anchor in the second row?

MCCLOSKEY now decorates his chest with an additional gold medal, by virtue of his clean sweep of the East Liberty three cushion tournament? A high run of ten not bad for an amateur, Mac.

JOHNNY YOUNG pranced about the hardwood of the Duquesne Council with a fair student of the Mercy Hospital, at the nurses' recent dansant, while LEE SCHNEIDER took ill (?) and found it necessary to recuperate in the company of a nurse, on the outside?

JIMMY CROWLEY was the recipient of the first bombshell in the form of a hard roll, while yet in a stagnant condition after the initiation of new Gamma Phi members at the banquet which followed?

JOHN A. WITT, our lone representative from Butler, and a bright basketball prospect, has taken up the study of nature, and was seen recently at a ladies' style show?

School spirit was at its highest point following the announcement made by the honorable JOHN A. MORAN of inter-class basketball competition? We heartily thank him for the co-operation.

COACH MCGUIGAN, of the marvelous Duke 'Varsity, made the inter-class series possible, when he donated the use of the gym, and quelled many a would-be riot acting as arbitrator?

Ye scribe had the time of his life when captaining the Sophs against the Juniors? It was a difficult task to convince seven of his luminaries that the rules permitted only five to play at once.

Evidently WANDERER thought it best to side with the mass when he ignored the other two judges and wandered to a 50-50 split in his announcement of the winner of the "Topics of Brief Contest"?

RUDOLPH VASELINO FELFOLEY was a virtual whirling machine the morning a newspaper reporter of the feminine species occupied a one-arm chair to note Professor Bigger's City Planning lecture?

We have a good joke? What could be funnier than

SAMMY WEISS trying to pass as FLANAGAN? Even the new insurance professor "caught on".

Leonard B. Hodgkin, B. S. E., '25.

Gamma Phi Fraternity.

AT a special meeting, March 1, the Gamma Phi Fraternity of the School of Accounts, Commerce and Finance initiated a class of thirty-one candidates.

The following are the men who were accepted as brothers in the Fraternity: C. W. Bittinger, Leo H. Brandl, J. A. Bornman, James L. Crowley, John E. Curran, Edward L. Duffy, August L. Ey, Martin A. Flanagan, Herbert C. Franke, Clem P. Gütwald, Leonard B. Hodgkin, Peter J. Kilday, Otto A. Kossler, Harry J. Krepley, C. P. Mayer, Jr., Harry B. McClellan, Lester M. McCormick, C. A. McCrea, Lawrence McGrath, Kurt B. Nelson, Robert B. Pickett, M. E. Rhoads, William Rohaly, Jr., Lee A. Schneider, Robert J. Schwerka, Frank O. Shier, John D. Skourn, Norbert Stanny, John E. Young, Jr., Frank T. Ebberts.

The Ritual Committee was in charge of the meeting, and a delicious banquet was enjoyed by sixty members after the initiation. Mr. John A. Moran, Dean of Discipline of the school, and an honorary member of the Fraternity, gave a very interesting dissertation on the subject of "Fraternity Initiation".

The regular meeting of the Fraternity was held Sunday, March 11th, at the Hotel Chatham, at which new members showed active interest, and plans for future affairs were discussed. Part of the business which was completed follows: Dean Walker was unanimously elected as an honorary member of the Fraternity. A decision was made to honor the basketball team of Duquesne University which established the red and blue amongst the leaders of the country in basket-shooting, the season just closed, with a dinner and smoker. Coy Harrison, picked on the mythical all tri-state five is a brother member. A Publicity Committee was appointed in the brothers of Leonard B. Hodgkin (late of the *Gazette Times*), Clem H. Gütwald and Maurice C. Walsh.

March the seventeenth was a red letter day (or night) in the annals of the Gamma Phi, for on this particular day the Fraternity held its first St. Patrick's Day dance. Was it a success? Wow! Just ask anyone who was there. This was the first semi-formal affair, at which the new brothers had a chance to show their real worth; and needless to say, they came through with that true and noble spirit that is the foundation of a fraternity.

Paul Kerin (Secretary) B. S. E., '23.



BASKETBALL.

AS we write this we are too full for words—no, sap, not the way *you* mean! Never in our brief but eventful career have we sensed the supreme exaltation that pervades our being at the moment, and has been pervading it for some time past—since the man-eating Duke quint, led by that prince of brilliants, Ollie Kendrick, began kicking the very deuce out of all comers this all winter. Yes, pal of our youth, old *Alma Mater* has been smacking 'em dead right and left, and now with the whole works over, except the intermittent shouting, we find ourselves basking 'neath the beguiling smile of a sixteen-out-of-eighteen record. Not only that, but twelve of those tussles were staged on foreign floors, the dozen including the two defeats suffered respectively at the hands of Grove City and Thiel. The 'Varsity has not lost an imbroglio on the ancient Bluff gym boards in more than three years.

Purely on the figures that determine tri-State League standing, Duquesne runs but second in the circuit. Bob Thorn's Grove City steppers, featuring Joe Smith, dropped nary a go to schools within the agreement. But oh, what a soft, personality-supervised card the Crimson was confronted with: two pre-holiday engagements with Thiel, when the Genevieve passers were minus the services of Christman, the classiest floorman they ever sported; early and easy sailing with Geneva; a brace of tilts with the sorely-stricken Westminster crew; a crack at the Dukes when the latter were literally all in after a five-day trip through the East; and lastly, no mingling with the Bluffites on a Pittsburgh court. Contrast this with the Martinites who had but two league engagements in their own diggings, and who were forced to play following long, tedious train rides in the case of each of their five remaining tri-State battles. A hasty supper on top of a tedious journey practically presented Thiel with her win over the Red and Blue, for the final count of 28-27 amply demonstrates the Pittsburghers' superiority under the circumstances.

We do not claim any formal championship for the cohorts of Kendrick. We believe they're the best in the district, but it's difficult to prove it. None the less, no squad around here can come up to them in the season average. Grove City was binged four times and allowed no one to remark to the contrary. Juniata, Carnegie Tech, Wash-Jeff, and an independent five turned the trick. Pitt, performing for the most part on her own boards, landed the non-league crown by a shade, yet was shoved about lustily by several opponents. Penn State was on the short end but once, if we remember correctly, their conqueror being Cornell, but the Center Countians prefer to be termed Easterners and do not contend for the West Penn gonfalon. This leaves Duquesne with but two reverses, supreme enough to satisfy the writer. Pursuing the subject further, the men of Martin cleaned up on Navy and Mount St. Mary's, the leading entrants of Maryland, and the Midshipmen handed the razzberry to Penn. They hold verdicts over Kalamazoo, the cream of Michigan, Middlebury, pride of Vermont; St. Ignatius, Ohio kingpins, and Salem, West Virginia boss. Now, we ask you, doesn't that make Duquesne champion of *somewhere*?

Just a word in regard to the mythical all-star teams. Chester L. Smith, collegiate sports' editor of the *Gazette-Times*, chose Ollie Kendrick and Coy Harrison for guard and forward, respectively, on his first all-league quintet, and designated Chuck Cherdini for the tip-off post on the second squad. Fred Alger, performing in a similar capacity for the *Post*, picked Kendrick and Cherdini on his representative combination, and gave Harrison a place on his reserves. Personally, had we done the arranging, we'd have probably set 'em down in a fashion that would resemble startlingly the Bluff regular line-up; but then, perhaps, we're prejudiced.

As for the imbroglios run off since we last went to press, little need be said of them. The results are too well known. Waynesburg took her medicine twice, here and there, in a brace of rough tanglings. A victory over St. Ignatius, at Cleveland, was sandwiched between the two Wolfepack skirmishes. Thiel, re-enforced by the addition of Christman and a general return to form of the whole outfit, was pushed over handily on the Bluff, but obtained revenge a few evenings later at Greenville, nosing out her conqueror by a single marker, 28-27. Salem, showing here in the final affair, received a prodigious man-handling, but never lost her sportsmanlike demeanor. We'd fancy an opportunity of beholding the West Virginians in the new gym in 1924.

Closing up, we're going to be brief. Why eulogize a team that has been lauded so unceasingly. It must be getting boresome for its members to hear without let-up the same old expressions of praise. We must let loose one fact, though: everywhere we've been going lately, disinterested parties have been showering praises on the Hillmen. It is readily conceded that we boast the premier team of the Pittsburgh area. Some there are who maintain that Grove City is ahead of us, but they are those who have not seen both in action. We've watched the two of 'em and can honestly declare that the up-Staters were in nowise superior to the Dukes. We could produce figures to support our contention, if space permitted, but what's the use? Those who think one way now will continue to do so whether we give evidence or not, and those who hold the opposite opinion are apt to be equally adamant. So, in ending, allow us to express the undying appreciation of the student body for the basketeers, for what they have done for the school, for their wonderful spirit, and for their all-round excellence. Let us give thanks to Manager Chris Hoffmann for his untiring efforts on the schedule, his work exclusively—and, boy, it's a mean task. And now, finally, let us carry coals to New Castle, let us proclaim our sentiments of veneration and obligation to Father McGuigan, mentor and faculty director, who made all possible by the strength and wisdom of his guiding hand. And, very last, let us give air to the fondest hope that within us lies—a hope that will never see consummation—to cast eyes on the following gangs ready for battle on a neutral court:

GROVE CITY.				DUQUESNE.			
Smith	.	.	F.	.	.	.	Harrison
Hartman	.	.	F.	.	.	.	Cingolani
Fay	.	.	C.	.	.	.	Cherdini
Shorts (c.)	.	.	G.	.	.	.	Kendrick (c.)
Fleming	.	.	G.	.	.	.	Houston

Then give us Nee, Rozenas, and Caffrey prepared to step in at a moment's notice, and our joy is complete.

Tamâm Shud!

' VARSITY BASKETBALL RECORD.

Duquesne, 41; Oakland Y,	38
" 33; Kalamazoo,	30
" 44; Middlebury,	21
" 42; Villanova,	32
" 28; Navy,	26

"	41; Mount S. Mary's,	30
"	15; Grove City,	33
"	37; Geneva,	25
"	32; St. Bonaventure's,	27
"	38; Heinz House,	31
"	36; Bethany,	29
"	30; Wheeling Kaceys,	23
"	31; Waynesburg,	24
"	27; St. Ignatius,	22
"	54; Waynesburg,	35
"	32; Thiel,	27
"	27; Thiel,	28
"	44; Salem;	26
Total,		507

' VARSITY BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

April	6, West Virginia at Morgantown.
"	7, West Virginia at Morgantown.
"	11, Westminster at Bluff Campus.
"	21, Grove City at Bluff Campus.
"	26, Bucknell at Bluff Campus.
May	3, Waynesburg at Waynesburg.
"	5, Juniata at Bluff Campus.
"	8, St. Bonaventure's at Bluff Campus.
"	10, Bethany at Bluff Campus.
"	15, West Virginia Wesleyan at Bluff Campus (pending).
"	18, Bucknell at Lewisburg.
"	19, Juniata at Huntingdon.
"	20, St. Francis at Loretto.
"	26, Bethany at Bethany.
"	27, Wheeling Kaceys at Wheeling (pending).
June	1, Westminster at New Wilmington.
"	2, Grove City at Grove City.
"	5, Waynesburg at Bluff Campus.

BASEBALL.

A prodigious diamond season seems to be in store for the Red and Blue this spring. It's too early to predict accurately as we go to press, but unless the very unforeseen should happen a brilliant nine will be the result of Coach Martin's endeavor—yes, lads, it'll be Coach Martin again; what could be sweeter? Furthermore, after looking over the schedule printed above, we are

much inclined to the opinion that it'll have to be an ultra-classy outfit that'll go through the card and turn in anything like the record compiled by the basketeurs the past cold spell, for some of the toughest opposition obtainable will be faced ere June rolls around—heaven speed the day!

Right off the bat the Dukes hit West Virginia, at Morgantown, on successive afternoons. Be it said here and now that if the Mountaineers are knocked off in no uncertain fashion the writer will just simply curl up and yap for joy. Not that we've anything against the men of Rogers—on the contrary we esteem 'em most highly,—but if the Martinites step on it and smack 'em dizzy we'll call a holiday and proclaim the squad a howling marvel if it loses everything else on the slate. Then we've a couple of scores against Grove City to wipe out, and needless to say, the Grovers will argue the matter warmly. Bucknell, *Alma Mater* of the one and only Christy Mathewson, is always made of stern stuff, and if we trim her here in April, she'll be waiting for us with loaded broadside when we hit Lewisburg in May. Waynesburg is rankling from a pair of artistic floor walloppings administered her not so long ago, and will be out for gore. The Wolfepack is in its element on the ball field, and will furnish all the elements of a battle royal—in fact two battles royal. Juniata is another small place with a big baseball rep. If the Huntingdon delegation packs the punch and pitchers it did in 1922, it's time to begin hollering for help already in case Jim Riley and Pug Wilinski should be languishing in the throes of a bad day when the visitors arrive on the scene. Bethany is always a foe to be feared as the painful incident of a year back will attest, and Westminster, Wesleyan, Bonaventure and the Wheeling Kaceys are no end of likely to turn out primed for serious tussling.

The majority of last year's fairly nifty act will be on the job once more. Captain Pete Kilday is expected to hold down his old post in the center garden, and Jimmie Carl will cavort in left, if his injured nose continues to respond to treatment. The infield will be well cared for by a host of talent, new and veteran. The redoubtable Paul Keefe will take a crack at shortstop, as of yore; and Chuck Cherdini will be among those present, though he has signified a desire to guard the keystone, instead of the hot corner where he held forth last year. Jack McSwigan, once of Pitt, has entered the School of Economics, and is a pretty good bet for Chuck's third sack assignment. Conley, who played first last year, is also a mighty keen performer at the torrid angle and the mentor may station him there, put McSwigan on second, and try

Cherdini on the initial bag, a post the noted Charles has not yet attempted, but is game to take a whirl at. If Dan Rooney should come out, the wise move would be to work him into the right pasture, unless it be absolutely necessary to place him behind the bat. We've seen Dan chase flies in the independent ranks and have noticed that his hitting soars the moment he is released from the strain of catching duties. Pastors of the apple are what the Coach has oft declared he wants and nothing else, but, so why allow the Rooney willow to wax ill from idleness, when by the mere expedient of switching Dan to the suburbs, it can be made to function as it should? Paul Cramer is again in our midst and is billed to do the receiving with the clever but unappreciated "Red" O'Connor booked as understudy. Wilinski and Riley will be relied on for the bulk of the hurling. Jack Trybus, a Sophomore of experience, will offer lots of competition to the above-mentioned twain if the indoor workouts give any indication of true form. It will be necessary to carry at least a trio of slabmen in the coming campaign, and the loss of Caffrey will be felt mainly for this reason. However, it is a fairly safe bet that Trybus or one of the other mound candidates will show enough to merit retention. "Ancient" O'Connor is a lad with stuff if he can only demonstrate an ability to stand the gaff. This is the debonair Ancient's last year, and a host of his friends, including ye scribe, are pulling hard for him to make good. Rozenas is due for some luck, and Kelly betrays the earmarks of a flinger in the rough.

Little preliminary work has been attempted to date, though the batterymen have had some practice both indoors and out. Martin hopes to get down to business by March twenty-first in order to give each man a thorough going-over before the opening fracas on April sixth. That's about all the diamond dope there is to sling at the minute, so we'll close the seance with prayer for a bang-up time of it.

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.



Duquesnicula.

An orator is a guy who is always ready to lay down your life for his country.

Does the train run on schedule?

No, on the track.

A frog has more lives than a cat. It croaks every night.

How long should a man's legs be?

Long enough to reach the ground.

If you have horse sense, you are easily led.

She—If you kiss me, I'll call brother.

He—How old is brother?

She—Two years.

Lady in music store—"Do you handle pianos?"

Salesman—"Lady, you flatter me."

Poor Guy—"Mister, my shoes are wearing out."

Generous Bird—"You better keep walking till you get on your feet."

Duquesne is sending pencil stubs to the insane asylum.

Doing her bit to make the "nuts" right.

What does your son work at?

At intervals.

Passionate Youth—"Love! I must marry you."

Cool Debutante—"But have you seen father?"

Passionate Youth—"Often, but I love you just the same."

(NEWMAN QUARTERLY)

Efficiency Man—"How many people work here?"

Boss—"About one-third of them."

Her teeth are like stars.

They come out at night.

Nurse to anxious father—"The new baby is a peach."

Father—"Gee, I'm glad its not a pair."

Science is making such progress that in fifty years coal miners will be wearing straw hats.

What kind of rose smells the worst? (Answer)—Negroes.

A colored porter was receiving instructions as head butler.

"Now, Sam, when I call you, you come in and say: "My lord, what will you have."

At the party the bell rang, and Sam rushed out excited, and exclaimed: "My gawd, what do you want?"

Penitent—"I ate meat on Friday, h-ham."

Confessor—"Yes, go on. What else?"

Penitent—"Cabbage and Potatoes, Father."

Judge, to friend.—"Tim, as this is your first offense, I'll let you go; what do you say?"

Prisoner—"Fine, Judge."

Judge—"Well, if you insist, ten dollars."

Butler-Monaghan, Arts, '25.



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VOL. XXX

APRIL, 1923

No. 7

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SMILE ON.

HOW easy to smile when skies are blue,
When the clouds roll by and nod at you!
How hard to smile when the sunbeams wane.
And the noon-day sun gives place to rain!

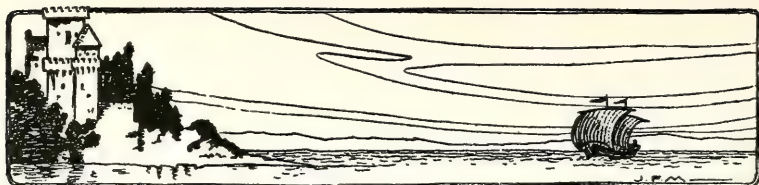
It's easy to smile when breezes play
A lulling tune in the trees all day;
But, it's hard to smile when misunderstood,
And all judged wrong that you thought was good.

'Tis easy to smile when your rambles bring
The fond delight of a new-found Spring;
'Tis hard to smile when you work in vain,
All weary of limb and tired of brain.

How easy to smile when happy hours
Are passed in friendship's fairy bowers!
But it's hard to smile as the friends of yore
Pass by when trouble finds your door.

'Tis hard to smile when you try your best,
And the praise you get is a hollow jest;
But the man who is smiling through joy and trial
Is the one who will find his life worth while.

William E. Boggs, '23.



Across the Atlantic.

(Continued)

Back to Ireland.

○N my way to Paris, I passed through the tunnel of Mt. Cenis, the first of three drilled through the Alps, 1861-1871. From end to end it measures seven and a half miles.

Persuasive voices were alluring me to the battlefields of France, the castled crags along the Rhine, and to the wondrous Passion Play at Oberammergau, but I had to turn a deaf ear to them, and yield to the more imperative claims voiced from the "City of the Black Pool". At Euston Station, London, I found a special train laden with excursionists to Ireland, but I decided to wait for the regular 8:45, P. M., connecting at Holyhead with the packet for Dun Laoghaire. My train carried eleven hundred visitors to the Emerald Isle. At Holyhead all luggage was carefully examined as a precaution against the possible delivery of bombs, arms and ammunition to the Irregular forces operating against the Free State troops. Those who were provident enough to order berths beforehand were certain of a restful passage; those who were not, like myself, made the best of arm-chairs and slept probably just as soundly as the horizontally disposed.

During my previous visit to the capital of Ireland, Dublin Castle was still occupied by British troops. Now that it had been turned over to the Free State, I felt that I could see it in its many ramifications. An officer was detailed to take me through it. It extends over ten acres, and is unattractive save for the chapel, tower and St. Patrick's Hall. The crimes that have been committed against the Irish race in this den of iniquity can never be atoned for. Under the British Government, orders went forth from this stronghold that held Ireland in a vise of poverty, paralysis, dissatisfaction and smoldering rebellion. Land that could support twenty millions of a population labored under such restrictions that the census showed a decrease of fifty per cent. during the last seventy years. Flourishing industries were sup-

pressed in order that their British rivals might thrive and profit. Rivers of mighty volume ran to the sea with scarcely a wheel to turn. Harbors large enough to accommodate the largest navies in the world were furrowed by hardly a single keel. Mines that could have been operated with much financial advantage were permitted to languish and suspend operations. Absenteeism disposed abroad of hard-wrung exactions from the land. Energy was crippled and ambition stifled. Of such sad conditions the causes are not far to seek. At Fontenoy England's monarch, seeing the flower of his troops mowed down by the "Wild Geese from Ireland", acknowledged the injustice done when he exclaimed, "Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects!"

The officers' quarters in Leinster House were protected by copious barbed wire entanglements. The barracks were dingy and ill-ventilated. The guard-rooms, especially that in which the Very Rev. Father Hehir's nephew and companion were clubbed to death, were cheerless in the extreme. The cells were antechambers to the grave; one slit in the wall twelve feet from the ground admitted a feeble light, a plank bed covered with a mattress was the only furniture, and a peep-hole in the massive doorway subjected the prisoner's every move to observation, and disclosed to him only a whitened wall. Communication with the outer world was impossible; left to his own thoughts, the man who loved his country could find no refuge from despair except in the faith which enlivened him with the prospect of better things beyond the grave. Well, the days of Dublin Castle's iniquities are over; the sleeping quarters and paved yards resound to the conversation and laughter of the Civic Guard organized to replace the Royal Irish Constabulary, the recreant ears and eyes of British tyranny.

It was a relief to turn from this scene of organized destruction of the political and industrial life of Ireland to St. Joseph's Asylum for the Male Blind in Drumcondra. Though the eyes of the inmates are closed to the light of day, their minds are illumined with the light of faith. Their life is made happy by the educational advantages of reading, typewriting, music and song, mathematics and geography. Facilities for acquiring these branches of knowledge are due largely to the system invented by Louis Braille (1809-1852). Having lost his sight at the age of three, he was sent to the Institution for the Blind in Paris. By a varied combination of six dots punctured in relief on paper, he succeeded in representing the letters of the alphabet, the signs of

punctuation, and the notation of music. I marveled to hear a twelve-year old boy reading Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman* on a page I indicated as fluently as if he had been gifted with sight. He ran the index finger of the right hand along the dots, and with the index finger of the left he made sure that he kept to the line. Whole books were at their disposal, and if the children had a taste for reading they might never spend a weary hour. By means of a disc with close lines of polygonal holes and plugs notched at the top, the tilt of the notch indicating the figure, they took down problems in mathematics, and worked them out with speed and accuracy. They took dictation on a specially designed typewriter, pointed out places on relief maps, and played on harmoniums accompaniments to their songs. When not engaged in class work, inmates are employed in industrial occupations suited to their age and talents. The oldest inmate was Tom McGowan, aged seventy. He had a most marvelous memory and a keen sense of humor. Provided with an old breviary, I asked him the dates of Ash Wednesday, Whitsunday, and the day of the week on which New Year and St. Patrick's fell in various years. Like a flash, I had the correct answer. He told me the exact date when the several chaplains came and left; how often, when and why they happened to be late for services, the subjects of their sermons, and the kind of weather on any specified day. He had forgotten nothing from his childhood up. Much of his time is spent in prayer. He makes the Stations of the Cross daily before morning prayer and Mass. During recreation periods he entertains his companions; he enjoys meeting strangers and answering their questions. If Tom is still living when any of my readers call to see him, Tom will tell them the hour of the day, the day of the week and the month when I met him, the subject of our conversation, and the amount of the tip I gave him for tobacco. A contented mind and hope in the Beatific Vision, however much one may be afflicted, are unfailing sources of happiness and good cheer.

During my visit to Ireland I had fully intended to call on Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. Griffith passed away on August twelfth, after a life wholly devoted to the Irish cause. It was he that built up the Sinn Fein movement. From 1904 to 1910 his voice was the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Nothing daunted, he kept on urging the Irish people to depend upon themselves, to work out their own political salvation, to develop their industries, and to become the sole masters of their destinies. He lived and worked in a shabby printing office. From

his pen flowed "thoughts that live and words that burn." Time and again the British Government wrecked his headquarters, smashed his machinery, and proscribed his paper. But his work went gaily on. His ideas took hold, a new spirit animated the people, and the boon of freedom became prized as dearly as life itself. A power in literature, Griffith was the recipient of most tempting offers to transfer his literary activities and inborn genius to London dailies, but money he scorned except in such small sums as effectively kept the wolf from the door of his wife and little family. The truths he thundered through his printing press found an echo in the hearts of the people. The movement developed into the Easter rising of 1916. In 1920 Lloyd George's invitation to a conference, when Britain was fighting a losing battle, became a political necessity, and the terms of the Treaty recognizing the right of the Irish people to make their own laws, were a triumph for the secluded, the retiring, the self-renouncing patriot.

On the fourteenth of August I saw his mortal remains lying in state in the City Hall (a handsome building near the Castle used by the Dublin Corporation for municipal purposes and adorned with statues by distinguished sculptors, of George III., Grattan, O'Connell, Lucas and Drummond). On the evening of the fifteenth, the body was removed to the Pro-Cathedral; members of the Dail Eireann, of which he had been President; a detachment of soldiers and of the Civic Guard, his relatives and numerous clergymen walked in the procession. Thousands with uncovered heads lined the streets. Next day solemn high Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul, Archbishop Byrne presiding. The funeral procession took three hours by a circuitous route to reach Glasnevin Cemetery. Weird music by a military band of Irish pipers struck a chord of sorrow in every heart. Short services were conducted in the mortuary chapel, and then the heavy oaken casket draped with the Irish tri-color was borne to the grave. As it was lowered to its last resting place, three volleys of shots broke the silence of the air, buglers sounded the Last Post, and a trained choir of Dublin priests sang the *Benedictus* in parts. All stood around with bowed heads until the grave was closed in and the floral wreaths were disposed upon and about it. Griffith's successor, Alderman Cosgrave, an exceptionally handsome man with fair hair, complexion and moustache, pronounced a well-merited eulogy on the departed, and declared in emphatic tones and terms that the work for which he gave his life would go on until it attained the success they so ardently desired. At

the head of the grave I met Michael Collins,* Major-General McKeown, Darrell Figgis, little Nevin Griffith dressed up in the fanciful Celtic costume, and his two uncles, priests in the Order of St. Francis. The officers spoke hopefully of the future, and were confident that the opposition would eventually submit. I was charmed especially with Michael Collins. Gifted with a stalwart frame that brought him distinction in every field of athletic effort, possessed of courage that feared no foe, endowed with a genial disposition that made every man his friend, blessed with an engaging smile that wreathed his face with a boyish beauty, and glorified with a record of daring feats that circled every fireside, he captured the hearts and the imagination of his countrymen, and became their idol. And yet eight days afterwards I saw him laid out in the City Hall, the victim of an ambush in the discharge of his duty in his native County Cork. Immediately General Mulcahy issued the following proclamation :

" TO THE MEN OF THE ARMY.

"Stand calmly by your posts. Bend bravely and undaunted to your work. Let no cruel act of reprisal blemish your bright honor. Every dark hour that Michael Collins met since 1916 seemed but to steel that bright strength of his and temper his gay bravery.

"You are left, each, inheritors of that strength and of that bravery. To each of you falls his unfinished work. No darkness in the hour, no loss of comrade, will daunt you at it.

"Ireland ! the army serves, strengthened by its sorrows.

" R. MULCAHY,

"Chief of the General Staff."

My former professor, Rev. N. J. Brennan, C. S. Sp., Blackrock College, the most facile as he is the most polished contemporary writer of Latin verse, turned the message into hexameters and presented me with a copy which I gladly reproduce.

AD COMMILITONES.

"State locis, constante viri pietate sereni !
 Fortiter impavidi magnis incumbite coeptis.
 Illustrem meritis vestrum crudelis honorem
 Ne furor ulcisci maculet, neu dira cupido.
 Quas rerum subiit tenebras, quod grande periculum,
 Triste per hoc lustrum Collini splendida virtus,

* I cut out and preserve a picture from the *Irish Independent* taken at Griffith's grave.

Illius est visum clarissima robora tantum
Obdurare magis, laetumque accendere Martem.
Vos remanetis adhuc; illius quisque superbum
Robur et insignem virtutem suscipit heres:
Vos opus infectum poscit; rem quisque capessat.
Non caedes comitis, non vis, non tempus iniquum,
Non timor impedit plenum finire laborem.
Ipsa suo firmata magis maerore supremo
Fida phalanx armis patriam defendit,—Ierne!
Fida phalanx patriae studiis aeternat amorem.”

The reader may ask what deplorable causes led to civil war in Ireland. A brief review of recent Irish history will serve to enlighten us on the subject.

In the elections of 1916 the Irish people gave their representatives a mandate to secure the independence of their country. Their objective was a Republic, indicating the completeness of the independence they desired and the completeness of the separation from England to be achieved. Mr. De Valera, when standing for re-election as President, publicly interpreted the oath as a pledge binding him only to secure the most he could for the country, and leaving him free to accept a different form of settlement from that of a republic. This, I believe, was the general opinion that prevailed with regard to the oath. When negotiations were opened in London at the invitation of Lloyd George, it was distinctly understood by the delegates on both sides that the question of a republic was not even to be considered. The discussion of it was barred absolutely and emphatically. “The inclusion of Ireland in the British Commonwealth is a condition fundamental to the existence of the Empire which can not be departed from,”—Lloyd George. De Valera realizing that a Republican form of government was unattainable, said to his plenipotentiaries, Griffith and Collins, before they left for London, “I wish that I could get out of this straight-jacket of a republic.” Moreover, he commissioned Harry Boland to return to America, and to warn Irish sympathizers there that they must be satisfied with something less than a republic. Negotiations were carried on in London for six months. It was finally decided that Ireland should enjoy the status of Canada according to law practice and constitutional usage; in other words, as Canada was equal in status to Great Britain, as free as Great Britain, with complete control over her destiny, and absolute liberty to make and enforce her own laws, so was Ireland to stand in relation to Great Britain. On the night of December 5-6, 1921, the treaty

was signed. The terms secured by the plenipotentiaries agreed substantially with De Valera's articles in Document II. Only a quibbler would war over the wording, and only wounded pride would have insisted that the articles of the treaty should have been submitted by the PLENIPOTENTIARIES before the signatures were affixed. Had he gone to London, where he would have been out of place, for he knew that he was no statesman, and had he brought back the document in triumph, he would have waved it in the air as the Charter of Irish Liberties and the greatest achievement of centuries. But the evil spirit of dissension took possession of him and he opposed the acceptance of the treaty amidst sobs and tears and words that had no meaning. In this fateful hour hereditary traits asserted themselves, and he split the Irish people at home, as he had split them abroad in the United States. "Those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." He had previously declared, "We have a constitutional way of settling our difficulties and we should not depart therefrom," but now, finding himself in a minority, he quit the Dail in company with his followers. The ballot no longer served his purpose. He soon openly advocated civil war. Proud, haughty, envious, domineering, dictatorial, with the fixed look and gaunt figure of a fanatic, he determined to rule or ruin. He would win out even if he had to wade through the blood of Irishmen (speech at Carrick-on-Suir, March 17, 1922)! Events moved rapidly. Rory O'Connor and his Irregulars seized and occupied the Four Courts, raided the Civic Guard Depot in Kildare, carried off arms and prisoners, swooped down upon the garage of Messrs. Ferguson in Dublin, and after doing damage to the extent of several hundreds of pounds, appropriated fifteen valuable motors. By order of the Government, Mr. Henderson, who had charge of the raid, was arrested and lodged in Mount Joy prison. In retaliation they kidnapped Lieutenant-General O'Connell, Assistant Chief of the National Army. Called upon to give him up, they refused. The time had arrived to meet force with force, to assert vigorously the democratic principle that the majority has a right to rule and to make its will effective. At the polls on June sixteen the people voted overwhelmingly for the treaty. The Free Staters still moved with moderation. They surrounded the Four Courts and called upon the occupants to evacuate. Meeting with no coöperation, they fired the first shots on June twenty-seven, but they took every precaution to spare life to such a degree that the besieged lost not a man during the operations. When driven out, they barricaded themselves in the upper eastern

portion of O'Connell Street. Their tenure was of short duration; some few made their escape and the rest surrendered amidst a heap of ruins. Unable to make a stand in the open, scattered divisions adopted a guerilla system of warfare. They showed no respect for life or property. They wrecked or burned buildings of no military value. They took civilians from their homes and mercilessly shot them down. They commandeered labor under penalty of death. They blew up bridges, tore up railroads, destroyed signal boxes, sent trains loose on the tracks in utter disregard of danger to the public, robbed banks and post offices, and appropriated private property. In every town there is a number of idlers, with no prospect to look forward to, no gift of vision, no stake in the land, no motive for action except the desire of adventure; it was from their ranks especially that the Irregulars were recruited. Parleys were arranged, concessions were offered, amnesty was promised, but, unreasonable and unreasoning, the Irregulars doggedly persisted in their waywardness. They have no policy but opposition; opposition is the only bond which binds them loosely together, for they are composed of three irreconcilable factions: Republicans, who will be satisfied with nothing less than absolute severance from England; Document Twoites, who will not be contented except with the "airy nothings" which differentiate De Valera's claims from the treaty concessions; and the Workers' Union of Communists under the Countess Markiewicz whose plans are nebulous and have not been set forth in any programme to date. We agree with the editor of the *Iconoclast*: "If Ireland wants the Free State, we want the Free State; if Ireland wants a Republic, we want a Republic, but above all we want majority rule." In every land disturbances have followed a change in government; in Ireland the good sense of the people will eventually triumph, and the spectres that roam at large at night will soon be laid to rest and forever.

There is every hope for Ireland. Her people love freedom; if they can not possess it in its fullest extent, they will make the best of recent concessions and amplify them as time and opportunity offer. The faith that is in them will vivify languishing charity. According as the South establishes peace and union, the North will see the advantages to be derived from casting in its lot with the rest of the land, and there will be no more mutual distrust or manifestation of intolerant bigotry.

What struck me particularly in the churches was devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament. In St. Columba's where I said Mass during my stay in Dublin, so numerous were the com-

municants that the acting pastor invited me to help him in distributing the sacred particles at the eight and nine o'clock Masses on Sundays and during the week. Daily communion is practised in Ireland as in no other country of the world.

It was edifying to note that ladies across the Atlantic dress modestly and becomingly. One would look in vain for the abbreviated, shapeless costumes in vogue in the United States. Boys' knees are generally bare. Short pants and short stockings save mothers much sewing and darning.

Conversation in the streets, trains and trams is carried on in subdued tones. Perhaps the terror through which the people have passed has taught them caution, but more probably gentle instincts and consideration for others, for which even the Irish peasant is remarkable, are the determining causes.

Dubliners are noted for the correctness of their English and the sweetness of their accent. They read the best literary magazines and judge infallibly of dramatic merit. If in London the favorable reception of a play is doubtful, it is first staged in Dublin, and if the newspaper critics and the audience approve of the production, its success elsewhere is guaranteed.

I could not leave the city without calling at the National University. It was there I graduated when it was known as the Royal University of Ireland. The beautiful front and the spacious halls had undergone no change. The same Bulletin Board was still there. How often we consulted it with anxious hearts to see the results of our examinations, and how often we entered the corridors with trepidation to spend three hours in the forenoon and three in the afternoon over tests in ancient classics, modern languages, mathematics and sciences! Generations of scholars have come and gone since then, but the present undergraduates have brighter prospects than their predecessors. One room in which I was specially interested is situated on the second floor front. This is the historic chamber in which the Dail Eireann held its fateful sessions of December, 1920. The members of the Irish Parliament occupied plush seats, resembling pews, facing the President, Mr. De Valera. To his right and left were the signatories of the Treaty. Behind him were representatives of the Press and such of the public as could gain admission. The sessions ended in the acceptance of the Treaty and the withdrawal of Mr. De Valera and his followers.

A visit to our Irish Novitiate at Kimmage Manor, and to St. Mary's College, Rathmines, where the Holy Ghost Missionary Annals are compiled and edited, brought my trip to Ireland to an end. At Dun Laoghaire I parted with the Very Rev. M. J.

Downey, C. S. Sp., the last link that bound me to the past.

Homeward Bound.

I had intended to embark at Cobh after spending a few days at our Rockwell College, Tipperary. But travel by the Great Southern Railway was both unsafe and uncertain. Consequently I decided to board the *Cedric* at Liverpool. A day spent with my confrères, Fathers Coffey and McGarry, at Paisley Cross, St. Helen's, enabled me to see this great manufacturing centre. Chemicals are produced in vast quantities; the glass works are probably the largest in the world, and coal-mining gives employment to thousands. The people, old and young, wear clogs—wooden shoes with iron hoops on the soles and heels. When ten or twelve are out together on the streets, they make as much noise as a troop of cavalry. If towns have dirtier sections than the one through which I passed, so far I have failed to see them.

To my delight, on boarding the *Cedric*, I met the charming O'Connor family from Rockaway Park; Rev. Daniel C. O'Connell, Dean of Discipline, St. Mary's Seminary, La Porte, Texas; the delightful entertainer, Mr. P. Tully, and the socially inclined, energetic Mr. Christopher J. Ward—all of whom I had been associated with on the eastern voyage of the *Adriatic*. Previously I had met Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newmann, Santa Rosa, California, and Rev. P. J. Temple at the funeral of Arthur Griffith.

Baggage was taken on board with remarkable expedition; a gangway worked by air pressure carried trunks from Prince's Landing to the holds. Doctors cursorily examined passengers, and passed them on. Three o'clock P. M. was the hour of sailing; at 3:05 the ship, loosed from her moorings, was under steam, handkerchiefs waving freely on board and ashore.

Several passengers were taken on at Cobh. During the long hours of the day until three in the afternoon, we kept our eyes on the southwestern coast of Ireland. Certain countries, like certain persons, have a way with them of winning our affections. This is particularly true of Ireland. Her verdant fields, her graceful lines of hill and valley, her spectroscopic changes of sunshine and showers, the life of her people, a blending of smiles and tears; an ardent love of freedom buoying them up in the midst of oppression, the keen sense of humor that lightens many a burden, and the faith that burned brightly throughout centuries of persecution,—all win our sympathy and command our love. It was with sorrow that we saw her coast line gradually sink from view.

The *Cedric* is an excellent type of trans-Atlantic steamer. Her steadiness during the voyage gave no one an excuse to be sea-sick. A well-stocked reading room and a variety of deck games left us no dull moment.

To bridge more quickly the space that separated us from New York, a series of out-door sports was organized and an elaborate concert was arranged. The success of these ventures was due mainly to the interest and activity of a wisely chosen committee. The following gentlemen entered into the ideas with energy and good judgment: Mr. C. J. Ward, Secretary; Rev. T. F. Nolan, Rev. H. D. Pierce, Rev. W. O'Toole, Mr. B. M. O'Connor, Mr. P. Tully, Mr. T. Farley, and Mr. M. Clarke. I was chosen Chairman. The Sports' programme appealed to old and young. There were races and tugs of war for married and single men and women, flat races, egg and spoon races, three-legged races, thread-the-needle races, cigarette races, sack races, shoe races and potato races, deck tennis and shuffleboard. In addition, there were three sets of competitions that excited exceptional interest: pillow fights, tailing the donkey and Japanese fights. In the pillow fights competitors straddled a spar eight feet from the mattress-covered deck; each was armed with a well-filled pillow; at the word "Go" they belabored each other with blows until one lost his balance and was unhorsed. The other was acclaimed the winner. Tailing the donkey provoked prolonged bursts of laughter. The outline of the animal was sketched on a canvas storm-screen. The entrant was blindfolded, turned around several times, and handed a long, sharp nail to which was attached an unspun rope. He approached the canvas cautiously, and when he thought he had located the right spot in the animal's anatomy, he thrust the nail to its limit. No animal was ever provided by nature with so many tails and in such curious places. He who came nearest the right spot was adjudged the winner. In the Japanese fight, the rivals were blindfolded and got down on their knees. On their right hand was fastened a boxing glove, and in the left was placed a canister nearly filled with nails. They were placed at opposite corners of the mattress. Each time they moved they had to rattle the canister to indicate their position. To mislead them, a sailor had a similar canister and struck it, now here, now there, to provoke an onslaught. The first blow landed, whether a gentle tap or a knock-out blow, determined the winner. As treasurer, Mr. Tully, with all the cleverness of a New York politician, had successfully solicited a handsome sum which was spent on attractive prizes. In the interval between the first and second parts of the concert

programme, the prizes were delivered and brought joy to the heart of many a passenger. Musical, vocal and recitative talent was abundantly displayed. All joined in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne", which brought a delightful day to a delightful close.

During the voyage, Dr. J. A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, said Mass for the first class cabin. I officiated daily in the library, and on Sunday I duplicated in the second and third class dining rooms.

Land was sighted on Sunday afternoon. After the usual delays of medical inspection and transfer of mails, we steamed past the Statue of Liberty, wondering when we should see her face again, and with the aid of tugs were soon moored to the White Star wharf. Within five minutes I was through the Customs and seated in Mr. O'Connor's limousine, which whisked me off to the Pennsylvania Station. Next morning at nine I was able to say, "I am glad to be home again."

H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.

(The End)



When in Doubt, Don't.

WHILE attending boarding school I became acquainted with a fine young fellow from New Jersey. He was everything that the word signifies, nothing deceitful nor conceited about him. In plain words he was a good scout. As I have already mentioned it was my good fortune to meet such a good fellow. In the course of time we became very intimate, and during our two years at the school, we could be seen together almost always. We became inseparable friends.

This boarding school was exclusively for boys and men and one of those schools where discipline was uppermost. At this school everybody goes to bed at 8:30 P. M. and gets up at 5:30 A. M. The students sleep in dormitories, each dormitory having about sixty-five or seventy-five beds in it. They allow a certain amount of time for washing, dressing, studying, etc. Just so much time is allowed for recreation and even the kind of reading and amount of reading was regulated. The whereabouts of the students were known at all times. Discipline ranked very high; in fact, too high for most students. When we wanted to smoke we would sneak behind a handball alley or over the hill. If we wanted to go to the nearest town we had to make up all kinds of

excuses. If we cared to write or receive letters from the opposite sex it was done "on the quiet."

In spite of these restrictions and iron-clad rules we had plenty of fun. If my friend was caught in any mischief I was caught with him, and if I was caught he was with me. If anyone wanted either of us, the best thing to do was to look for the other one. It is useless to mention that the close of the school year made everybody happy but mingled with happiness was a touch of sorrow. The thoughts of getting home to those we had left made us happy, but the thought of leaving those we loved to get home made us feel sad and sorrowful. But the only one I really hated to say good-bye to was my "buddy"; we promised to write regularly and, if possible, to visit each other's home occasionally. But Pittsburgh is so far from New Jersey and New Jersey so far from Pittsburgh that we knew our visits would be few.

All thru the summer we corresponded. About the beginning of fall he wrote me telling about the arrival of his father from an extended trip in the south and the purchase of an orange grove by his father. Of course my friend was going to go south to take charge of the grove and I was to go with him. He was to be superintendent and I was to be his worthy assistant. He was to motor to Pittsburgh and get me and the both of us travel south. The letter pleased me much and I answered saying I would accept the offer and not thinking anybody would read the letter but himself I mentioned a few things about the school. Although there was no harm in what was mentioned I hesitated somewhat in writing it. But thinking everything was all right I posted the letter.

The next time I saw a letter from New Jersey was about three weeks later. It was not mailed to me: neither was it written by my friend. The letter was addressed to my father and written by his mother. For some unknown reason the woman felt very indignant about the kind of letter I wrote to her son and asked my father to see that I should write no more. This cut me to the heart but thinking I could clear myself in my father's eyes I asked if she sent my letter back. Luckily she did and when my father read it he read it just as I wrote it. This pleased me very much and I was cleared. But this is the lesson I learned. My father said, "Son, let this make you careful in what you write. Always remember you are judged by your correspondence. When you are in doubt, don't."

So, if none of my good readers wish to lose a good friend as I did, or if none wish to miss a good motor trip south, when in doubt, don't.

Robert J. Schwerka, B. S. E., '25.

Fiery Tongues.

THE table had just been cleared. The efficient house-keeper, knowing Father's wants and desires from years of service set out two cups of steaming coffee, and after a last careful survey, quietly withdrew. Father then took from his cabinet a quantity of his own brand of cigarette and filling the little silver tray, invited his guest to smoke.

Father Boucelle was pastor or rather curé of the thriving little French-Canadian town of Dijoncour. Lumber was responsible for the town's growth, and it was lack of rail and water facilities only that kept it from assuming "big city" form. M. Le Collier, boyhood chum and life long friend of the priest had, in passing through that section on a business mission, quite accidentally found his old college chum.

"The coffee, it is excellent. And the tobacco, exquisite! If it is permitted one to remark, I should say that you have a pleasant life—yes?"

"Does coffee and cigarettes constitute a-a pleasant life? Aha—I was only having my little joke. Yes, I have what you call a pleasant life—perhaps."

"Pardon, My dear Father, I mean it only as I see it. Me, I am a business man. I see good lumber, I buy it. Nothing else matters. I must have at heart always, the interests of my company. What? You who are a priest must baptize—marry—help people to die—yes—no?"

"Yes, Philip, every one for himself. It is pleasant—a pleasant life at times. We all have periods of rest and work, no? For yourself, you see to-night peace, tranquility—a good dinner, hot food, tobacco—the human senses are soothed—we become philosophers, yes? But often there is a storm before or after a calm—"

"Yes, often I have observed it. It is thus even in commercial life. I suppose you often have long sick calls, eh?"

"Yes, it is nothing if I must ride a horse ten or twelve miles, sometimes walk four or five more to make a call. And if the year is bad—work unsettled or crops poor, I also suffer. But then it is not much, my friend. I am always taken care of. There is One who provides, and He takes care, yes?"

"Oh, by the way, Father, the townpeople—they rejoice—it is a holiday soon?"

"Yes, to-morrow. This town, my people especially—we celebrate the great deliverance of—Fiery Tongues."

"Great deliverance! Fiery Tongues! It means nothing, —explain!"

Draining his cup and lighting a fresh cigarette, Father Bochette leaned back in his chair and gave the story of that great day—the 19th of October, 1778.

"It was in the autumn of the year 1778. Most of the men of the village were away. Some were out trapping in the great woods that surround us. For at that time, the fox, both silver and the black, inhabited these parts. Besides there was the beaver, and the lynx and the muskrat. Others were away at Quebec for supplies. Still others, the young and hot-blooded, had crossed the border and volunteered in the army of Washington to avenge the defeat of the recent war with the Englishmen. Dijoncour was well nigh abandoned. My great grandfather who was burgomaster at the time also—pardon, I bore you by talking of my ancestors—pardon."

"On the contrary! I beg of you, go on. You were speaking of the burgomaster, your ancestor—"

"The burgomaster also was about to do government duties. The children were at play; the women folk were knitting; all was serene.

Gradually the air grew warmer and warmer and finally a haze soon gathered in the north and western skies. Some of the old men who had remained at home declared it was a great storm approaching, and bade the people close up their homes.

Indeed, none knew differently, until an hour later Paul Sentelle ran breathlessly into the town square and shouted, "Fire! The Heavens on fire. This is Judgment Day!"

"Now Paul was given to extravagant speech and some doubted his story; yet, indeed, there was a colossal fire. Smoke was now plainly seen in the west, and soon the wind drifting in from that direction, bore the unmistakably sharp and penetrating odor of pine. While the men debated, Pierre Roguet also came running into the street and breathlessly told his listeners the woods were on fire and that the flames were sweeping toward Dijoncour. The village was in a panic. There were none who had ever before seen a forest fire and confusion reigned everywhere. The flames could now be seen topping the hills that hemmed in the village. You know the geography of our town, do you not? Father Boucelle interrupted his narrative to ask. M. Le Collier shook his head in the negative.

"Well, our city, she is laid on the plains between the hills. There are five hills surrounding us and their five bases form our town site. But the hills are long of slope and low-flung and the timber comes right to our doors. Of late this timber has been

cut back, but not sufficient to avoid danger, and even to this day our people are most careful that no fire should start in these woods. Now between the fourth and fifth hill as you look by the east, a small stream, Yvonne Creek, flows.

The fire came on. It topped the ridge and spread quickly, on each hilltop like a vast sacrifice. And then, my friend—some strange sights. Here were our people distracted. Some prayed, some cursed, some cried, and there were others who laughed—laughed! Was it possible? There, surrounded by fire at every turn, the smoke dense and choking, the water of Yvonne Creek boiling and hissing, our people were trapped. Gaunt forms darted through the ring of fire and plunged into the creek—these were the wild animals—side by side—so the story has it, stood deer and wolf, rabbit and fox, and all the rest. Bear, elk and moose ran wild in the streets of Dijoncour. All seemed doomed.

The little church of Our Lady Immaculate, stood right at the base of the highest hill. The fire was leaping down its sides with incredible speed. The venerable cure, Guillaume Monforte, was begged to leave his church and join the townspeople. But the old priest would not have it so. It was from this little church he watched Dijoncour grow from a straggling trading post to a village of size. Sixty years had he served his Maker and in the winter of life, if death must come and it must, how nice to die where he had labored most?

But the people implored him to intercede. Surely something must be done? Surely the cure might avert the catastrophe. So they begged him and implored him and to please them, and as he thought they might die well, he summoned every living soul of the parish into his church, and addressed them briefly.

"My children, the Lord our God summons you. It is His will that fire destroy us and we, His children, must obey. But if it please Him perhaps this fire might die out as sudden as it springs to confront us. So let everyone commend his soul and pray that God will save us."

At once he gave the general absolution and then in impassioned prayer beseeched the Holy Ghost for guidance. After this he carried the Holy Water with him and painfully and slowly hobbled down the aisle and began a laborious climb to the tower of the bellfry. As he reached the tower, the heat nearly drove him back. Vast sparks and fire brands swirled in the air. Each hill was a blazing tongue of flame. Acrid smoke made all a blur. The good Father Monforte raised his eyes to Heaven and his lips moved in prayer. The heat was intense. He stretched forth his

hand and sprinkled the sacramental in the form of the cross. He made a feeble effort to repeat the simple movement when the heat drove him backward and he pitched down the belfry stairs. His horrified flock tenderly raised him up. He asked to be taken to the altar. Once there his lips again moved in prayer. A startled cry broke from the congregation. There, above the high altar was a queer, forked flame, darting downward.

"The church is afire; all out!" All but a few rushed madly for the exits. They stayed with the dying priest. Once more he prayed; once more the forked flames quivered, and then the aged man had breathed his last. The forked fire had disappeared.

The parishoners rushed in rejoicing, "Rain! Rain, blessed rain, torrents of rain!" Yvonne Creek was already overflowing as the gullies in the hills poured their waters into general course.

But in the hills of Dijoncour! What a sight! Between each hill there arose great clouds of steam as the cooling water rushed through the gullies. But on the slopes the fire still raged. Five great tongues of flame licked down to the very edge of the village but the rain-soaked houses, sweating steam, refused to ignite. The air was tinged with a lurid red and the steam and vapor rose as incense before the holocaust.

"Voila! And that, my friend, is the story of Fiery Tongues—you doubt?"

"It is not that I doubt Father. But—well it is unusual you know. Rain—rain that stops a forest fire. Even those are explained, but the peculiar signs above the high altar—the peculiar burning of the fire itself—and yet—"

"And yet?" Father Boucelle interrupted.

"Sapristi! I do not doubt. But it is the unusual, hein?"

M. Le Collier's last remark was almost lost in a heavy peal of thunder.

"Ah—a storm. Surely you will stay here all night, my friend. It is an autumn storm and might last many hours. I have a spare bed. You are welcome and—it is not often I have such congenial company."

"Many thanks. If the roads are impossible I will accept your invitation."

"Believe me, the roads will be impossible." A sharp flash of lightning, a heavy peal of thunder and great drops began to splash against the window-panes. Shutters were hastily fastened and the storm shut out.

"The fiery tongues above the altar, you think they were imagined, eh?" M. Le Collier ventured.

"Oh no, I believe it really was. The old cure was a saintly man.

"This church, could I see it?"

"Surely, we shall inspect it to-morrow. It is never used any more. We have a fine stone church now. The old one stands, a wonder of the age. Her belfry is warped and might fall at any moment. But the church is stripped. It stands only in reverence to the old priest."

The storm increased in fury. A heavy wind blew up and the leaden downpour was illumined at intervals by blinding flashes of lightning.

"The old church will not stand for long. The province plans a highway and the aged edifice stands in the way. The people of Dijoncour object, but the government you know is never thwarted."

Then came a loud and insistent knocking.

Both men turned startled glances towards the door. Who could it be? Surely no visitor at this time of night. And hardly a sick call or else it was extremely urgent.

Father Boucelle advanced to the door but before he reached it the knocking was repeated. Father lengthened his stride and hastily threw open the door. The sudden illumination revealed a figure dripping wet.

"Quick, Father, the old church is burning up, a bolt of lightning struck it but a few minutes ago and the building is all aflame." With this he hastily turned and was lost in the night.

"Father you are not going out are you? The church is not used. You can do no good. If the rain cannot stop the flames what can?"

"Yes, my friend, I must go. True, there is nothing I can do, yet it is expected that I be there, Part of my *pleasant life* you know."

"Well, I will accompany you. Strange that this should happen!"

"Strange. What is strange?"

"Why the old church burning: your story of its history; the celebration to-morrow; my wanting to see it; finally the fiery tongue; can't you see?"

Snatching a coat and hat each was ready to hurry to the scene.

A vast crowd had assembled. Some vainly tried to stop the flames but it was useless. The fire gained a good start and the

dry and aged wood was easily devoured. Half of the edifice was already destroyed, and the flames were eating their way toward the sanctuary, when the curé and his friend arrived.

"Oh, Father, the church is afire!" The exclamation of the too apparent fact was passed back and forth many times. Despite the rain and storm, many stood bareheaded as the flames licked their way to destruction.

It would be only a short time now until the ruins would be complete.

The high altar was burning now. The great mission cross at the side of the sanctuary was in flames. The conflagration was nearing its end, yet all remained. An under-current of expectancy held the crowd.

At the top of the high altar reposed a finely wrought piece of statuary. It was that of a dove, and was purchased and placed there by the grateful villagers of 1778 for their miraculous deliverance. They had attributed it to the Holy Ghost and in appreciation for this and, as a monument to the heroic old priest, they had dedicated this work of art.

The rest of the church was destroyed. The high altar was burning low, the central beam supporting the statuary, alone was standing. Suddenly, there was a snap, and the beam crumbled. The statuary fell with a resounding thud and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

Immediately above, where the high altar stood, and plainly seen through the smoke and rising dust of the broken monument a peculiar red glow became apparent. It deepened into a flaming tongue and quivered, darting this way and that above the ruined altar. It hung suspended for an instant and disappeared.

M. Le Collier reached out and clasped Father Boucelle's hand. "I believe now, Father."

The route of the Provincial highway was changed.

Clement M. Strobel, '23.





Civic Recreation.

EXERCISE is as necessary for the prolonging of life as nourishment itself. If we simply exercised by drudging through a set principle of drills, affording little amusement, few of us would get enough exercise for our bodies. Consequently man has developed a system whereby we exercise our muscles, and at the same time enjoy it, because we are working under the guise of amusement. Exercising has developed into a sport, and now plays an important part in the life of people and consequently has to deal with the furthering of human society.

No matter what walk of life a person may follow, no matter what nationality, creed, or color he is, he naturally seeks this exercising from time to time. Every person tends to his own kind of sport. Some are more fitted in stature for this rather than that exercise, while others can not indulge in certain kinds of games at all on account of the strength demanded. The needs of the different classes should be looked after by public officials, since the republic is composed of the people. A sound state demands sound minds, which in turn demand sound bodies. Now, does our city take the proper care of its citizens in this respect?

What kinds of amusement, meaning sports, are afforded the people of this city? The city of Pittsburgh is one of the most populated of the United States, bowing to no more than eight other cities. It ranks high, as regards industry, as well as natural mineral resources, but where does it rank, and how high is it listed under the index of sports? By sports we understand, public athletic inducements and conveniences, such as ball parks, play-grounds, swimming-pools, skating rinks, and the like. Our city, in comparison with others of a like population, ranks very low in this respect.

Unfortunately the natural lay-out of the city does not take care of this question, as is the case in some cities of far less importance. This section of the country is hilly, to begin with, so whatever ball field is found, has probably been made by being leveled off to some extent. Many cities are so level that any vacant field is at once suitable for this sport. Then, too, we are

not gifted with a water front, in the form of a beach, which is not uncommon in many cities. We have no lake front or anything artificial which can compare with a lake, and boating is almost unknown in the city. The river with its uninviting wharfs is made to serve this boating purpose by some, but under such unpleasant conditions that it is not popular. The lack of a suitable body of water, given by nature, deprives us of convenient open-air skating in the winter. This is indeed unfortunate because there is no sport more invigorating, healthful, and agreeable to persons of any age than out-door skating.

Since the city has not these things by nature, it should strive to acquire them by other means, if it really had the interest of its people at heart. The populace naturally enough supports the city in its financial affairs, but it has very little in this respect to show for it. Indoor sports may be conveniently found in many homes, clubs, and associations, so we shall say nothing of a city not furnishing them. However, buildings of considerable size afford the public many opportunities of this kind, and are found throughout the country. Out-door sports are commonly in the hands of the city.

The natural current in and around Pittsburgh is probably unfit for bathing in the summer, but it is used by some for that purpose. On this account public swimming-pools should be found scattered promiscuously in a city of this population. Are they? There are not sufficient public reservoirs, for the free use of swimmers to care for one-twentieth of the demand, when the season is in vogue. Swimming is a most profitable sport in very many respects. It is a great help to the development of the body, and very often contributes directly with the saving of life. Some few pools are scattered throughout the city, but they are of diminutive size, and often so operated that they are patronized only by some growing boys. Some cities have immense pools of running water in an attractive and convenient place, and so operated as to attract all and care for many. Some pools are so constructed that the edge slopes all around, as does a natural shore. Such pools have an arrangement whereby they can be used for holding a foot or two of water and affording a skating pond in the winter for those indulging in that sport.

This city presents few facilities for skating. It is amusing to see a man hired by the city spraying a corner of an unlevel ball-field with a garden hose stream, and when it freezes, these few hundred square yards afford the ice for those of that locality. If

you want to skate there, come in your chauffeur-driven car, with your skates on your feet, for I see no other way to overcome the difficulty. To propose a boat-house or checking-house would be useless on account of the expense of building.

It is not necessary that a city should furnish every kind of amusement on a field set aside for that purpose, but why not have the field? There are localities in this city to-day which can not boast of a field sufficiently large for a game of ball. In the city of Philadelphia one plot of a public land is so large that each of its four corners serves as a baseball diamond. If we can not hope for this, yet we should at least have single plots of abundance, for they take care of many kinds of sports throughout the year. Why could not the city grounds that we do have, be surrounded with a two-foot rampart of earth to serve in the winter as a skating park, with the accompanying necessities being furnished by the city? The two or three small park lakes we have demand such severely cold weather to freeze beyond danger to the skaters as regards thin ice, that their value is very little, and that is not compensated for by their accessibility.

The city seems to be dormant in matters of public recreation and each succeeding year brings no further development. To stipulate what means of this kind must be furnished a people by its civic authorities will scarcely become a law in our time. However, it is evident that until it is a law, no further steps will be taken in this metropolis to improve the meagre conditions existing to-day.

Paul A. McCrory, '23.



The Value of Time.

IN 46 B. C., by means of the Roman water clock, Julius Caesar adjusted the working schedule of the world. To correct the calender's accumulated error, he added two months to that year (known as the last year of confusion), abolished the use of the lunar year and regulated the civil year by the sun. By his decree every fourth year was fixed at three hundred and sixty days, Caesar's greatest contribution to the art of time-keeping, "The Julian Calender" stood for sixteen centuries. It came within three hundred years of bridging the gap between the crude water clock of ancient Rome and those marvelous time-keepers of our own days.

Time, cried Plato to the men of Athens, is the gift of the gods—the moveable image of Eternity. Plato stands forth a world witness to the greatest value of Time. He saw Time as the greatest companion, guiding human life, through the fleeting years to its home on "the luminous slopes of the stars." In order that Time might be produced in full sway he said, "the Creator brought into being the sun, earth, moon, and five other stars we call planets, to distinguish and safeguard apportionments of Time. To this universe he allotted souls equal in number to all the stars in the heavens, that each soul, after living his appointed Time might return to his own star. He who would lay hold on his life denomination instead of drifting must lay hold on his Time, by resolutely safeguarding the golden hours of "Now". "Time present is the only time for thee."

Alexander the Great taught the world a lesson that will be remembered to the end of time; before his birth, Antiochion declared that the sacrifice of time was the most earthly of all sacrifices, after his death he called time "the most valuable thing a man can spend."

In time-keeping devices, as in many other inventions, the Flowery Kingdom apparently anticipated other nations by thousands of years. Even our modern daylight saving system was introduced by a Chinaman a trifle over three thousand years ago. He was first to use the ancient water clock as a time-piece. In America's eye the Orient is a puzzle, China a paradox. The tranquil, leisurely routine of the High-caste Chinese is a constant challenge to the Yankee who sees it as a deliberate waste of life's most costly commodity—Time. Yet, Chinese gentlemen of to-day keep watch repair shops working over-time by each carrying two watches, which they are anxious shall run harmoniously.

Time! before every train that thunders through the night, flies Father Time—the same watchful protecting personality that

guided Alexander across the ocean's floor to the defiant walls of Tyre, and Hannibal across the Alps to the gates of Rome. The engineer in his rocking cab, steering ahead into the darkness—the conductor going methodically about his mighty tasks—the passengers lying in their comfortable births listening to the storms shriek past,—all put their trust implicitly in that hovering, watchful protecting figure of Old Father Time. For Father Time, on American railroads stands for that amazing development of time service, train dispatching, and block signals, which alone make modern train safety possible, and enables travelers to save the most costly thing in the world—Time.

Time is the stuff life is made of. "Who wastes time, wastes life!" This hard-learned lesson of ages past is reflected in earnestness with which the history makes of our own day. Guard life's most costly commodity—Time. Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves.

F. Heilmann, H. S., '23.



Rights of Public Service Companies.

WHEN the Supreme Court first decided that a contract made by a Water Company with a Boro by which the Water Company was to furnish water to the Boro at a certain rate was not binding, and later when it decided that a contract between the City and the Railway Company by which the City granted a franchise to the Railway Company upon the Company's promise not to charge more than a five cent fare was not enforceable in so far as it applied to the fare, a great cry went up from the people,—a cry of outraged justice,—a cry of despair,—a cry that called to heaven for vengeance upon the corporation controlled court. And ever since those days, whenever these decisions are reiterated in new cases, we hear the echo of that cry, and reverberating through the years, thrown from one county to another, what it has lost in shrillness it has gained in volume, until now its rumbling may be heard, continually, within the shadow of the court.

Nor is it strange that these decisions should have caused much comment, for they seemed to do away with all right

secured by contract,—they seemed but to confirm the already strong belief of the people, that the court was but the lamp of Aladdin in the Corporation's hands, they had but to rub it the right way, and their every wish came true. Such a condition would be one to cause dismay,—to arouse the people's wrath and their distrust, to cause them to criticize, and criticize they did. Yet, time after time, has the court reaffirmed these decisions, and legislature after legislature has failed to correct the wrong, despite the sentiment of the people. Apparently, the law will remain unchanged, and it might be well to stop in the midst of our hurling vituperation on the court, and see what these decisions really mean—discover just how the corporation swindled the people.

Freedom of contract is a right which is zealously cherished, just as is freedom of speech and of the press, and it might be of advantage to us in determining just how that freedom of contract has been impaired to consider what is meant by freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

Could any man who would step upon a soap box on the corner and harangue the people with reasons why they should disregard all law, assassinate all legislators and dynamite the Capitol, successfully defend his action on the principle of freedom of speech? Does freedom of the press guarantee immunity to the publisher of libellous, anarchistic, pornographic books? Does anyone maintain that such abuse of freedom constitutes freedom itself? I doubt it. I think that all will admit that there is a duty upon the State to protect the common good, and that that use of the freedom which we possess, which may work to the detriment of society in general, is an abuse to be prevented by the State.

And as with speech and with the press so with contracts. Freedom of Contract is a right as sacred as the right of property from which it springs, but freedom and license are entirely different things. No one, I venture to say, would seriously uphold, on the principle of freedom of contract, the right of a perjurer to enforce the promise of a bribe—of an assassin to enforce payment for his shot. But these cases are both immoral, both contracts against the Natural Law. Suppose, then, a man innocent of any crime, awaiting trial for a murder of which he will probably be convicted. His friends engage someone outside to aid the prisoner to escape. The plan works. The imprisoned man breaks out, and before the prison dogs pick up the scent he is safe,—far beyond the reach of extradition. The contract has been carried out, the deliverer has committed no moral wrong,

yet who would say that he could enforce the promise of the friends to pay him the certain definite amount. And why not? If the contract was against public policy, contractors in jail delivering would certainly not aid the peace and prosperity of any state; they could never be considered an asset. In order that a contract be void on the grounds of public policy, it is not necessary that there be any moral turpitude, it is sufficient that the contract be against the common good.

But would the common good be injured by compelling the public service companies to furnish service at the rates called for in their contracts? To answer this, the nature of the Public Service Company is exactly what the name implies; it is a company furnishing service to the public; a company usually operating with the consent of the public obtained in the form of a franchise, and peculiarly holding itself out to serve all equally without discrimination. They are engaged in furnishing service which is necessary to public convenience, such as light, heat, water, transportation. All these things are essential to the public good, and it is essential that they be furnished as cheaply as possible, for of what benefit would be the numerous inventions, the wonderful scientific progress, the electric light, the steam engine, the trolley car, were the rates for such service beyond the means of the average citizen?

For this reason it is that the State exercises its right to inquire into and regulate the rates charged by companies furnishing such service; for this reason was the Public Service Commission established and given power to investigate, either of its own accord or upon a complaint by any user, the service being given and the rates being charged by any Public Service Company. It has the power to make any reasonable order which will render the service more of a public convenience. It can compel an electric company to extend,—it can compel a traction company to reroute its cars, and it can compel telephone and telegraph companies to so coöperate as to furnish the people of the State the most efficient service. It has the power to investigate the value of the Public Service Company's equipment, the cost of operation, and to declare what rate would furnish a reasonable return upon the investment. Every proposed change of rate must be filed with the Public Service Commission, at least thirty days before it is to become effective. Within this period any user of the service has the right, by filing a petition with the Public Service Commission, to have the proposed change in rates investigated by the Commission, and the burden is upon the

Company to show that the new rate is fair and reasonable. If they cannot do this the increase is refused, as witness the failure of the Bell Telephone Company in their effort to maintain the same high rates as those charged by the government during the war. And if the rate is a reasonable one,—if it is one to which the Company is entitled, corporation or no corporation, why should it not be allowed? And even after the thirty days have elapsed, any user at any time has the right to object to the schedule of rates then in force by any Public Service Company, and upon proof that the rate is unjust or unreasonable, the Public Service Company will order it revised.

But if by long term contracts a patron could bind a Public Service Company to furnish him with service, at a rate which later, because of increased cost of service, was so low as to prevent the Company from receiving a fair return on its investment, one of two things must of necessity result: either the other patrons must bear an unfair proportion of the operating expenses, or the Public Service Company must discontinue operation. Would either of these results be beneficial to the State? Is there any reason why those less fortunate small users of the service unable to make favorable contracts should be compelled to make up the deficit caused by the enforcement of the larger user's contract? Is it in any way conducive to economy or to efficiency to permit Public Service Company after Public Service Company to be forced to retire into bankruptcy?

The State, therefore, by reason of its care for the common good of its citizens, has the right to protect them from either of these evils. It declares that contracts such as these which work to the detriment of society are, therefore, against Public Policy, and it refuses its aid in enforcing them. As the Public Service Commission said in deciding the case of the School District of Mt. Oliver against the Equitable Gas Company: "The Public Service Commission will not and cannot compel a Gas Company to render free service to a school house or other Municipal Buildings according to its Franchise. Such service is not free and someone must pay for it."

C. Gerald Brophy, Law, '24.





Cultivation of the Memory.

THERE are many studies and systems which have for their object the cultivation of the intellect, but very often these fail to accomplish their purpose, at least to the degree that could be attained. The intellect can be trained most effectively by the cultivation of the memory.

The intellect is something plastic and must be molded into form before it becomes unpliant through lack of exercise. The training of the intellect must begin when the individual is in his early childhood, to insure it functioning keenly and easily later on when it is more or less set in its action. Modern educators disregard this fact in the early years of the children in the grammar schools. Many new systems have originated which are termed more effective and consonant with the times for the teaching of pupils of the first grade of the primary school. These systems of teaching, in my estimation, are wrong because the small child's mind is still in an undeveloped state. A better method to adopt is the cultivation of the intellect by developing the power of memory. The child cannot use his intellect to advantage, or hardly use it at all for that matter, because his mind is really in the making. The mind is like a snowball that has been rolled in a fresh fall of snow, without patting it hard, till it takes on great size. The ball formed is seemingly strong throughout, but when you attempt to lift it, it crumbles in a heap at your feet. The intellect of the child just beginning his primary school is unfit to function properly without a great deal of fundamental training or practice. It has not been hardened and developed sufficiently by use. This could be accomplished, as I see, in only one way—by committing to memory the brief exercises assigned for study and reading in the class-room. This memory work should be continued, not only in the grammar school, but should also be encouraged in high school to a greater extent. Cultivation of the memory is the fundamental basis of training the mind, not only for the practice and exercise that it affords the intellect, but also for the vast and varied amount of knowledge that it supplies for our use in daily undertakings.

But the cultivation of the memory must not be confined to any class of individuals, or to schools and colleges; it must necessarily enter into our lives, more or less, and this is especially true for business men. The reason for this is logical; because we must not only understand various things, but also retain them in memory. We know only as much as we remember; we should not, however, employ the memory to the exclusion of the primary action of the intellect—reason itself. Reason is just as necessary, if not more so, as the memory, because we must understand the things memorized, and see their relation to other objects; otherwise they have no value. Aside from this fact, the cultivation of the memory serves as a steady and constant training to the intellect, whereas other systems employed now and again, have some benefits, it must be confessed, but these are very small in contrast with those derived from the memory. Yet, it might be very profitable to combine memory tasks with other recognized methods of training the intellect.

All men are not gifted with good memories, some being naturally adept in recording facts in the mind; we can cultivate this faculty to a greater degree by practice. We can more easily retain things in memory by associating them with their surroundings; by arranging them in logical order; by showing some interest or liking for that which we wish to memorize and meditating often on it. If this plan is followed, the memory will be developed to a greater extent by those who are not so blessed by nature.

There are fewer accomplishments which give us the private satisfaction than that of being able to call on our memory for certain data or facts, aside from the absolute necessity of remembering things in our daily life. So we should aim to cultivate the memory in order to give the mind exercise just as we give the body its allotted work.

William E. Boggs, '23.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Waterways of Pittsburgh.

WHEN we consider Pittsburgh in its greatness, and trace her progress in the last hundred years, we can, without hesitation, feel proud of our city, realizing at the same time that although many cities can rival her in extent and population, yet few can equal her in world service. In estimating the fruits of industrial activities, we must not overlook our natural resources, and also the use we make of these instruments of progress.

Pittsburgh has the advantage of being geographically situated at the junction of three rivers, and so can utilize these waterways constantly in transportation. Yet, owing to the narrow and shallow channels, the maximum efficiency cannot be obtained in shipping by water. Although the river tonnage for the past few years shows a commendable record, yet we must remember that our city must necessarily show a better one than formerly, if we are to boast of any progress in river traffic.

The Monongahela and Ohio are fairly navigable by the aid of a system of locks and dams; but the Allegheny is the least navigable of the three. The Allegheny and Monongahela merge into the friendly waters of the Ohio which is the most serviceable to the industries of our city. The various systems of locks and dams in our streams, while necessary for navigation, render transportation very slow. It is evident, then, that unless the rivers be made more navigable by dredging, an increase in the number of freight steamers would cause the streams to be crowded more than previously and transportation would be more unsatisfactory than at present. Another factor which would increase river navigation is the raising of the bridges in Pittsburgh. There has been much discussion about the order

which the War Department sanctioned, but which has been delayed because the engineers cannot agree on some trivial matter. There is no substantial reason for delaying such an important project, and the sooner the work of repairing the channels is performed, the greater will be the benefit to our community.

In reference to mineral resources, Pittsburgh is blessed with a liberal supply of coal, but transportation facilities are inadequate to handle it, and distribute enough for our own use, and also satisfy the outside demand. The shortage of cars to carry the mined coal is due to the congested condition of the railroads, and this fact consequently causes the mines to shut down. Instead of depending so much on rail transportation we should render our rivers more navigable and utilize them to a greater advantage. The cost would be enormous, it is certain, but the benefits would be great in the same degree, paving the way to a greater Pittsburgh, and in time would compensate for, and outweigh the expense of this undertaking. Having the required fuel in our city, it is very profitable to ship iron ore here from the Lakes and smelt it in our blast furnaces. This, too, could be done more economically by the new proposed canal from Erie to Pittsburgh. Another advantage that the canal offers is the opportunity for other Lake shipping. If these conditions were effected, there would be better railroad service in freight shipments, and consequently a lower cost of living.

We can rightly conclude that Pittsburgh progress has not reached its zenith, that this can be accomplished only by developing our potential wealth—the waterways.

W. E. Boggs, '23.



That Face.

MOST of us cannot help being ugly. In this respect we are not masters of our destiny: and if our faces are such that none but a mother can love, we must be grateful even to have such a lover. But, granted that we are not beauties, we can prevent ourselves from being repulsive. I see so many young men who should know better deforming their countenances so as to "look tough". The "I live in de last house in tirty-tird street" expression is become quite common; the drooping jaw, curled lip, surly frown, shaggy hair, "spit-

across-the-street " chin, swaggy walk, and closed fists at the end of a curved arm, are all put on for effect. These assumed on natural traits, are not very aesthetic, and often militate strongly against a man's success. Look up! Stand straight! Discard that frown. In one word, learn to look pleasant.



The Large City.

THERE are many forces and circumstances prolific of beneficial results in molding a powerful republic, but among these of primary importance is the founding of large cities.

A republic, from the very definition of the term, as we know it, is a country in which the public officials are vested with their power by popular vote. It is conclusive to say, then, that such a country is united into a stronger nation by this form of government than it would be by a monarchy or an aristocracy. Each individual shares in the affairs of State and takes an active interest in the common welfare. There seems to be a closer bond of union when men forget their positions in society, whatever they may be, whether wealthy or poor, to cast their ballot, side by side, in a true democratic spirit. This strong tie of unity is augmented by the many villages springing up in advantageous places through the vision of some enterprising individuals who were quick to note their value. Men of such keen perception nurtured small industries into mammoth organizations. The natural result was that men flocked to these workshops for employment, and built homes close by, giving birth to a new town. A city continues to build from the town stage of existence, and grow, while, at the same time, the population increases as its industries grow more numerous. The large cities supply the fuel for commerce; and on commerce depends the wealth of a nation. So the advantage of having large flourishing cities in a republic is self-evident without delving into the facts proving it more fully.

Yet, there is another factor resulting from the building of large cities which furthers the cause of a republic. The large community brings its citizens into closer communication with one another, and in this manner the majority of people are united by laws and customs into a better spirit of co-operation than would result from a scattered population.

This fact in itself furthers the idea of a republic and helps to create interest in this form of government, especially in city government, which has a direct bearing on every individual within its precincts. It tends to lessen sectional jealousy and dissension, and preserves harmony and good-will among the citizens. This busy community life of a large city does not only effect a unity of its citizens in civic activities, but these cities themselves are united in spirit, and pledge their support and co-operation in the common welfare of the republic.

It is evident, then, that large cities play an important role in the life of a republic; in fact they are the nucleus around which a powerful republic is built, and from which it obtains its wealth and strength. If we are united in large cities, and our cities are united, then our republic or any other will live on.

"United we stand—divided we fall."

Clement M. Strobel, '23.



If I Could Have My Wish.

THE world would be a wonderful place to live in; there would be no exploitation, no defrauding, no duplicity; the one ideal of man would be justice—not liberty at the expense of justice; the law would be impartial alike to rich and poor; the poor man would have a home, and would be contented in that home; the rich man would have his money—but not to use it in exploiting the poor; the woman would have her political rights—if she has any; scientists would be scientists—not charlatans; the writer would have to show his ability or give up his profession; the reformers would be reformers—not merely ministers; society would be made up of honest men—not pedants, or sycophants, or fools and their money; the nation would uphold its integrity and the integrity of its people by honest and fair means—not by the wornout and blunt weapons of statecraft and diplomacy;—yes, this would be the status of affairs—if I could have my wish.

H. S. FitzSimmons, H. S., '23.



Crime Causality.

IN his remarkable book, "Introduction to the Study of Sociology" Edward Cory Hayes, Ph. D., gives the student world both in and out of school, a compendium of Sociology which includes not only a summary of the chief abstract teachings of all the branches of the subject, but also practical applications, the result of investigation into the specific evils and their causes. The book finds its way into a great number of schools and colleges. Several Catholic colleges have adopted it for their text book, which might cause some wonder in the minds of Catholic educators, considering the anti-Catholic teaching on Evolution and other subjects, set forth in this book. Those colleges referred to probably excuse themselves with the justified but sad apology for the lamentable neglect of Catholic schools to produce Catholic text books. But I wander from the subject.

"The causes of crime," says Professor Hayes, "may be classified under three heads: (1) Heredity; (2) Acquired Traits; (3) Environment". Crime, I understand, is a violation of law here considered in its widest signification, *i. e.*, eternal and temporal with the subdivisions of each. Let not disease or sickness, which I admit to be hereditary, be confounded with crime.

To prove the first head under which the cause of crime is classified, Professor Hayes states: "At Elmira Reformatory during a long period for which figures are known, 13.7 per cent. of the inmates had insane or epileptic heredity." That is too bad; but what has that to do with the statement that heredity is the cause of crime. The same per cent. of the inmates might have had red-headed heredity. Insanity or epilepsy is not a crime any more than red-headedness is a sign of a sanguine temperament, Crime may have been the cause of these diseases in some instances, but that is not always the case. The author gives no example of what, to my way of thinking, might be called hereditary crime, as drunkenness, lawlessness *et cetera*, which should rather ascribe their existence to environment than to heredity.

The real causes of crime are: failure of parents to properly care for their children; bad companions; neglected education; disregard for the child's spiritual welfare; incompetence on the part of the State to deal with offenders, and improper treatment of criminals. The sins of the father do not become the child's under different environment.

James A. Reilly, '23.

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

MARCH 15—A large contingent of the student body and members of the Faculty assisted at the educational lecture of Mr. Belloc, on the "Dangers of European Civilization". The lecture—a master-piece of diction, showed a mine of knowledge of actual affairs, and a deep prophetic instinct.

MARCH 16—To-day was a banner day for the High School, as the students of Third High B anticipated their regular Sunday evening concert, and in honor of St. Patrick's Day, which fell on one of our uneventful Saturdays, displayed a calibre of stage talent such as we rarely see in these parts. The boys, entertaining by a minstrel show, had the audience in varying moods of gayety and pathos, of happy reminiscences or soulful emotions. And 'twere wasting words to say that the crowd that taxed the seating capacity and standing room of the auditorium appreciated the treat by a generous applause. It were a wise man who would dare pick out the individual stars; so, lest I be mistaken in such a task, I'll append the programme as it was rendered. Please note, at the end, the name of the director!

ENTERTAINMENT AND MINSTREL SHOW.

March, "Gallant Seventh", (<i>Sousa</i>)	Orchestra
Chorus, "Smilin' Through"	Minstrel Troupe

Minstrel, Part 1.

Prologue, Address of Welcome	J. Lawler
Interlocutor	F. Loebig

Tambo—N. McHugh; Sambo—A. Viragh

Lambo—G. Miller; Jambo—W. Hogan

Recitation, "Feast of all Nations"	
J. Lampert, J. Kozicki, A. Bacik, M. Reisdorf	

Trombone Solo, "At Home"	E. Bridge
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Reading, Mother's Almanac	J. McCartan
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Dialogue, "All Wrong"	G. Henninger, M. Mooney
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Serenade, "San Diego", (<i>Edmonds</i>)	Orchestra
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Recitation, "You Git Up"	
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F. Kernan, T. McBride, R. Kaveny, C. Mullan, H. McDonald	
Class Room Patter, "Always Late"	

E. Heyl, H. Luba, J. Kelly, W. Kelly, A. Laurent

Vocal Solo and Chorus, "When Shall We Meet Again"?	
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J. McDonald

- Reading and Class Recitation, "Dear Old Ireland"
 J. McCartney, G. Huttinger, J. Holohan,
 J. McLaughlin, R. Meehan
- Medley Overture, "American and Irish Airs", (*Rosey*), Orchestra
 Minstrel, Part 2.
- Recitation, "The Mac's and the O's"
 A. Morgan, W. J. Keown, J. Hurley
- Monologue, "Give Me a Chance" M. Keefer
- Soprano Solo and Chorus, "You Gave Me Your Heart"
 "Tumble Down Shack"
 Master E. White
- Reading, "My Corduroy Breeches" J. Lawler
- Violin Solo, "Humoresque" F. Loebig
- Tenor Solo, "Old Town in County Down" T. Sullivan
- Selection, "Il Travatore" Orchestra
- Faculty Quartette, "Killarney, My Home O'er the Sea"
 Revs. J. Malloy, J. Dodwell, F. Williams, E. Malloy
- Oration, "Ireland's Freedom" J. Lambert
- Piano Solo, "Minuet", (*Paderewski*) A. McDermott
- Vocal Solo and Chorus, "That Old Irish Mother of Mine"
 E. White & Troupe
- Exit March, "American Legion" Orchestra
- Music Director, C. B. Weis; Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams
 Stage Director, Rev. J. Malloy; Minstrel Director, Rev. E. McGuigan

MARCH 17—This day of days passed very quietly. And the students missed their regular half-holiday, which was partially compensated for on

MARCH 19—A High Mass was rendered by the Junior Choir, at the conclusion of which Monsignor W. Stadleman, C. S. Sp., Director of the Association of the Holy Childhood, addressed the students. With an eloquence of which he is master, the zealous priest portrayed the greatness of Saint Joseph, as represented in his office of Foster-father, and deftly applied his doctrine to the modern needs of protecting Christianity in foreign lands.

MARCH 20—As the robins are putting in an occasional hour here, and the breezes from the training camps are blowing, I note that our campus is a sorry sight. I wonder if it will ever be the same again. Truck after truck of materials has cut into the ground, and the infield is ploughed beyond recognition. Every wagonload cuts deeper into my imagination. I just wonder what will become of baseball.

MARCH 21—The colossal steel beams were swung into place to-day and work on the roof of the gymnasium will begin at once. The students in the various classes were interested spectators at the works, as the mighty crane, with human-like precision and mathematical exactness took its burdens, one by one, of upwards of thirteen tons, and placed it easily and gracefully in position. Carpenters set to work at once on the foundations for the concrete roofing. We make a personal appeal to all the ex-Dukes to call and inspect this gem of "gyms".

MARCH 22—I made my periodical visit to Canevin Hall to-day. There, too, the work is progressing rapidly, and in a short time it will be under roof. Now, that the cold weather has gone (so we hope), there will be fewer delays than before, and work can always advance in the interior, three floors of which are completed.

MARCH 23—Our versatile and capable Mr. J. Aikens, who has had a seige of hospital life, which he assures us, has given him a new out-look on life, rejoiced us all, as he took up his pre-fectorial duties again. Welcome back!

The preliminary for the elocution contest, to be held on May 6th, took place to-day. May 6th might seem to be a long way off for some. But mark it down in your date-book for "Duquesne".

MARCH 24—Father McDermott received a letter to-day, a flattering one, too, from a non-Catholic clergyman and friend; although the writer has made no special comment on my column (and I feel slighted) I append his letter in full. Needless to add, I appreciate sincerely his compliments all the more, so that all I ever hear about the MONTHLY is what is faulty or wrong; and I expectantly hope that the Rev. R. E. Bayes will make good his promise to visit us in Pittsburgh.

My dear Father McDermott:—

The February number of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY reached me yesterday. Mrs. Bayes and I have already carefully perused it from cover to cover. The account of your visit to Monte Carlo, Pisa, St. Peter's, and the Vatican, was most interesting and enlightening. It was something of a disappointment to me not to see Rome last summer, but I live in great hopes of seeing the Eternal City on my next trans-Atlantic trip.

Permit me also to congratulate you on the general make-up of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY. It impresses me as being exactly what a student magazine should be. Its atmosphere is that of

culture, investigation, and tolerance, and I have greatly enjoyed the perusal of its articles. If the MONTHLY'S pages adequately reflect the spirit of the institution, I can have nothing but admiration for your university. I hope I may some day have the privilege of walking over your campus, inspecting your buildings, hearing some lectures, meeting some members of student body and faculty, and also worshiping in the Chapel.

Thanking you for your remembrance of us, and with kindest greetings from Mrs. Bayes and myself, I remain,

Respectfully and cordially yours,

RALPH ERNEST BAYES.

MARCH 25—Holy Week is on and the few days remaining before Easter will be ones of anxious waiting. The various teams have appeared on the campus, but are confined to the lower part of the field. There is an air of Spring around.

MARCH 26—The absentees are becoming more numerous; and the work less strenuous as the third term draws to a close. The Junior Boarders are wondering who will be the next to don the long trousers. White and Miller are yet safe; but rumor has it that McDonald and E. Welsh are on the border line of expectancy. Talking about the younger celebrities, they have a ditty which they sing and whistle to the tune of an old Hawaiian melody. It runs thus:

"Runt" whistled in the corridor,
He whistled strong and loud,
He whistled most acceptably,
And entertained a crowd;
But soon he heard a dark brown voice—
That voice did loudly greet,
And then for ten cold minutes
"Runt" whistled on the street.

MARCH 27—The usual influx of Seminarians greeted us today; returning after a strenuous half-year's work, they all looked well, and were enthusiastic over the metamorphosis on the Bluff.

Preliminaries for the oratorical contest were held this afternoon. There will be five contestants for the medal this year. Two represent the Senior, two the Junior, and one the Sophomore classes.

MARCH 28—Easter recess began at noon and by evening the house was deserted. The Fathers of the community have been engaged for special services in the various churches of the city. A lull has come over the Bluff, the Maloney Building no longer is astir at 8:30 A. M.

APRIL 4—The old gong sounded out as usual and the class-work was resumed at 9 o'clock. During our absence, the roof has been put on the gymnasium, and, now the amount of space gained for the campus looks immense. Two or three tennis courts can be easily arranged and the handball alley that we lost will be more than compensated for. The exterior appearance of the building is most attractive, and has done away with the old eye-sore at the corner.

The Campus is all astir, and Spring practise for the inter-class leagues is on in earnest.

APRIL 5—Two important events marked the day's **doings**. One was a dance given in honor of "Ollie" Kendrick's **cake stars**, by the Campus Club at the K. of C. Hall, Fifth and Bellefield. It was well patronized, and shows the school spirit and efficiency of the young college fraternity. The other, the "Red Masquers" Spring Entertainment, for the benefit of the Father Simon Unit of the C. S. M. C. was a decided success; and, despite inclement weather, attracted an overflow crowd of patrons. "My Mother's Songs", a musical fantasy in oae act, by the Rev. J. F. Enright, B. A., '99, brought rounds of applause: the characters were all masters at their art; whilst the dress effect and stage setting, designed and arranged by Father John Malloy, beggared description. "The Red Lamp", a play in two acts, greatly amused the audience, and sent them home smiling.

Between the plays, the Rev. E. N. McGuigan, C. S. Sp., delivered an eloquent address on the C. S. M. C. The consummate skill and well-timed eloquence of Father "Mack", need no further comment.

APRIL 6-7—The baseball season opened more or less disastrously for the 'Varsity on foreign territory. But take it from us, that same team will be heard from when it has rounded into shape.

APRIL 9—The Examinations for the third quarter began to-day. Of course, everybody was glad. It seems no one is going to fail, and the professors are having a man's size job to find a single mistake in the papers. Watch the results in certificates. The philosophers do not see yet why there could be any discussion of difference of opinion on the question of Essence and Existence.

APRIL 16—The results of the examinations held last week in the college and high school classes were announced this afternoon. The following students obtained first place in their respective

classes: (College) J. M. Rozenas, A. A. Radasevich, J. H. Styka, J. A. Gilmartin, J. S. Meier, A. H. Parker; (Commercial Department) P. F. Gabriel, E. L. Bishop, R. E. Patterson, T. P. Spring, W. A. Bovard, E. R. Colford; (Science Department) C. J. Shiring, M. J. Reisdorf, J. J. Uhrine, L. J. Holveck; (Academic Department) H. A. Goff, T. J. Quigley, J. F. Reilly, M. L. Dudich, T. F. Henninger, F. J. Strini, J. P. Thornton, M. J. Seibold, P. R. Nee, M. A. Dravecky, J. M. Mishaga, J. J. Cooney, A. A. Miller, H. E. Felich, W. Iwanicki.

The following obtained ninety per cent. or over as an average: J. M. Rozenas, A. A. Radasevich, J. H. Styka, J. S. Meier, P. F. Gabriel, W. L. Hassett, R. E. Patterson, E. R. Colford, W. A. Bovard, J. Boleky, B. Bruchniewski, M. J. Reisdorf, L. J. Holveck, T. F. Henninger, A. D. McDermott, F. M. Loebig, J. T. Laufer, M. J. Mooney, E. B. Ross, P. F. O'Shea, M. J. Siebold, J. P. Desmond, D. Markey, J. M. Mishaga, C. Gearing, P. F. O'Toole, E. Griffin, J. Murray, A. E. Engle, G. Cannon, J. McKeever, L. Kurtz, P. Trainer, A. A. Miller, R. P. Driscoll, L. Scully, H. E. Felich, A. V. Blahut.

Three hundred and forty-nine honor certificates were awarded.

Are you going to the Syria Mosque, May 10th and 11th?

Are you going to the C. S. M. C. Pageant?

Let's all meet there!



Exchanges.

"Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

WE are unable to recall at the moment the name of the sage responsible for the above remark, but are fully cognizant of its force. Particularly is it applicable to what has been a source of unlimited disgust to us for many a long day: the arrangement of certain "comic" departments it is our monthly misfortune to be expected to plough through and the wording of the alleged wit and humor embodied therein. Jokes are but minor details of the college literary publication and properly so. At least such is the prevailing opinion among those

erudite geniuses, all het up with the cosmic urge, who have by hook or crook cornered the market on school periodical editorships. Personally we are of the sentiment that the originator of a clever quip is of vastly more use in the world than the perpetrator of the average essay on Dante, the decay of modern society, or the yappings of the soft-brained "drys" and the softer-brained "wets". However, that is beside the point. Our aim is to uplift, in some small degree, the fallen witticism, and if you care to take our statement as a fact, it has sunken pretty low in numerous instances.

Our initial suggestion along these lines treats of the fundamental, the so to speak, elementary constituent of the printed jest: let it have a point! Coleridge has written, "Wit which discovers partial likeness in general diversity." Taking as a whole what we have skimmed over during our regime as "ex-man", the composite strikes us a chip of "partial likeness" lost on an ocean of "general diversity". It's nearly that bad anyway. Our budding satirists, our embryo Mark Twains, our infant weavers of puns, quite frequently fail to realize that unless care be taken their efforts are apt to be woefully devoid of punch, thus nullifying all potency as producers of merriment. The class-room pleasantry, so oft the cause of laughter unconfined, when shorn of inflection and propitious circumstance is usually fair set to die a natural death. Let it rest in peace. It might be stuffed and made to resemble its former self to some degree, but at best a dead weight is always cumbersome. We do not, however, urge the acceptance of this precept absolutely. There is plenty of bright stuff pulled within the halls of learning that will bear repetition of the proper sort.

Second, we deal with verbiage. A distressing tendency is apparent among certain misguided contemporaries leading them to affect the mode of construction prevalent in "A Hundred Sure-Fire After-Dinner Stories"—you remember the little yellow paper-covered booklet with the Rube Goldberg caricature on front that dear Uncle George bought the time he addressed the board of trade banquet in—let me see, was it nineteen-four or nineteen-five? That fashion, gentle reader, is old and rusty, very rusty in fact. Its rough on one even to listen to it, but to peruse it—ugh-h! Eliminate the superfluous word and the obnoxious tri-syllable. Don't put it:

A college chancellor came upon an intoxicated student standing before the hall where the annual promenade was in progress. Noting the young man's unsteady condition, the chancellor accost-

ed him angrily thus: "So there is liquor at the promenade! I shall see that the dean goes into that!" Imagine his consternation, when the student replied haltingly, "D-don't bother (hic), sir, he's been going into it all evening, and is now in there playing ring-around-a-rosey with the young ladies!"

Try it like this:

Peeved Prexy: Outside from Hall. So there is liquor at the promenade! I shall see that the dean goes into that!

Stewed Frosh: Nev' min', ol' shport, dean b'n goin' int' 't all ev'ning. Find 'im in there now wadin' in gol'-fish pond.

Our advice as to the most efficacious means of curbing the evil under discussion is conscientious study of *Judge, Life*, or some other reputable magazine devoted to the lighter side of existence. Make 'em short and snappy; you're not being paid space rates.

Our third and fourth difficulties may be put briefly in a paragraph. Number three: If it is necessary to "clip"—and it is—, don't reproduce the poor ones merely to fill a blank half-page. They all deteriorate in the re-telling and the kind we mention can't get worse and live. Number four: As a trifling favor to the long-suffering public, get away from the stunt of hanging such cognomens as "Vrobnivieciwicz" and "Hagerlochenstein" on the principals in a dialogue. Suppose, for instance, one does manage to stumble through "Vrobnivieciwicz" and "Hagerlochenstein", the process wears so on the mental fibre that the capacity for enjoyment is exhausted. Besides the personal is distasteful in many cases and should be avoided.

So now, all ye comic scribes, since we've dashed off this priceless lesson on the art, may we not hope for smallest, teeniest, bit of improvement in your columns?—We most assuredly may NOT!

Ariston.

Our guest from Minnesota—that state much-maligned as the seat of Mr. Lewis's renowned Gopher Prairie—leads us to the belief that the drabness of "Main Street" should have been planted elsewhere. There is a color and variety of thought to *Ariston* that could hardly have emanated from a common-wealth rightly typical of the petty sordidness, the muddy outlook conjured from the seething depths of Mr. Lewis's imagination. Be that as it may, however, *Ariston* is worthy of truly sincere commendation. The Winter Number which has come under our immediate observation is a rare combination of essay and review. "The Short Ballot", a comprehensive treatise on the elimination of election in the case of minor office, as a means of better gov-

ernment, is really excellent. Even aside from its literary merit it is of value as a demonstrative of the growing interest women are taking in politics, since they have granted the long-deserved ballot, and is a most encouraging sign. We pick "Maria Chapdelaine" as the leading descriptive effort, "The House of the Seven Gables", as the minutest character analysis, and "An Iceland Fisherman", as expressive of the deepest thought and sympathy on the part of the author. "Chu Chin Chow" causes us much regret on the score of having failed to attend that gorgeous extravaganza, but the young lady's artistry in bringing out its magnificence furnishes us with a mental picture which in some measure compensates for our loss. "A Song of Praise" and "Winging" are of worthy of poetic commendation. We note that the exchange editor has taken care, detailed care, of no less than eighteen publications. Our sympathy to her—also our congratulations! Would that we were possessed of her energy and ambition!

The Boston College Stylus.

The Stylus lands in our midst and slides into the outer circle of our esteem on a toboggan of verse. As ever, "Apud Poetas" captures the fancy most. It so chanceth that this particular January issue is not as fruitful as is oft the case; but with the Bard we remark, "'twill serve, 'twill serve". "Sleep" for true beauty and other reasons better left to the reader's imagination strikes us most favorably. "Roads", an idyllic sketch, runs it a close second, with "Two Wise Men by the Fireside", and "After All" not far to the rear. The prose is mediocre, and unless we judge wrong, rather weak. "The Magic Pool" has to do with reformers which renders it ill enough, and a soggy moral gets in a bit of dastardly work that ruins it further. Clever handling retrieves its defects to an extent, but need we suggest that an allegory struggling 'neath the weight of reformers and a moral is well-nigh beyond redemption? "Captain Kidd" is perhaps the most engaging attempt in the booklet. We are delighted to have definite information on the career of the famed buccaneer, and that in really enticing form. As a story "Coopie" finds little reason for existence. As anything else he finds none. The plot of the escaped convict coming back is an ancient one. We are led to wonder if any of them except Jack Johnson ever tried the prodigal son stunt on the loving warden, casting himself into the latter's forgiving arms and exclaiming, "Take me in from the great cruel world outside which is bearing me down, crushing me to the very depths, searing my weary soul! Take me back, oh,

take me back!" Not that "Coopie" tossed that line, but anyway the theme rings no truer than its numerous predecessors. The diction of the story is fair, but verbal cosmetics cannot hide intrinsic discrepancy. "Obregonism in a Sister Republic" throws light on the clouded Mexican situation and brings home to us how woefully we have neglected reading up on events in the land of revolts and cactus since the obnoxious European situation has obtruded its malodorous presence on us and crowded Mexico out of the head-lines. We find "Saint Joan of Arc" appreciative of the holy Maid of Orleans, and doubly appropriate because of her recent canonization which, of course, inspired the departure.

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.



MUSINGS OF THE MONTH.

Sammy Weiss is in again. We append extracts from a lengthy missive with which the diminutive 'Varsity quarter-back favored us a week or so ago. Says Sammy:

"Dear Editor:—

With the most successful basketball season in the history of Duquesne University about closed, unusual interest is shown in the on-coming football schedule.

Duquesne made a ten-strike in the selection of O'Connor of the College as successor to Clem Strobel, for he is the business-like, hustling type of fellow, and we can depend on him for an attractive card.

In landing Broadus and Dayton as early games, the management made a wise move, for it will give the Ballinites an opportunity to develop for larger prey later.

We have read in your column that Len Hodgkins and myself have been persuading our athletically-inclined pals to look favorably on Duquesne as the school at which to complete their studies—it's true. We have already talked to twenty-five of 'em,

and they are well-disposed toward the stunt. See if you can get the athletic board to look 'em up and see that they enroll here before some of our commercial contemporaries nab 'em.

Personally, I look for the greatest little fighting machine the Dukes have ever had—and boys, we have a real Coach in Hal Ballin. With a schedule like Detroit, Wesleyan, Villanova and Grove City, last year, we performed creditably, despite a lack of material. Forty candidates, next fall, will give Hal a chance to make the boys fight for their positions.

I expect a clean slate, for last year the team improved as the season grew older, and we will continue in '23 where we left off; and with these new prospects and veterans like Rudy Cole, Len Hodgkins (a real comer). Fitzgerald, Duffy, Good, Cingolani, Nee, O'Connell, "Cap" Edmonds, Lee Schneider, Martin and Papapanu, and with leaders like Father McGuigan and Hal Ballin combined with the hearty coöperation of the entire student body of Duquesne, I look for the greatest pig-skin outfit ever to bear the "Dukes" cognomen.

As ever,

SAMMY WEISS, B. LL., '26."

The foregoing gives us a pile of pleasurable anticipation. The spirit of Sammy is a thing to be sung in banquet halls. Now all the athletic board and the student body need do is follow the impetus lent by the dynamic grid star, and all will sit pretty.

While on the subject of enthusiasm, some of you wise acres will do well to hustle a bit in behalf of baseball. The diamond pastime has never been established on a paying basis here, and it's about time something was done about it. The management doesn't demand a profit on the sport; but on the other hand it shouldn't be a dead loss, which is what it is. Get a little ambition and bribe a few relatives, friends and benefactors to come to games, and in so doing, fork over their good old four bits. The attractions are worth it, and we guarantee 'em a seat. Alumni—if there are any—take notice!

The next innovation to be installed in these precincts is a tennis team. Devotion to the net and racquet is increasing by leaps and bounds in the United States, and why not? It's a wonderful game, when played as it should be, and one where a gigantic physique is by no means requisite. The athletic committee has been flooded with offers of games this year, and while

it is of course impossible to act favorably upon them until the new courts are completed, there is a prevailing hunch abroad that white trousers will be excellent around here in 1924. Plans are being laid now for a university tournament to be run off late in May or the first week of June. Entries are solicited and will be attended to through this department. A trophy will be awarded the tourney winner, either a cup or medallion. What say gang? Let's go!

There is also more than a bit of noise about a boxing squad. The idea's a good one. Penn State and the Naval Academy have made a go of leather-pushing, and there is no sane reason why Duquesne should not be the pioneer of swat among tri-state institutions. Like tennis, boxing is inexpensive to maintain, there being no costly equipment required as in baseball and football, and the guarantees asked by visiting aggregations being surprisingly low.

Johnny Clinton, of the P. A. A., newest sensation of the billiard world, tells us proudly that he was once a student at Duquesne. Johnny is a mighty fine chap and wears his honors well. For the benefit of the ignorant and uninitiated, Johnny recently journeyed to the jungles of Brooklyn, there meeting all that was best in the amateur balk-line world, and losing but two matches in eight starts. Incidentally friend John, clicked off a high run of 154 against Edgar T. Appleby of bold, bad New York, former champ, thus hanging up a mark never before attained in un-moneyed competition. He defeated Appleby, 300 to 182, in eight innings for an average of 37 4-8, also a world's amateur record. Yes, inde-eddy, the young man is there in many ways!

We hereby extend heartiest congratulations to our friendly enemies, Geneva and Waynesburg, upon their signing of Tom Davies and "Red" Roberts, respectively, to guide the destinies of their '23 grid entrants. The famous Tom of Pitt needs no introduction. We wish him all the felicities there are and the same to Roberts, the mighty man of Center College, the "Praying Colonels", of Danville, Kentucky.

The gym is attaining full growth rapidly, thus affording much gratification to Floor Manager Chris Hoffman. Chris declares that that he has already received a batch of offers for basketball next winter, and that the first overtures to drift in bore an Annapolis post-mark. Evidently the Middies are aching for revenge. They'll be given the opportunity they crave, but as

for the ghastly vendetta—let 'em "try and get it!" Likewise, lest we forget, Comrade Chris has been burning up beaucoup energy in the sticks seeking vagrant tossers to fill the gaps for the chill months, when snow will fly once more, and you birds will be shrieking bloody murder for another championship quintet. The brothers Pillette and Dick Schrading, all of the titled Monessen five and football luminaries as well, have decided to matriculate at Duquesne, and unless something sad and unforeseen transpires, the Up-the-Monongahela athletes will wear Duke colors for the next few years.

And--that's--that!

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.



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HOWARD WATCHES

DIAMONDS

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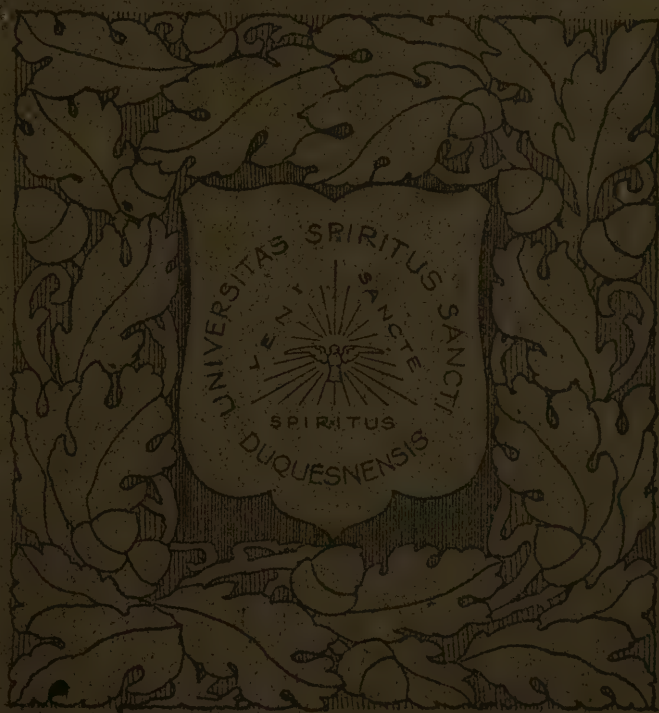
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THEATRICAL COSTUMERS

322 Liberty Avenue

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Duquesne Monthly



VOL. XXX

MAY, 1923

No. 8

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A SECRET.

I AM an old decrepit ghoul,
Entombed beneath the sod.
Beyond the ken of mortal mind
The earth I have not trod.

Huge, pond'rous shackles girt me round
And double locks of steel
Suspended from my spirit lips
Are hung, lest I reveal

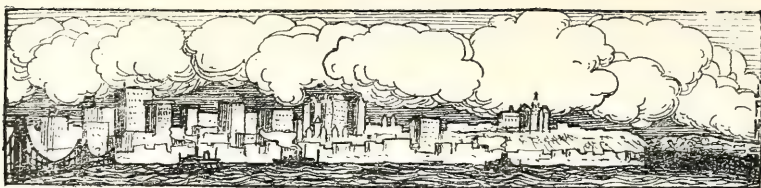
The awful truth: my master's will
Has triumphed over right
And cheated me of nature's dues,
Ne'er shall I see the light!

I am a secret, ill-conceived,
And hateful to behold.
One whisper such as I could breathe,
Would stain the purest gold.

My master died but not, blind fool,
In favor with his God.
He toils in Hell, while I remain
Entombed beneath the sod.

'Tis better so; I am content
To hold my knowledge fast,
That ye who called him brother, friend,
May love him till the last.

A. Radasevich, '25.



The Workshop of the World.

THROUGH the denseness of a morning fog a light was penetrating; it was a courageous, triumphant light; it was the light of the sun. Gradually the thick atmosphere lifted, yielding to the powerful rays of the persistent sun. And then, as if by the passing of a magic wand, the fog was gone; and the sun, in all its glory, shone upon the workshop of the world.

Situated at the junction of two rivers, and overshadowed by its many hills, Pittsburgh might indeed be called the workshop of the world. Some exacting persons will take exception to this statement, and rightly so; for, they will contend that there are hundreds of places where the world's work is carried on. But, it is not my intention to adhere so closely to the concrete meaning of words; it is rather to tell of a place, a city, which is universally known as a workshop upon which towns, cities, and even nations depend for certain products—products which form the nucleus of a new era in modern civilization.

Pittsburgh, by its very geographical position was ordained to become the center of a great industrial section. Coal, ore, gas and oil are readily accessible; so it is not difficult to see how this city became the birthplace of the iron and steel industries. Its waterways make the extent of its development almost illimitable. Cargoes of freight can be shipped to the middle and southern sections of the country without resorting to conveyance by rail. This lessens the cost of delivery, and hence gives the manufacturers an advantage which they would not otherwise enjoy. When the new waterway improvement plan is carried through Pittsburgh will reach the pinnacle of industrial achievement.

Now, we will suppose that that sun I mentioned above is still radiating its luminosity and heat. The city is sweltering under it; but the citizens cannot pause to consider its intensity—they must attend to their work. Pittsburgh was made for work. Pleasure is a mere by-product which barely receives a secondary consideration. All day long men and women toil in offices to finish the work begun by brute strength and intricate machinery. Around roaring fire-places men, stripped to the waist, are yielding

their energy in administering the various processes necessary to get the desired result in some metallurgical test. They work on faithfully, and at the end of the week receive their meager pay, which, compared with the salaries of their employers, is almost an insult to their labors. But it is the decision of fate that they should sweat for their penny and be content: for did they not agree upon a penny a day? We will not go into the question that there is a law of compensation in nature, for I do not intend to discuss socialistic principles. Let us be satisfied with the known truth that the proletariat receives the short end of the bargain, while the higher-ups reap the big profits.

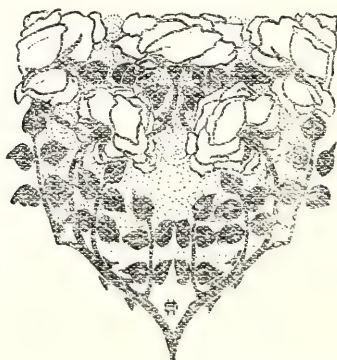
As I said before, Pittsburgh was made for work. When the whistles proclaim the notice that the toilers of the day may depart from their labors, it does not signify that operations shall be discontinued until the morrow; on the contrary, it informs the night shift that it is time for them poor miserable toilers of humanity to rush to their jobs. Toil on, toil on, ye doomed! for you live in a city whose soul is work. If you would recreate, go elsewhere! This is the message to the proletariat of Pittsburgh.

Now, it is dusk, and the noisy traffic on the busy streets has considerably subsided. All is quiet, save the rhythmic sounds coming from the mills and factories, reminding the inhabitants of the city's gospel, toil on, toil on! From a distance one can see the glaring lights of the numerous mills which dot the banks of the Allegheny and Monongahela. These cavernous pits of fire yield a brilliancy, which aside from their intrinsic worth, contain a beauty best described in their practical use. In the gaping hollows of these huge furnaces there is a story that cannot be told within the mere limits of an ordinary theme.

Long before the time of Marcus Tullius Cicero or the ingenious Archimedes, man had conceived the idea that there was hidden in the earth's crust a mineral, stronger and more tenacious than any then known substance. As the centuries passed by this much-sought-for mineral, or metal, began to acquire a more definite realization. The ore had been found, it is true, but the real task had yet to be accomplished, that of reducing the mineral into something tangible—into something that could be assigned to a definite purpose. This was a task indeed! And it was achieved in an obscure place known as the City of Pittsburgh. It was here that the iron, and later the steel, industry developed and flourished. To one with a reminiscent bent there seems to be an affinity between the early workers in metallurgy and the founders of the spacious mills situated in our smoky, yet fair city.

But here I am again wandering, forgetting about that dusky evening when Pittsburgh was apparently in a state of peaceful repose. But it was not so. Standing on any of the hills of the city, one can see a spectacle not soon to escape the memory of an observant man. There below you is the workshop that loves not idle moments. Volumes of fire leap from blazing furnaces, pause for a moment in mid-air, and then disappear. But the fire keeps on melting the crude ore, separating the carbon and silicon from the pig-iron, and eventually converting it into cast-iron, wrought-iron and steel. The flames are reflected in the quiet and dutiful rivers, causing a riot of colors to appear on the surface of the peaceful waters. There are greens, reds, yellows, purples, and their innumerable shades and tints—a panorama of colors. Near the junction of the two rivers, where the Ohio is formed, the tall business structures rise with their many office rooms lighted: men at work who long abandoned the notion that night is the time for sleep. There they toil, the workers of the world, striving to make a comfortable living and advancing their city as the demon producer in this modern civilization—a veritable glutton for work. It gnaws and preys upon its citizens with little surcease that it might continue to hold the indisputable honor which was congenial with its development of iron and steel. It absorbs all the energy of its citizens, and in return it gives them, besides a decent living, a name—a name that is symbolic of the workshop of the world. For who would not boast of being a Pittsburgher? especially when he has given the city his youth and vigor.

Chris J. Hoffmann, '24.



On Conferences.

WHEN the relations between governments reach the point where they are nearing a severance the ruling diplomats can always find a way out of the difficulty by bringing about a conference. Whether this conference has a favorable result or not, it is usually a success—a success to the extent that it paves the way to another conference, thereby warding off for the present an impending danger.

At the close of the recent world war, one of the first steps taken to bring back pre-war conditions was the suggestion of the Government of the United States that a Conference on the Limitation of Armaments be held at Washington. At the time the United States was the only country in a position to suggest such a meeting, as she alone was able to restore order to the world. It is interesting to recall the various attitudes taken by each of the nations represented.

Great Britain was eager to accept the invitation extended through Secretary Hughes for many reasons. Her relations with Japan, and her desire to mend the grievance she had with France, and at the same time to be in the good favor of the United States, made it imperative that she come to Washington. Using this gathering of international characters as a medium, she had high hopes of smoothing out many of her political and economic entanglements. Since the United States flatly refused to join the League of Nations, England more than ever wished to exchange opinions with her American neighbor.

The attitude of Japan was as amusing as it was complicated. She was literally frightened into coming for she feared that her future was at stake. She was very nervous and expected to be deprived of Manchuria, Korea, Yap and Shantung. Yet she knew that her best policy was to accept the invitation, since her ally, Great Britain, had promised to attend.

France was very skeptical and really expected only trouble. To begin with, her claims were contrary to the purpose of the Conference. Her immediate danger of an invasion by Germany assured her that no agreement on limitation of land armaments would be secured from her. She consented to come as a matter of policy, but was most certain as to her stand. From the first meeting it was apparent that France's fiery orator would help to make things interesting, and the course of procedure would have to be pursued with the utmost delicacy of speech.

China readily assented to come, and looked hopefully to a favorable outcome. She anticipated seeing the star of the East shine with a new radiance. She thought her claims would

receive an expedient hearing; she also intimated that some relief be sent to chaotic China. Her mission had a very miserable result; she expected much, but got little. With China and Japan represented at the same meeting, there was a feeling of uneasiness pervading the discussions on the respective rights of these countries. It was attempting the impossible to reconcile these two nations after centuries of disagreement.

Portugal, Holland, Belgium, and Italy accepted the invitation merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. However, at the time, Italy had a little matter with France which she wished to settle. This grievance of hers was chiefly concerned with the importation of the "Blacks" into France, which Italy feared was a sign of renewing their ancient feud. She wanted an assurance against such an action on the part of France. As a result of her request, it was suggested at the Washington Conference that Italy be given this assurance. No doubt she was highly gratified with this humanitarian response.

With such a diversity of opinions and expectations there is little wonder that nothing stable emanated from this gathering of the renowned. There was a feeling of distrust permeating every session. Such a masked meeting could have but one consequence, namely, failure. It failed because it evaded the specific issue in such a manner that it reached no determinate measures. In one sense it was a success in as much as it soothed for a time the broiling temperaments of excited statesmen. There were those who expected results little short of miraculous. However, the general sentiment was that at least something definite would accrue from this series of meetings. Even this was not realized.

For some time after the close of the Conference there was talk among the represented nations of scrapping ships and reducing armies. But it was only talk, and the whole discussion soon found itself obscured behind the veils of oblivion.

The journalists were not given a very long rest after the publishers refused to print more books on the Washington Conference; for following in its wake appeared the semblance of another conference, this one held at Genoa. Its purpose tended more along economic lines, and was chiefly concerned with European difficulties. The United States wisely decided to steer clear of this turmoil of clashing ideas. The Conference ended flying the banner of indecision and failure. Heated speeches and raging diplomats were predominant factors in aiding this gathering to reach a dismal finale.

To-day Europe is in the throes of another disruption. Some

of her statesmen predict war within the year. It may be that the strained relations between these governments are reaching the breaking point, and if they do there will be a sorry spectacle for human eyes to witness. But happily there still remain a large number of optimists who are discouraging such beliefs. It is perhaps on account of this that Senator Borah is so strongly insisting that an Economic Conference be held at Washington. His proposal has gained little adherence, and it appears that, at least for the present, the idea will be abandoned.

Congress has evidently had its fill of European affairs, for it fails to enter into her discussions with the old enthusiasm which it was wont to have. Whether we are acting wisely or not in assuming a neutral course, only time will tell. The popular contention is that our Government has adopted the proper attitude. But should world conditions reach the stage where war looms as an inevitable thing, then, as an alternative, let us have another conference.

Chris J. Hoffmann, '24.



One Momentous Night.

IT was Sunday morning, and as the hands of the clock on the table reached the vicinity of seven, Mrs. Tripp awoke from her deep and audible slumbers. This was no unusual occurrence in the Tripp household, but the action becomes tinged with the color of romance when one knows what had occurred last night. Last night—but of that later.

Mrs. Tripp was in no condition to be about, and yet force of habit had in her case triumphed over bodily fatigue. Fat and forty-two, she was ashamed of her obesity, and had tried every advertised "sure cure for fat folks." As a result she had lost rather than profited by her experiments and looked it. Lately she had grown more resigned to her fate, until this new Jazzmania germ sprung into existence and threatened to inflict all females with its venom. She became affected with the disease, and caused her poor husband much worry and distress by the startling symptoms which she immediately developed, until last night the fever reached its highest point. Last night—but of that still later.

All in all Mrs. Tripp was a badly maltreated female. One

look would satisfy any skeptic. Her eyes were tinted with a purplish blue color, and were puffed and swollen to a shocking extent. Her nose, all battered and limp lay on her face, a tragic thing to see. Her hair, disheveled and torn, was a pitiful wreck of its former beauty, while her teeth, especially the two prominent ones that she had prized above all others on account of the filling of gold secreted in their depths, were conspicuous by their absence. Her back was splotted with many livid marks which seen through the filmy substance which she wore, gave one the impression of a brilliantly colored hide. Worse and worse. But did she complain? The fever had passed its crisis, and she was on the road to recovery. Consequently, she was calm and resigned, even content with her lot.

But to proceed with the story. From the day that he had knocked over his first tin soldier, until the day he became permanently joined to Etheldreda, "Egghead", Tripp had been considered a tough "un". When Dreda took her spouse for better, for worse, she little realized she was destined to take mostly the worse. Last night, "Egghead" came home with a bald pate, his head shaved clean as a scraped potato. Now the contour of "Egghead's" pate was not such as would inspire even the most extreme of poets to lapse into rapturous ecstasy over it, being of the shape of a beautifully modeled, delicately shaded, clear-grained egg. He was a little under the "influence", having just returned home from a stag party, and was gone just far enough to enjoy it. The party had waxed merry as the night grew older, and when someone with a sense of the ridiculous, possibly a college "grad" enjoying a reminiscence of his freshman days, wagered Tripp One Hundred Dollars he was afraid to shave his pate, then beautifully covered with a rich growth of reddish hair, "Egghead" promptly took the wager, allowed his thatch to be removed and won the stake. But when the thought of confronting his spouse in his present condition obtruded itself into his dazed mind, he was not at all at ease. Now when Etheldreda proceeded to give him a piece of her mind, he resented it. But when she out-pointed her former record and gave him too generous a piece, the poor husband's feelings boiled completely over. He lost his temper and took off his hat to mop his brow, for the night was warm.

"Eggie", what have you done to your head?" almost shrieked his wife. "Oh, whatever has happened? What have you done to your head? Oh, what will the neighbors say? Oh! Oh!"—

"You miserable nagging female," he yelled threateningly. "Hold your tongue, and don't bother me with questions."

"But 'Eggie', how did you dare to do such a thing? How did you dare to—Why you'll be the laughin' stock of the town." Dreda was so vexed she forgot to be angry, indulging in self-pity, she began to moan. "Oh, Oh, how dared you humiliate me so, you—you—you egghead."

"What, egghead am I? Well, we'll see, we'll see." It never dawned on him that the pet name "Eggie" she had coined for him, had merely been a corruption of "Egghead" as his friends called him in his absence. "Who's the head of this house anyway? No fool in petticoats will ever call me a bad egg and get away with it. Just to show you who is master here, I'm going to do something for you, something you've been asking of me to allow for months, ever since you were bitten by that Galessino germ. You've driven me nearly crazy with your bellerin', but did I complain? And now you've dared to insult me, me, as has toiled and sweated for you these last ten years! (Here he thumped his chest with mighty blows). I'll fix you. I'm goin' to give you your heart's desire. I'm goin' to cut your hair." And clutching her hair in a tight grip, "Egghead" dragged the poor woman over to the sewing-machine, grabbed a pair of scissors and snipped, dazedly, frantically and successfully.

Poor Etheldreda screamed and yelled from sheer nervous excitement, but the scissors snipped, heedless of her feelings. In desperation she clutched at the nape of her neck with one hand, and with a violent effort, tore away the scissors with the other, flinging them out of reach. Then ensued a scramble to recover them. "Egghead" was enraged beyond control—and Dreda at the fever pitch, so wrought up was she by the excitement. He clutched her shoulders in a firm embrace, and she with all her might resisted. The next five minutes will be mercifully omitted, as the writer has no intention of straining the sensitive feelings of the public. However, after the earthquake had passed, the room was one vast upheaval of debris, with all the beauteous furniture completely wrecked. In the midst of this setting, lay Etheldreda peacefully unconscious of the lapse of time, her blithe spirit wandering, no doubt, in some far-off region where life is one endless song of conjugal felicity. Mr. Tripp was nowhere in evidence.

When the poor woman awoke, her thick, lustrous hair lay in scattered patches on the floor about her. For a moment she

looked blank, then, as memory stole into her mind, quickened by the violent pains throughout her body, she remembered, and burst into tears. Her beautiful hair! Oh, what a beast her husband was, she thought, and then another possibility obtruded itself into her brain. Perhaps she had torn away the scissors in time! Fearful, she painfully picked herself up and toddled over to the mirror. A thousand dreads assailed her, but she fought them off. She must look, she would look, and she did. A fearfully damaged counter-pane first caught her eye, but that much she had anticipated, and besides this reflection in the mirror was not altogether new to her, only this time, perhaps, it was slightly more colored and touched. But what of her hair? Slowly she let her hands fall from her head and gazed with critical eye at what she saw revealed. A hot flush stole over her cheeks and a gleam of satisfaction flashed into her eyes. The havoc was slight, compared with what she had feared. Her hair was just the right length for bobbing. Here and there the roots were torn out, and the hair was cut in ragged edges; but on the whole, the outlook was favorable. Now she had a legitimate excuse for visiting the hair-dresser. With bobbed hair and the right sort of clothes, she hoped to cheat the years.

All that day she maintained strict privacy, revealing herself to no one. On the morrow then, she rose, a much-battered and worn Etheldreda, as the clock was striking the hour of seven. The hours dragged slowly on, and she began to wonder what had happened to "Eggie". Surely he was not ashamed to come home? She was lying down resting when the telephone bell jangled on her nerves. Loth to make an unnecessary movement, she wondered should she answer it. But the bell kept ringing furiously, as if demanding recognition. Slowly she toddled to the phone, and took down the receiver.

"Hello! Yes, Mrs. Tripp. What? My husband at the police station and wanting to see me? Good heavens, how did he get there? Uh! he was pulled in for disrupting the peace. Er-er I'll be right down."

"Poor 'Eggie'," she softly whispered to herself. "Poor dear 'Eggie', all alone there in that horrid station. I'll just set the dinner to boiling, and hurry down to bail him out. No doubt he will be hungry when he comes home. Poor famished 'Eggie'."

A. Radascvich, '25.

Senior Debate.

Resolved: That Philosophy Should Be Taught in Latin.

(AFFIRMATIVE)

IT is my good fortune this evening to be called upon to uphold the affirmative side of this discussion. Good fortune, because I am personally convinced that philosophy should be taught in Latin, and learned from Latin text, if the student is to reap the greatest benefit from his College course, in which course, philosophy occupies the position of preeminence.

Philosophy, that science of all things to their last and final causes, philosophy, that treats of the last why, wherefore, whither, the last what, the last who, that seeks and seeks and never ceases to seek until the mind rests complacent in the security of certainty, that science I say should be both taught and studied in Latin, and that for the following reasons.

Since philosophy is a science, and science must always have the notion of steadfastness and constancy, it behooves us to use, in this science, a manner of expression itself constant and unchangeable. The vernacular in every country is subject to change and many words very often in the course of time assume meanings undreamed of when first introduced. Latin is a language that undergoes no change, and the meanings of its words are the same to-day as when Cicero first wrote them. Consequently it is a fit, nay the only fit medium of transmitting unchangeable philosophy.

The science of philosophy is a structure that has taken centuries to build. The builders, the masters, those who decorated it and gave to it the finish that has withstood the test of time, used one language, Latin. The reverence for philosophy which we have, should entail on our part a reverence for the tradition in back of it, and for the retaining of the means used by our forerunners in this field of intellectual activity. Therefore let us, if we study the science of philosophy at all, study it as it came down to us, in Latin.

The opposition to the wisdom of using the vernacular version, is not only based upon the constantly recurring barbarisms, which are wont to arise in its usage, but especially from the essential ground that it does not reproduce the thought with anything like fullness, precision, or clearness. Truth, is more important than the expression of it. Effective as the winning graces of a popular style may be, yet it is no part of a course in philosophy to furnish them. It is to be deplored that the system of philosophy most acceptable to us, can not also be the most profitable. Since we cannot have both, we prefer the substance

of truth to the accidental advantage of easily and gracefully expressing it. Why did the Church choose Latin as the language most suitable for explaining its principles, and expounding its rubrics? Why! Because the Church knows that Latin, being universal and unchangeable in meaning far excels all other languages in clearness, precision, and ease of expression.

Historically the Latin tongue stands unrivaled in its wonderful and extraordinary preciseness. It refuses to cloak ignorance and slovenly thought in metaphorical and inaccurate phraeseology, but insists that every term of phrase, however brilliant, should be tested and purged in the fire of reason. Both Paulsen and Salisbury speak in favor of Latin, and neither should be prone to uplift it, as those familiar with them know, unless compelled to do so. Languages in the vernacular are numbered and limited by nations. Philosophy, a universal subject, should be studied and taught in the one universal language, Latin.

Then, too, closely connected with this method of teaching philosophy, is that of exposing it by means of syllogism, and Latin is preeminently the language of syllogistic process. In this kind of reasoning words subject to different meanings can not be used or else one would become hopelessly confounded in his task. By actual observation the early philosophers overcame with Latin many difficulties in giving outward expression to their thoughts. Are we to encounter similar obstacles, by endeavoring to express those same things in English? No one is competent to recast in another language the scholastic system of philosophy.

We must avoid therefore accepting what at first is more easily approached, and follow what at last is more profitable. We must not let facility, convenience, and partiality to our tongue, overcome our better judgment, and lead us to false reasoning. The "pros" and "cons" of this question must be carefully weighed. The Latin system may be abused by modern philosophers, but the violation in no way derogates from its usefulness, and in spite of such contempt being showered upon it, still its merits as an educational factor, when used in its proper sense, can scarcely be disputed.

P. A. McCrory, '23.

In these times of reaction, when it is the custom to attack all standards in the educational world, it is only natural that the method of teaching philosophy in Latin be attacked by those who are ever ready to institute new ideas and actions. So, as speaker on this question, I shall advance arguments to uphold the teaching of philosophy in Latin.

Philosophy is a science, treating of all things through their causes and gained by the light of natural reason. It is the most perfect of all sciences, and has always been expressed by the most perfect of languages—the Latin language. Indeed, so close has been the association of Latin and philosophy that only a technicality excludes the term Latin from the definition. Practically all of our philosophy has come down to us through the centuries, preserved in the only language which remains unchanged—Latin, and is therefore alone capable of expressing the unchanged philosophy.

It is impossible to doubt the value and far-reaching influence of the Latin. The majority of philosophers and schools adopted it as their language. Even to-day in the pursuit of the most cultured and liberal as well as exact education the study of Latin is the foundation. Our own English owes its origin and culture to the human tongue. And now, the strongest argument for the general excellence of this noble language is the fact that it has been the adopted language of the only perfect institution—the Catholic Church.

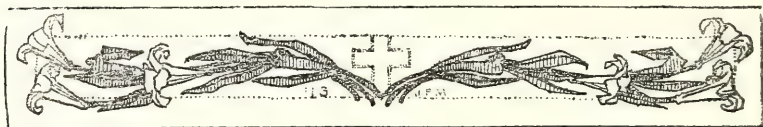
Now, since Latin has been preferred for expressing philosophy, it is easy to see that it has received a special adaptation to philosophy which must not be changed. Take any writing, for example, when it is *converted* from one language to another a certain amount of precision and exactness is lost. And now are we to sacrifice the stability and conciseness of true philosophy by attempting to teach it in the subtle ever-changing English? It took centuries to build up the Latin expression of thought and to-day the result is that no one can philosophize without the use of Latin terms which cannot be translated into the vernacular and still convey their delicate necessary meaning. Therefore let us be logical and continue to study philosophy in the most efficient language, Latin.

Again, the unity of philosophy and Latin is necessary on account of the benefits which they bear to each other. Studying the Latin text to gain philosophy gives us the habit of steady and continuous application which is necessary to both. So, too, when studying philosophy in Latin, the student must extend himself and reason deeply in order to perceive clearly. Whereas, in English a problem would be more readily understood on the surface, it would be neglected as too deep reasoning and be easily forgotten. Thus, since Latin makes necessary and stimulates thought and reason, it is most efficient and desirable for the study of philosophy. For philosophy is taught for the purpose of developing and culturing the intellect.

The consensus of opinion everywhere favors the use of Latin. In Belgium, France, Spain and Italy the majority of texts books in colleges are in Latin, even though the languages of those countries correspond more exactly to Latin than our English. Now, who would be so rash as to accuse the eminent professors of those universities of maudlin sentiment in their preference for Latin in teaching philosophy?

And lastly I offer the opinion of the study on this question. Which is—if it is considered from the point of interest, more quantity and veracity will be obtained and retained. Since the process and effects of Latin and philosophy are so similar, the language and science must be associated.

Francis O'Connor, 23.



OUR MAY QUEEN.

PUREST Lily of the field,
Spotless virtue unconcealed.
Fragrant blossom, ever rare,
Decked about Life's altar stair.
Heal the bleeding hearts of these
Wearied under worldly woes.

Radiant as the beacon lights,
Hung in heaven's vanthed heights
Mary, glows that noble face,
Outward mark of saintly grace.
Pierce the cloistered gloom of minds
Lured by Satan's tempting blinds.

Mary, Virgin, Queen of May,
Help thy children in life's fray,
Open gates to prisoned souls
Forced to play but cowards' roles.
Hearts along love's pathway guide,
Mary, with us e'er abide.

A. Radasevich, '25.

NEGATIVE.

The subject for debate this evening, "Resolved That Philosophy in a College Course Should Be Taught in Latin", is one that commends more than passing interest. Philosophy, as a branch of study, holds a very important place on the curriculum of any university. Philosophy, since it is a science of all things to their ultimate causes attained by the light of natural reason, is a potent factor in developing the intellect and bringing to the front the very best that a student has. Its own intrinsic value lies in the fact that it brings the student into close contact with fundamental doctrines of the religious, ethical, moral and natural order.

But there is another side to the question of philosophical study and that is the extrinsic value of the science. Philosophy by its very nature delves into every entity and plumbs it to the very depths. It tears down, reconstructs, examines and cross-examines to find the least evidence of flaw or to detect the slightest possibility of error. Hence it is seen at a glance the tremendous importance of such a vital subject and its far-reaching effect on the student. This can be done only when the subject is taught in a manner and method most intelligent to the student, namely, in his own language.

As first speaker for the Negative I shall attempt to establish my case by proving the following issue to be true: That Philosophy on account of its very importance should be taught in the language with which the student is thoroughly familiar.

The subject is so important in itself that the translation of it from one language to another should not be required for in this translation much valuable time is lost that could otherwise be profitably used. The student needs all his time for concentration and reflection for the science is so complex and intricate that it cannot be comprehended at a glance. Even after he has translated it he often finds it most difficult to grasp. Teachers spend two years teaching Latin Philosophy to intelligent students, and they get on the whole only meagre returns. The cause lies mainly in our inefficient system and antiquated methods. But I believe that philosophy can be taught in a different style without sacrificing any of the principles held so dearly by traditional teaching.

Men learned in Latin admit that thought is never brought home with the same force and vividness as when in the vernacular. For when one studies in the vernacular he sees, almost at once, the point that is being driven home. His mind is not con-

fused, embarrassed or employed entirely with an alien function, namely, translation. He sees immediately the connection between words and ideas, and either comprehends at once their import, or at least concentrates without any outside influence distracting him. He is not confronted with the thought that he might have misconstrued a certain phrase, or wrongly translated or misinterpreted in one way or another the thought that is coming to him from another language. Since it is practically impossible to really *think* in any foreign language unless you have been subjected to it for a long period of time, would it not be saner, safer and more profitable to teach in the vernacular at once instead of indirectly by the mind's translation?

But, my opponent will say that there are certain advantages to be gained by keeping the text in Latin. Yes, there *are* certain advantages, but it is equally as true there are certain disadvantages.

My opponent will say that Philosophy has always been taught in Latin, and that its greatest exponents were men who lived and worked in the affirmative. But on the other hand wasn't this accidental? They could have written their texts in French, Spanish or German, but they chose Latin. Why? Because at that time Latin was the language of culture just as to-day French is the language of diplomacy. Again I say, accidental. And to dig below the surface St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure, the two greatest exponents of Scholastic or Latin Philosophy, were not the founders of the sciences, but rather the master minds of pagan Greece, Plato and Aristotle. Scholastic or Latin Philosophy is based on Aristotelian philosophy. But Aristotle was a Greek. Why not teach his science in Greek? Classical Greek is just as much a dead language as classical Latin. It is just as beautiful, just as pure, and just as expressive. And Greek has the prior call since it was Grecian culture, developed under Grecian influence, and preserved in the Grecian language that laid the foundation for the Latin Scholastics fifteen centuries later.

To conclude let me briefly recount the benefits of vernacular teaching. For the professional man: he will be able to meet his contemporaries and non-Catholic friends in equal ground. He is ever ready to maintain the truth and can meet the defenders of Hume, Locke and Fichte any time his logic penetrating. He gives question for question and answer for answer with a self-confidence that must triumph.

For the priest: let him not hide his knowledge in Latin. Let

him stand forth courageously as the defender of his faith and shepherd of his flock. Let him stand forth and ward off the dangerous thrusts of insidious propaganda. Let him stand forth as the inspired paragon of the truth and with resolute purpose and unfaltering step force his way through the labyrinthian forest of prejudice and error and blaze a trail for all men to follow.

Clement M. Strobel, '23

Mr. Chairman :—

My colleague has clearly elucidated the proposition. I will now endeavor to prove that Philosophy should be taught in the vernacular. My first issue is that in the past philosophy has been taught in Latin, and experience has shown that a better and a more concise knowledge could be acquired if the text-books were printed in the vernacular; secondly, Philosophy should be treated like the other sciences.

In the past men of rank and honor professed that Philosophy should be instructed in the language known best by the students. They spoke from experience because they witnessed that each year many students were failing to understand the doctrines set forth in Latin. Cardinal Mercier holds that the contents of the entire philosophy should be given in Latin only after the professor has imparted to his class a thorough knowledge in the vernacular. He said a great benefit would be derived by the students, if afterwards they applied themselves to the Latin. When Leo XIII. organized the Institute of Superior Philosophy at Louvain University, the professors there published their manuals in the vernacular for the use of the students. At first Cardinal Satolli, then prefect of the congregation of studies, did not approve of this act and the manuals were suppressed. But when the reasonableness under modern conditions had been pointed out to him, the order was rescinded. Since then the manuals have been in the vernacular, and the overwhelming success attained has amply justified the course then adopted.

Most of us know that philosophy has been taught for many centuries in Latin. But what advantages have been derived by the teachers? Very few, indeed. To the student it meant intensive application to the Latin philosophical text-books. He is at present devoting himself to books in the language of the thirteenth and fourteenth century. But this is the twentieth century, and now the other educational subjects have changed even to the present day. I don't mean in the thought contents, but in the manner of making it easier for the students to under-

stand. We are using the Latin for traditional reasons only. If it had been taught in the vernacular all these years, we could now acquire a knowledge of philosophy as easily as we do of the other sciences.

Some say that the doctrines are purer and more forceful when kept in the language in which they were framed and taught centuries ago. But this does not hold. Who would dare to declare that Calculus is not imparted to the students on a higher and better basis to-day than in years gone by? But we are not studying it in German, since its inventor, Leibnitz, was a German.

Although philosophy is rendered in Latin, there are many discussions that must be explained in the language of the students. Take for example the doctrine on the immortality of the soul or on the existence of God, these are only perfectly perceived by the mind when elucidated in the vernacular. Philosophy should be given in the vernacular, then no time would be lost in instructing the class first in Latin. Of course, untold profit would be derived if later the doctrines, after being understood in the vernacular, were looked up in the Latin of St. Thomas or some other author. The student would not lose anything; all would be his gain.

Philosophy is a science as my colleague clearly enunciated. Very few of the other sciences are at present taught in Latin. Philosophy is a science that requires deep thought and long concentration. Since it is in Latin, it becomes dry, unreal and burdensome. The students become weary of it, and do not care to concentrate about it after translating four or five pages of the Latin. When the professor gives an explanation in the vernacular, the students pay close attention, wishing eagerly to grasp the meaning of the Latin. The study of the science becomes interesting and real for a few moments, and the students have learned something while the teacher was espousing a doctrine in their language. Then the instructor returns to the Latin with a disgusted class. The vernacular takes away the strangeness and the unreality.

Some of the other sciences were first written in one language. But they were soon translated and taught in the vernacular. There is no firm reason why Philosophy should remain in the Latin language. The student obtains a clear knowledge of the other sciences because they are gone over in the vernacular; but he does not obtain thorough concepts of Philosophy because it is espounded in a language which he began to study in his high school days.

Don't lose sight of the fact that many students studying the science of Philosophy are not preparing for the priesthood. Yet they meet their non-Catholic friends who imbibed the errors of Kant, Descartes, Spencer, Hume and many others; also the doctrines of Materialism and Pantheism on the ground of vernacular speech. What a task to correct the mistakes and set forth the falseness of these doctrines to their friends. They must think first of the Latin, then translate it, and only then with great difficulty can they make clear to their friends the truth, and what is correct. They are only trained in Latin and not in the vernacular. About any other science they can answer countless questions correctly because they acquired this knowledge in their own every day language.

Therefore, I believe that I have shown that experience proves that Philosophy should not be taught in Latin, and that it should be treated as the other sciences.

John L. Imhof, A. B., '23.



Books.

AS we glance over the advanced stage of civilization to-day, we wonder what particular element we might hold responsible. We can hesitatingly answer the books and literature of the present time. At no period previous have books been so prominent in the life of all classes of people. They are the guide and beacon light of human ideals. They are to the human intellect as the glow of the evening sun is to the weary laborer. Like a beam of sunshine creeping into the gloomy paths of life, they are ever present as a true friend.

Those who have devoted their lives to the companionship of books, and even others to whom a book affords merely a passing pleasure, find that books in many ways prove both useful and agreeable. They make a man acquainted with all the world about him; broaden his mind; sharpen his intellect; render him eager for knowledge; give him readiness in conversation, and develop his power of thought. They while away, too, many hours which would perhaps be spent under that severe teacher, the world, and often become admirably soothing and interesting. They are a gentle remedy for the troubled and ill, especially for the confined invalid; and like a sweet dream that sometimes visits a sleeper, they will charm the peaceful reader and delight him with fantastic pictures for whole hours together.

John Doran, H. S., '23.

John Stuart Mill and Edward Gibbon.

[In the recent quarterly examination in English in Sophomore class the students were asked to institute a comparison between Mill and Gibbon and to point out likenesses and differences of mind and style between these two authors as revealed in "A Crisis in My Mental History" and "Autobiography" respectively. As the task was in the nature of an experiment and was allotted a maximum of fifteen out of a possible one hundred points, it is only fair to those whose reactions are here recorded to state that they wrote under pressure of time and that even then they would undoubtedly have excised certain crudities of expression had they suspected their effusions were destined for a more critical goal than the loving eye of their beloved teacher. Editor's note.]

MILL and Gibbon were both English, which of itself endows them with certain mental likenesses. Perhaps the main point at which they correspond is their egotism. Mill, with an inborn and exaggerated respect for such powers as he possessed, makes it clear to the discerning reader that he (Mill) looked upon himself as something to be taken mighty seriously. The same holds true for Gibbon. What better evidence of it than that both have written autobiographies? Personally, we wonder what either of them ever did that would lead the world to care a whoop what they did in their private lives.

Curiously enough, egotism is, on the other hand, the point on which they differ most mentally. The self-admiration of Mill is studied. He seems to have been a chap who had taken considerable time out in the game of life for the sole purpose of sitting down and figuring out what a marvel of intellect he was. Perhaps he was a brilliant thinker, but the world would be more inclined to believe that statement if he had devoted himself to more useful pursuits than he did and had given posterity something more valuable than what he left behind. Gibbon was the unconscious egotist. He simply took his perfection for granted, which absolves him from even the little thought credited to Mill. Both imagined that the world was a lot better for their having existed; their difference lies in the fashions in which they arrived at the given conclusion, Gibbon seemed often to imagine that the world thought of him enough to be lined up against him, at other times he thought he wasn't getting the attention due one of his attainments; Mill fancied himself so far above the world that he cared nothing for its attitude toward him.

The style of Mill is rather concise, due no doubt to his philosophical education. There is a thread of logic in his writing that is not without merit, but on the whole his work rather irritates than soothes. Gibbon, a more accomplished juggler of words, is more entertaining to read. His tendency to delve into

history is noticeable, and he carries the element of suspense well. Both are clear, but Mill is pedantic, Gibbon entertaining.

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.

1. In comparing Mill with Gibbon, we find they both have a mental likeness inasmuch as they both are egotistic in their views. Mill discloses every innermost thought and phase of thought conceived by him during the "crisis", and it all reflects on himself, as though it were his duty to reveal them to the world. Gibbon runs the whole gaunt of personal opinion in an endeavor to prove to the reader how important each flicker of an idea which he called a thought, becomes when viewed on the surface.

2. Mill and Gibbon differ in this that whereas Mill by his description, does not bore the reader, Gibbon on the other hand leaves a bad taste in one's mind, and defeats the very object which he is striving for, namely, to gain one's sympathy.

3. Mill and Gibbon both have a natural, easy, smoothly flowing style. The reader, if he chooses, can enjoy himself by studying the ease and skill and effect with which the authors enter the mind. The style is what makes either tolerable and even fine.

4. Mill and Gibbon differ in their style only inasmuch as the thoughts each conjures up in the reader's mind are opposed. Mill pleases one by his choice of words, melting into each other in unique style, while Gibbon nauseates one by the priggishness and meanness and degeneracy he discloses in words too descriptive for enjoyment, and thus the reader is sorry for having been seduced by the style.

Anton Radasevich, '25.

Mill and Gibbon, both writing on the same subject, *ego*, use somewhat the same general style,—that is, they employ polished and unusual phrases to express ordinary thoughts in an effort to impress their readers of their mental superiority and sincerity. Both are crying out against the injustice of fate. They are mentally alike in that each gives the impression that the world is interested in his life. Each seems to think that he is one of those different beings whose misgivings and outlook on life have influenced the progress of the world. Both works mark the writers down as "fat heads" but Gibbon more so than Mill. Mill woke up at a late age, but Gibbon seems to have accumulated more fat around the brain the older he grew. He strives to justify his misdeeds and weaknesses all through life.

Regis C. Guthrie, '25.

The mental difference between Mill and Gibbon is pretty large. Mill takes his outlook upon life in a more practical manner. He realizes that after he had attained all his fondest ambitions he wouldn't be happy. Mill proves himself manly by having it out with himself, and refusing to tell his father that his education would not be a means to his ultimate happiness. He says he had no friends in whom he could confide the anguish of his feelings.

Now Gibbon was a pampered youth just entering Oxford to fit himself out to be a ladies' man and later a social parasite. His sole ambition was to have influential friends and achievements in literature of which he could boast, and a purse full of money which he could squander promiscuously. He was what we call a mollycoddle to-day, and fitted only for the "finer things of life," as he himself puts it. He couldn't have dared to face the ultimate end of his ambitions and ask himself if he would have been satisfied. Gibbon was a person who went about forcing his companionship upon others who were of a higher social plane. If he had a grievance everybody would know it, because he would enjoy showing what a poor, ill-favored creature he was.

The styles differ, because Mill who has a deeper and heavier view-point does not carry the interest that Gibbon does. Mill does not cite instances or events, but carries his entire story within himself, portraying all his own feelings, very seldom mentioning his outward relations with others; whereas Gibbon's story is spicier, it carries a liveliness and amusement for others. Mill's stuff shows deep and heavy thought, and causes the reader deep thought in an effort to fathom his real ideas; whereas Gibbon's style is as thin as water, carries no weight, but amuses those who can really see the poor excuse of a man he was.

Edward F. Kelly, '25.

Mill and Gibbon are somewhat similar mentally. They are both narrating their troubles. They both find their haven of peace in the end. They both talk about themselves as though they were not to blame and were only victims of circumstances and puppets of fate. They both are good at making alibis and manage to put the blame on the other fellow. But while Mill is troubled in mind Gibbon is rather troubled with his bodily endeavor to go to school. Mill tries everywhere to find an antidote, while Gibbon on the other hand drifts along taking things as they are. Mill is on the verge of despair while Gibbon is really enjoying himself.

They both have a pleasing style and make use of words and phrases which precisely convey their meaning to the reader. Each word is chosen to suit the occasion and a certain finesse is traced through both themes. Mill's work on the one hand is description while Gibbon's is narration. Whatever difference there is between them rests in this fact. Mill begins with "I" while Gibbon takes the view-point of the author first by describing his college. Mill goes on with his story with no break from beginning to end, while Gibbon leaves many sequences with a few things to be implied.

R. A. Wilhelm, '25.

Mill and Gibbon are both in the same state of mind as regards the world. Both seem to think that the world's all wrong and everyone in it but themselves. Both seem to enjoy pitying themselves and blaming their state of mind on their fathers and others who had charge of them. Both seem to be somewhat melancholy but Mill is less bitter than Gibbon. Mill seems to me to be the stronger mentally. He lamented his state as much as Gibbon and seemed sad and blamed his education, but he was not bitter. Mill showed himself a man by overcoming his mental plight, but Gibbon did not even consider himself the least in fault.

Mill's style is like Gibbon's in the fact that they both show a mental weakness which is not usual among writers. Mill's style is melancholy, yet it seems to hold one, while Gibbon's is bitter and sarcastic, and you read his article just to see what he will label himself before he gets through.

William McGarry, '25.

Mill and Gibbon are very much alike in many ways. I think that Mill was the better of the two men, but that is not praising either. Each had a great deal of egotism which they both manifested more clearly by trying not to manifest it. They were both of the opinion that the world was going against them; they admitted that they were each comparing the world to themselves and found the world to be very inferior. They both seem to have that common disease—big-headedness.

In their styles of writing they were somewhat similar. Mill is the clearer in his statements and the more interesting although I believe both had a good command of English. They, too, were

good at dramatic presentation of character, each making his own character quite plain. It would have been better had they not done so. The great trouble with Mill in his description is the too frequent use of the pronoun I. Without reading, just looking at a page of it, the I's stand out much too plainly. Both men have such talent, according to themselves. They should have used their talent in a more befitting way.

Thomas E. Thornton, '25.

Mill and Gibbon are notorious types of minds deeply encrusted by the two Anglican idiosyncrasies of conceit and egotism. Both are self-compassionate, selfish, jealous and cruel in attitude. Thus they are similar. Mill is supposed to be a victim of transcendental analytic mental habits. His mind is invulnerable to feeling. It is analytically petrified to objective impression. He finally egresses from the chaos of analytic habits of mind through reading Wordsworth, "Nature's poet laureate." Gibbon on the other hand lacks the propensity to the mental concentration Mill possessed. He, Gibbon, is a roving type of mind. He seems as a mental nomad. His mind never alights on any special problem. Thus they are mentally dissimilar.

In style both are second-raters. Mill and Gibbon are comparable in lack of perspicuity, interest and truth. Both prevaricate facts in order to conjure up the popular sympathy. They are incomparable in so far as choice of words is concerned. Mill often lies; Gibbon camouflages truth by equivocal words, etc.

Bernard J. Appel, '25.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Father Mehler.

AS the copy for the May issue had been under press, the University was startled by the sudden and unexpected transfer of a professor, who in point of view of actual teaching holds a record here. After twenty-five years of teaching, Father Mehler has been torn from Duquesne; torn I say, because he himself would never have left it; torn, because the Commercial Course could not afford to lose him at any time, least of all, at the close of a school year, when so many things must be attended to, and when new hands, be they ever so efficient, leave much to be desired.

Father Mehler made the Business Course, and more than that, he developed business men. He knew boys thoroughly, understood methods accurately, and imparted knowledge in theory and practise, with an ease and skill that few have ever possessed. He won the confidence of his pupils always; and that is the keynote to his success.

Duquesne, in losing Father Mehler, has suffered one of the greatest, if not the greatest of all, its losses and reverses.

The Faculty and members of the various Commercial classes gave their dean touching and magnificent testimonials of their confidence, loyalty and affection; they take this occasion to testify it to all the readers of the "Monthly".



Initiative.

TO the young man just beginning in life there is no greater asset than the possession of initiative. We are living in an age in which a materialistic spirit pervades. Business has never before been transacted on such a wide scope, and business men are seeking for youth who can think for themselves; who can be relied upon to fulfill to the satisfaction of all the work that has been assigned to them.

A professor in a talk to his students told them that they must have at least one characteristic if they are to succeed. He asked if anyone knew what it was, and to make it more easy he said it was often printed on doors. One pupil yelled out: "pull". Perhaps, this may seem foolish, but many men of to-day think that is what is necessary. This attitude prevails due to the flagrant use of politicians of the theory "to the victor belong the spoils." A "Pull" may get a person one of the minor positions, but it is there he will stay if he has no initiative. Those who have the power to give lofty positions, attained their own rank and station by dint of self-help and ambition.

"As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined," applies to all walks of life. It is the paramount duty of the student to acquire initiative. He should learn to think for himself. When notes are to be taken he should and must have enough independence to rely on his own transcriptions. He must work out mathematical problems for himself. If this characteristic is acquired in school days, he shall have no fear of being a parasite in his later years, and success will undoubtedly be his.

E. J. Caye, '23.



If I Were A Young Man.

I WOULDN'T eat too much, sleep too much, nor talk too much.

I would confine all my drinking to water—and lots of it.

I would read at least two hours every day the Bible, not as a religious duty, but to be familiar with a great piece of literature. Biography next, then the classics, history and economics.

I would read the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," at least once every three years.

I would never go in debt for anything.

I would lend my books but if they were not returned, I would ask for them.

I would have a few understanding friends in whose loyalty I believed with all my heart.

I would aim high, think well of myself, on the theory that my estimate of myself would determine what others think of me.

I would respect the home, fear God, and love my country as a true citizen should.

(From Push, Ashville, N. C.)



Let Sleeping Dogs Lie.

WANDER, my friend, through the vast stretches of literary endeavor; behold the varied panorama, as it is exposed to you: the smiling countenance of the picturesque and novel, the serene calm potency of the beautiful, like that of a vast ocean in slumber, conscious of its power, but practicing moderation; the merry attire and alluring fragrance of wit, derisive humor and disguised ridicule; and the lofty crests of sublimity, which only a chosen few can ascend, and on whose summits sit the spirits of those men who, by virtue of their imagination, elevated themselves above their fellowmen.

But still amidst all this grandeur there nestles a tiny dell, scorned and ignored by many, and in which only the shadow of the beautiful and sublime rests. It is not clothed in the blazon apparel of an ornate style, but its surface is dotted by simple flowers, their frugality a lasting charm. 'Tis the hamlet of maxims and proverbs, in which we will temporarily dwell.

If we but roam amidst the scenes of this allegorical and metaphorical language, we will find lurking another significance (far different from the one that the text implies) a principle of human conduct, to which if we adhere, we will elude many perplexities and vexations.

Space does not allow us to discourse fully on the proverbs, therefore we will become specific and try to treat only one. The adage: "Let sleeping dogs lie", if taken literally, means that any member of the canine family should not be disturbed in his slumbers, lest, angered at the molestation, he would bite whomever annoyed him.

The broad and logical interpretation of this is that we

should not invite trouble or seek it by rash and impetuous acts, for misfortunes visit us often enough to be displeasing and irritating.

A peremptory, epigrammatic, terse and colloquialistic statement of this maxim is,—“Mind your own business!”

If this and similar maxims be remembered, much seemingly impending disasters may be averted.

Edward Luba, H. S., '25.



Expediency.

IN the course of the passing ages there are many philosophical doctrines that captivate certain persons. These linger for awhile, but soon they loose their fascination and they fade into oblivion. However there is one folly which seems to have a permanent hold on the people of all times. This is expediency.

In the early days of civilization, when speculation was unknown, and men seemed content with the study of Nature, we could expect little but expediency. Soon, however, intellectual development gave rise to speculative thought; and much was sought, not for its practical value, but for its own intrinsic merit. In Athens we find this state of mind reaching its highest development. However, this was soon to give way to the utilitarian or practical Roman. In Rome, every deed, every function was practical. So, too, in the course of modern times, we find the question of expediency asserting itself. “What am I going to get out of it?” seems to be the prevailing question. Cicero was wont to discuss this at length, especially in his *De Officiis*.

Modern exponents of this theory found a capable leader in Lord Bacon. In his writings we find it the basic principle of his thought. As Newman said of Bacon so may we say of the Utilitarian Philosophy; it aims low, and so its rewards must needs be low. Our modern education is suffering from this debasing system of thought. There is a movement afoot in many of our larger colleges to remove from their curriculum that which is of no *practical* value. The ancient classics are the immediate sufferers. Latin and Greek are cumbersome to the student, or as it were, are new frivolities in modern education. As a consequence those classics of Cicero, Pliny, Horace, Aeschylus, Homer and many others, will soon be considered as mere relics, to recall fond memories of days when man had not lost all the characteristics of his prehistoric ancestors. The wholesome thought and

enlightenment of earlier civilization will no longer furnish food for the student.

What was good in the past should be good in the present; so let us have regard for the classics, and rather cherish them than cast them aside.

Edward J. Caye, '23.



The Message From The Oak Tree.

IN the physical world around us the beautiful hue of some delicate flower will thrill our aesthetic sense with divine thoughts, the sublime actions of the mighty elements may cause a primitive fear of God's omnipotence, various species in the animal world give humans lessons in the mode of right living; indeed, in every natural object man may see typified some characteristic which he would do well to adopt. The close observer of nature will read the message of the oak tree as from an open book.

When we consider the exalted position of the oak as the king of trees in our eastern forests, and contemplate its humble beginning in the insignificant acorn, a message of hope is conveyed to us that we, from our humble beginning, may aspire to higher things. The acorn reminds us that many great deeds had insignificant beginnings, and many great men were born amidst the most humble surroundings. To us the acorn is the symbol of lofty aspirations.

But the most important part of an oak tree is its trunk. From its strong and deep rooted beginning it rises straight, strong and tall, as though striving to attain the height of its ambition hoped for while a diminutive acorn. The one and only purpose of the oak tree is to furnish lumber for the use of man, and everything is sacrificed to attain this end. The branches are small and the leaves are few, everything is sacrificed to make the trunk strong and productive of good lumber. Can we find anywhere else in Nature so profound an example of singleness of purpose? If we mortals would sacrifice all distracting and extraneous matter from our lives, and strive for one objective, we would indeed be living examples of the oak tree, straight, strong and serviceable.

The branches sacrifice themselves for the good of the tree; use but little sap, so that the trunk may receive the greatest benefit. It is a lesson: our time and strength should not be consumed in trifles. Pleasures are like oak branches, and if they are not tempered so as to serve the main purpose of our existence, are useless and positively obnoxious.

J. A. Nee, '24

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

APRIL 16—During the quarterly examinations the sober Seniors enjoyed a respite from daily appearance at the Maloney Building. But dark days are ahead, as their finals are looming up defiantly.

APRIL 17—Already signs of intense activity are evinced in view of the coming Mission Pageant. No one is more busy than Father E. Malloy, who carries his worries and honors with the same gracious smile. He has an able assistant in Mr. E. Quinn who is working the High School up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The officers showed sound judgment in their choice of press agent and advertizing agent. A humble and retiring Sister is responsible for the extraordinary amount of first-class advertizing that is being done. Never, to the writer's best knowledge has any event been kept before the public so long, so pleasingly and so powerfully.

APRIL 18—The Solemnity of Saint Joseph was observed with the usual solemnity in the Chapel. The Junior Choir again distinguished itself under Father J. Malloy's direction.

APRIL 19—Although there are yet vestiges of cold weather, the handball enthusiasts are undaunted. Of course, they are all indignant over the loss of an alley on account of the gymnasium; but then tennis must also come into its own. A handball tournament, I think, would be a big success. Suppose we nominate Father McGuigan, Father McDermott, Messrs. Imhof and Boggs—all stars of the cement court—to arrange one as a pre-graduation attraction.

APRIL 20—A late arrival, but already a past master of the game, is our popular Father Bryan. His boosters and admirers are not limited either to the members of the Fourth High.

APRIL 22—What was probably the last regular Sunday evening concert this year was given to-night. The programme read: "Entertainment by the Resident Students of Duquesne University," (meaning the Boarders). Needless to say, the "Residents" performed most acceptably: their recitations, monologues, playlet, and songs evoked unstinted applause: no one heeded the hours as they sped along. An address by Mr. Clancy scored a decided success. There is a great deal of talent (most of it latent) among our distinguished "Residents". Father Dod-

well and Mr. J. Aikens are to be complimented for the aid they lent and the encouragement they gave the performers.

APRIL 23—The beautiful new gymnasium is practically completed. The roof is on the boilers are in: the masonry is finished save for the eight foot wall extending above the roof and campus level. The concrete floor is in, and each day the beauty of the structure becomes more apparent.

APRIL 24—To-day I saw the coping stones placed on the top of the last bricks on Canevin Hall. At last the exterior is completed, and it surely was well worth waiting for. It can be seen from various quarters of the city, and when the class-rooms shall be finished, it will be a lasting monument to the skill and taste of the architect.

APRIL 25—A telegram arrived this evening, and it threw the house into consternation, announcing, as it did, the removal of Father Mehler to St. Mary's Church, Detroit. We are in hopes that it will be countermanded.

APRIL 26—The Day League inter-class games are on in earnest from to-day on. Every precaution is taken to allow the campus to the classes in turn. Exciting is a mild way of expressing the recreation at noon. The keen observer will see Father Mack daily "lookin' 'em over."

APRIL 27—The sad hour of parting rang out over the Business Course to-day. The professors and students gathered to bid their Dean farewell. In a few touching and encouraging words Father Mehler took leave of his favorite classes, and said goodbye to the class-room, where he had worked so long and zealously. We wish him success in his new field of labor; whilst we hope sincerely for his return in September.

APRIL 29—This was a big day at school. The oratorical contest marked the beginning of a series of events that will terminate with the graduation exercises.

The elocution contests for the Third and Fourth High were exceedingly close, and the contestants showed rare skill, and the result of excellent training. The oratorical contest was, as usual, a thriller. There were six entries, all excellent; and the one that out-weighed and out-pointed the others was Charles V. O'Connor, of the Junior Class. Congratulations are in order.

APRIL 30—Although Daylight Saving attacked us yesterday, it affected us seriously only to-day. At daybreak—the morning star was yet visible—a crowd of about one hundred wended its way towards the Boulevard of the Allies. It was just seven

o'clock, sun time, the crowd represented our college men getting in line for class at 7:30 A. M. Ours is surely an age of nonsense. Furthermore the Governor of the State has signed a bill against Daylight Saving; but Pittsburgh doesn't mind a little thing like that. Free country!

MAY 1—An ideal May Day broke upon us; and the students enjoyed the victory over Bucknell College. Many alumni priests got their first glimpse of the 1923 'Varsity nine.

Father Donovan, missionary from China, paid us a short visit, and gave a graphic description of the conditions under which our missionaries have to work. We certainly enjoyed his stay in our midst.

MAY 2—Tickets were put on sale to-day for the annual show 'Boomerang'; the participants have had several rehearsals under the direction of Dr. Lloyd. The play promises to be a real "hummer". Don't forget the date—May 21. Bring your friends to meet your friends.

MAY 3—The Seniors began their finals to-day, and spread a whole lot of ink about philosophy. These tests will continue for one week. Messrs. Caye, Reilly and Carl are forced to fight for another B. A. during the precious time—their Batting Average. What will Reilly's be? He was used a pinch-hitter in the ninth against Juniata, and put the first offering into the Boulevard of the Allies, via left field.

The lonesome Juniors are specializing in the meantime on *De Pulchritudine*. Watch their styles change!

MAY 4—The long pants epidemic continues amongst the Junior Boarders (Residents).

The ceremony of the Reception into the four sodalities took place this afternoon. Rev. P. J. Fullen, C. S. Sp., delivered the sermon—a master-piece of diction and oratory. It was the first time that many of us had heard this charming preacher. He was plainly at his best; and, now, we know why he is in such demand.

MAY 5—The "Barleycorn Kellys" were not much in evidence to-day when straw hats made their 1923 debut. Wait till the fever gets 'em!

MAY 6—The Junior divisions held their elocution contests this evening, and won great praise from the judges. As Mr. Weis put his violin in its case after the finale, the curtain fell on our season's concerts. May we take occasion here to thank our faithful director and the devoted members of the orchestra, for the services rendered, and the pleasure they have afforded? *Au revoir!*

School of Accounts.

DO YOU KNOW THAT:—

MARTIN FLANAGAN refused to expound on crude oil because it wasn't refined? Now I know a certain STANTON M. HOBSON is having his influence.

Three of our students decided to celebrate the coming of spring by an attempt to raise something? Not being vegetarians, LEE SCHNEIDER, JOHNNY YOUNG and SAMMY WEISS cultivated the upper muscular border in front of their teeth. Some say they look like "men about town," while others say—well, I won't commit myself.

MESSRS. STROBEL and O'CONNOR, the lad who did, and the lad who will guide the destinies of our football machine from a managerial seat, received a gratifying number of names as grid-iron candidates during the recent appeal?

Amongst the bright looking candidates we find HOFACKER, a strapping youngster towering an inch over six feet, and with a close 200 pounds to fill a hole? Page BALLIN, boy!

The Sophs composed of the following men won the inter-class basketball championship—WITT, HODGKIN, NEELY, BRISSEL, SCHNEIDER, NASSAR and MARTIN?

The Dean of the school, DR. WALKER, accepted an honorary membership in the Gamma Phi Fraternity?

Our redoubtable DAN ROONEY amused the baseball fans at Morgantown recently with his polo-playing pointers, and CAPTAIN PETE KILDAY occupied the bags on six occasions from eight trips to the plate? What's that about glory in defeat?

PROFESSOR PETERSON persuaded "CUE BALL" HENRY to take his beauty nap during a period other than from ten to twelve on Thursdays?

Many nice comments were uttered concerning the Students' Association dance programmes of April 11th?

A sure sign of the boys' tiring of flappers was unfolded at the dance? One of our prominent students escorted his sister as his best girl that night.

Some of the boys boasted they would have taken the prize fox-trot, if their lady friends only released their hold on the wall furniture?

Co-operation was the keynote at the GAMMA PHI's testimonial dinner and smoker given in honor of our wondrous basketball team at the Fort Pitt Hotel, April 12th?

CAPTAIN OLLIE KENDRICKS promised the return of each member of the victorious basketball team next year, with the exception of WALT HOUSTON, who graduates?

COACH MCGUIGAN showed his appreciation of the GAMMA PHI'S endeavors by offering the fraternity the use of the new gym one night each week, upon its completion?

The COACH will have to get the printer busy when he puts those season athletic tickets on sale? FATHER MCGUIGAN promises them for one "buck", good till January, 1924, with all these hair-raising baseball and football games staring us in the eye.

You had better start to save those two cold simoleons for the GAMMA PHI'S next dansant? The date is May 4th, and the place Duquesne Council K. of C. DAN KELLY and his flock of Magio syncopators will be on hand. Nuf ced!

Leonard B. Hodgkin, B. S. E., '25.



Alumni.

OUR former prefect, REV. JOSEPH SABANIEC, C. S. Sp., was obliged to interrupt his studies in the French Seminary at Rome owing to ill-health. He is fast recuperating at the University of Friburg in the bracing air of the Swiss Alps. We congratulate him on his recent ordination to the priesthood by the Right Rev. Marcus Besson, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva. We look forward with pleasant anticipations to his approaching return to the United States.

REV. JOSEPH QUINLAN, member of our staff during the years 1919-20-21, now pursuing a course of studies leading to the degree of Doctor of Theology, was ordained sub-deacon in Rome on Easter Sunday. He will advance to the diaconate on the 27th of May. He was an efficient teacher and conscientious disciplinarian. We are pleased to hear of his advance to the holy goal of his pious aspirations, and we shall welcome him cordially on his return.

REV. WILLIAM A. KANE, LL. D., formerly superintendent of schools in the diocese of Cleveland, and until recently pastor of St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, has been appointed rector of the very progressive parish of St. Patrick in his native Youngstown, Ohio. An arduous work awaits him—the building of a handsome church commensurate with the wealth and numerous families of his congregation.

REV. EDWARD N. SOXMAN ordained priest by the Most Rev. Archbishop Curley, D. D., in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, has taken up with the zeal that always characterized him the duties of assistant in Holy Cross parish, South Side.

LEO J. MCINTYRE, who was obliged to interrupt his studies at St. Vincent Seminary, owing to a general break down of the system, has been restored to excellent health by a prolonged stay at El Paso, Texas. He has resumed his studies amidst congenial companions and favoring circumstances in St. Thomas Theological Seminary, Denver, Colorado.

WILLIAM J. BARR, a rare enthusiast for sports, journeyed from the centre of the State, where he is engaged in mining engineering, in order to assist at the opening game on our campus, Grove City being the attraction. He thought highly of our aggregation, praising Reilly's control, curves and change of pace, and he prophesied for Paul Keefe a distinguished career as short-stop in a major league. Since he left school, Mr. Barr has had wide experience, and has seen much of the world. He organized the Allegheny County baseball in the 80's, was subsequently President of the Pennsylvania League, and was chosen by Mr. Spalding to take two teams to England, with a view to popularizing our national game in that country. He visited the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Eton College, Rugby, Harrow and other well-known secondary schools, addressed the students, and gave demonstrations of the greatest game on earth, to show its superiority over cricket, but his efforts did not meet with the success they deserved. Whoever is familiar with baseball and cricket and the stolid character of the phlegmatic Englishman noted for his conservatism, will appreciate the superiority of baseball over cricket. Cricket is slow; two innings occupy from two to three days, from 11 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., with an hour off for lunch at 2:30. Brilliant plays are rare, and the fielding never reaches the sensational standard maintained amongst our professionals. But the drones of society attend in large numbers. The ladies exhibit their fineries, gentlemen

indulge in banalities on the inanities of life, while they discuss the mildly stimulating refreshments of tea and cake. A baseball game is short and snappy. Participants and spectators are on the *qui vive* throughout the fast-flitting nine innings. Daring base-running, seemingly impossible catches, and weirdly curving balls supply thrills that often bring even the hoary-headed octogenarian to his feet and elicit from him expressions of approval or disappointment that, under other circumstances, would brand him as a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. But to come back to Mr. Barr. After establishing baseball in England on a footing that has secured its existence, even to the present day, in the larger cities of northern England, he went to Chili and Columbia to engage in copper mining. In Porto Rico he found another field for his activity—he served as Secretary to the Governor of that island. An adept in tennis, he organized a very successful tournament, and displayed his practical knowledge of the cuts and returns that brought him distinction in this realm of sport. Amongst those present, he noticed a familiar face—that of Marion Ducout, one of our most brilliant students and sturdiest guards in our crack football team of the early 90's; he has been for years superintendent of schools in that little island under the Southern Cross. As secretary to "Boss" Croker until that wily manipulator of men and votes bade farewell to Tammany Hall, Mr. Barr became as thoroughly acquainted with the politicians of New York City as he had been with the magnates of the diamond. After the war he enjoyed a six months' sojourn in Europe. In Ireland he was the guest, for the greater period of that period, of our star football player of '98, '99, '00, Dick Comerford. This popular proprietor of a hotel in New York City was so charmed with the Emerald Isle that he spent his summer vacation there for several years; yielding to its fascinations, he sold out his New York belongings and bought a farm in the County Kilkenny. A lovely Irish wife and a houseful of healthy, cheerful, happy children contribute materially to the joys of his rural life. In Dublin, Mr. Barr became a social lion; he served as cicerone to returning American soldiers, and escorted war-weary nurses to the attractions arranged in their honor and for their amusement. He considered himself fortunate to witness the display of horsemanship and equine perfection at the Dublin Horse Show—the magnet of horse fanciers of every country in Europe. The Leopardstown Races gave him an opportunity of meeting again his former employer, and visiting him and his Indian wife in their neighboring princely mansion. Mr. Barr expressed his great pleasure in

revisiting his former *Alma Mater*. On our part, we shall be delighted to welcome him whenever time will permit him to give us a call on his business trips to Pittsburgh.

DR. CYRIL J. LAUER paid us a flying visit on May 3rd. At present he is engaged at the Westinghouse Electric Company's works from 8 to 3 daily. Westinghouse employs over 16,000 men. To attend to the injured, and to care for the sick, it has thoroughly equipped a modern hospital with operating rooms and everything else that is essential or useful in case of accident or sickness. Five doctors by day and five by night are in constant attendance. The physicians are assisted by seven trained nurses. After Dr. Lauer had graduated in medicine, he opened an office for general practice in the Lawrenceville district of this city. When actual hostilities began between England and Germany, he offered his services to the British government; his offer was accepted, and he was assigned to the medical corps of the Buffs, one of England's crack regiments. During the entire war he was in the front line with shock troops. His thrilling experiences in the maelstroms of shot and shell have been recounted in previous issues of the MONTHLY. Dr. Lauer's exceptional training has admirably fitted him for dealing with every ill that flesh is heir to.

HOWARD J. CARROLL is one of the shining lights in St. Vincent's, Beatty, Pa. A short time ago, he was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. He evinces none of the embarrassing peculiarities of the trained musician. Good sense, serious application to study, and a gifted mind will enable him to pursue his theological course with distinction, and fit him for the capable performance of strenuous parish duties.

DR. CHARLES A. DILLON, after graduating in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, practised for a time at Etna, Pa., and then (1917) went to New York for a post-graduate course. Seeing the advantage he derived, he took similar courses each summer in Harvard, Johns Hopkins and elsewhere, to familiarize himself with the latest advances in medicine. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, he had a lucrative general practice. Early last year he decided to specialize in the study of ear, nose and throat, under Dr. Shambaugh, at the Rush Medical School and the University of Chicago. During the twelve months just elapsed his ability was recognized, and he was offered membership in the nose, ear and throat faculty of Mercy Hospital and Loyola. Rev. Thomas Shannon, of Chicago, has materially aided

him in his ambitions, and procured for him membership in the "Mediaevalists", an influential Catholic society for entertaining distinguished Catholic visitors. We predict for Dr. Dillon a noteworthy career.

STANLEY B. BUTRYM, a Sophomore in the Georgetown Medical College, visited us during the Easter holidays. He spoke most favorably of Dr. Harry Davies's practice in Washington, D. C., and of his success as assistant professor in Georgetown. We were also glad to learn from him that Lawrence Urban got through his medical course successfully, and is now gracing St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City.

EDWIN MURPHY having crossed in safety the shoals and quicksands of the Naval Course in Annapolis, is now an ensign on the destroyer *Breck*. Knowing him as we do, we feel confident that he will make an efficient, conscientious officer.

PAUL G. NAU is now a member of the Weber, Turner and Abt law firms, 706-713 Renkert Building, Canton, Ohio. We have just heard that he has been elected Secretary of the Stark County Bar Association. Paul has ability equal to his ambition.

PAUL C. RUFFENNACH, Esq., announces the opening of an office for the general practice of law, at 230 Bakewell Building, Pittsburgh. Paul should command an extensive practice amongst his South Side friends.

M. STANCATI, Fsq., graduate of our Law School, has been appointed attorney for the Italian Consulate, with offices in the Union Arcade.

AL MAMAUX, speed merchant of the baseball diamond, has completed a successful season on the Keefe circuit. His activities will now be transferred to flinging the elusive sphere in support of the Brooklyn "Dodgers".

ELMER J. SCHORR has been advanced to the important position of assistant secretary in the Duquesne Trust Co., Duquesne, Pa. No more accommodating and reliable official could receive the appointment.

DR. J. LEO WAMBAUGH, as a registered Chiropractor, is ministering to human ills in the Keenan Building, Room 1402.

MR. JOHN DOONAN LOCKE, of Wilmerding, announces his marriage to Miss Mary Anne Hever, of New York City. We wish Mrs. and Mr. Locke many years of wedded happiness.

H. J. McD.

Obituary.

MRS. IRVIN A. NELIS, after a long illness, patiently and heroically borne, passed away after a serious operation on April 23. She was buried from St. Anselm's Church, in St. Mary's Cemetery. Father McDermott represented the University at the funeral services. *R. I. P.*

We extend to Irvin (Second High C) the expression of our sincere condolence. The members of his class had a high Mass of Requiem offered up for the repose of her soul.

REV. WILLIAM A. MAHER, one of our most distinguished and capable professors in the early 90's, was suddenly called away to his reward on Thursday afternoon, April 19th. He had attended the annual Conference of the Clergy at Indianapolis, Indiana, in the morning, and had even made an address on the occasion. Whilst waiting for an interurban car to take him to his rectory in Brownsburg, he was seized with heart disease and died within a few minutes. The accompanying priests administered to him the last rites of the Church, and medical aid was called, but he was past human physical relief. Father Maher was born in Thurles, Ireland, September 29th, 1860. He was educated by the Holy Ghost Fathers and ordained in their Paris Seminary on July 14, 1889. For some time he taught in the Immaculate Conception College, Port-o'-Spain, Trinidad, but the tropical climate of this British West India island was ill-suited to his constitution, and he was transferred by his Superior General to Pittsburgh. In addition to discharging the duties of a professor, he acted as temporary rector of the Italian church, then located at the intersection of Tunnel Street and Wylie Avenue. Though an exceptionally clever teacher, he decided to devote his life to parish work, and applied for admission to the diocese of Indianapolis. He was accepted. His ministerial labors brought him into contact with various nationalities, and his linguistic attainments qualified him, as few are qualified, for polyglot congregations. He spoke with unusual facility and correctness French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and even Polish. Father Maher was noted for his zeal, his uncompromising attitude in matters of faith, and the financial encouragement he gave to Catholic education. Love for the land of his birth seemed to grow with revolving years, and frequently found expression in a unique parish monthly he published with the Gaelic title of "Boher-an-Maev"—Road of the Saints. Beloved by all who knew him and beloved most by those who knew him best, he has gone before us, but he shall not be forgotten in the prayers of those who numbered him in the circle of their valued friends. *R. I. P.*



THE one big topic around the campus these days is the hurling of one Jim Reilly, the niftiest Duke mound find in as long as memory extends back. Jim came to the Bluff from St. Vincent. Now when there's any exchanging of athletes between Duquesne and the Saints, the latter are usually on the receiving end, for their seminary catches a lot of our college graduates who have won laurels on the field of sport. Reilly is one of two notable examples of the reverse application of this rule, the other illustration being no less than Sciotto who migrated here from Beatty a few years back and turned out one of the classiest catchers we've ever clapped eyes on in the collegiate ranks. So as far as the writer is concerned, we're ready to call quits with our neighbors up the line, our one regret being that they don't let a player loose up there till he has pretty nearly finished his scholastic career, and we get the benefit of his accomplishments only for a season or so.

However, aside from the hooks and slants of Reilly there is plenty to chew the rag about in regard to baseball. The Dukes hopped off to a rather poor start at Morgantown, April sixth and seventh, bowing to the cohorts of Ira Rodgers, mentor of the West Virginia University diamond squad. Without alibi-ing, we feel constrained to mention the real dope on the Mountaineer series. The Hill field had been in most gosh-awful shape all winter. The contractors working on the new gymnasium saw fit—we don't understand just why—to haul most of the heavy stuff used in construction right smack across where the diamond ought to be. We've lamped some prodigious ruts in our day, but none the size of those dug by the wheels of those trucks. To the layman the whole mess looked as if it could have been quite easily avoided, especially the latter part that really did the dirty work, but then one never likes to argue with a professional. Anyway the Bluffites had nary a practice session on a regulation infield till they struck the West Virginia hamlet. The batting was a mile off color and the defensive exhibition was ghastly. As a result we dropped a pair of tilts, at least one of which should have been copped, for as later events proved, the Rodgers' clan is

by no means invincible. Wilinski opened the campaign with a somewhat sore salary wing. He was greeted with a flock of base hits, handicapped by West Virginia's trick left pasture, and ruined by four or five errors. The score was 14-4. No more need be said on the painful subject. Reilly fared vastly better the following afternoon, but woefully ragged support cost him the victory, 7-6. Captain Pete Kilday achieved more on the offense in the course of the two-game stand than any of his followers, reaching the initial sack by hook or crook six times out of a possible eight.

Coming home, the Red and Blue blossomed as the rose is supposed to blossom. The schedule contest with Westminster here on the eleventh of April was cancelled because of the scaly condition of the grounds, and the local starter was set back till the twenty-first with Grove City on the books. Be it said here that there is little love lost 'twixt Duquesne and the Grovers when the twain join battle. The Martinites were smarting from a most odious pasting received up state during the late floor season, and the Crimson distinctly remembers what happened to her nine here a year ago. Hence all was set for a big time of it when the Mercer Countians journeyed to the Smoky City. Well, they caught it in the neck from Pitt on Friday, and came down here the next afternoon looking for blood. Coach Martin, with admirable judgment, sent Reilly against them. All that lad did was ring up a mark of fourteen strike-outs and pull a 5-2 triumph to the Bluff shore. To remark that Grove City was eating out of Reilly's hand is to exaggerate; Williamson's outfit wasn't even eating. Rooney connected for the circuit in the first inning, and as far as the visiting contingent was concerned, the tussle was thrown and tied then and there.

After which we come to the Bucknell affair of blessed recollection. Frankly, we had a sneaking hunch that there would be very little balm in Gilead for the Dukes the evening of that particular fray. We were wrong—very much so, to tell the truth. Reilly did his stuff again, and Bucknell, *Alma Mater* of the great Christy Mathewson and conqueror of Penn State and Juniata, bit the uncleanly dust in her initial defeat, 7-1. "Moose" McCormick, mentor of the Eastern crew, expressed himself to the effect that the Duke twirler has a big league future. Far be it from us to contradict "Moose" on the question. We'll take his word for it and add our own. Bucknell got one honest-injun wallop, a double to right center from the willow of Woodring. Three other safe blows were registered, but all were more or less tainted. Meanwhile the Pittsburghers' attack, led by the re-

doubtable Jimmy Carl with a brace of two-sackers and a resounding single, produced the aforementioned sextet of tallies. The anti-climax to the Bucknell just came about the following day, when Tarr, McCormick's giant mound ace stood the Pitt Panther on its ear for a 2-0 whitewash, beating the famed Steve Swetonic, and establishing Duquesne's 1923 Greater Pittsburgh collegiate baseball supremacy as firmly as it's likely to be established, seeing as Pitt steers clear of us athletically.

The team has rounded into form beautifully since it has had a field to work out on. Let us hope, pray, and trust, that in the future no building operations will be allowed so to interfere with preliminary practice that any fracas will be lost on account of it. Keefe is playing a truly wonderful game at short-stop. Old-timers may pop off all they wish about the glories of departed cavorters at that post, but they will have to expend much-heated atmosphere ere they'll convince us that anyone who has gone before can even approach the "Billiken" when it comes to digging 'em up. Cherdini is yet a trifle unfamiliar with the keystone bag, but it requires no experienced optic to discern daily improvement in his work. Furthermore, Chuck's swatting will pick up when he ceases to worry about the fielding end of his job and the bone-crushing front end of the Duke batting order will be muchly strengthened thereby. Conley hasn't had a lot to do around the hot corner, but his bat was busy enough at West Virginia and his wise baseball head has been an asset on the coaching lines. Paul Cramer, putting up a classy brand of the pastime at first-base, came through with a most opportune smash in the Grove City imbroglio, and with a bit of confidence will rise close to the .300 mark in the next few tussles. Carl, Kilday and Bittinger are doing nicely in the gardens. The former two are also banging the pellet in most gratifying fashion from the Bluff point of view. Kilday has faced opposing hurlers on seventeen occasions and has landed on the sacks, on exactly thirteen of them, which is unlucky for somebody. Carl has been troubled with a broken nose sustained two or three months ago while basketeeering in the Cathedral gym, and the consequent impediment to breathing has retarded his development more than a number of people would imagine. Bittinger has yet to strike his stride with the bludgeon, but he's taking a wicked cut at the ball, and he's bound to connect sooner or later.

Dan Rooney is at his old position behind the bat and getting along better than ever. He and Reilly work together like a couple of soul-mates (no, we don't mean cell-mates). Dan lifted

one to the top tier of the center-field bleachers at Morgantown, and Harry Stansbury will tell you that's a whale of drive. Then, of course, there was his round-tripper in the teeth of Grove City's classiest and numerous shorter bingles sandwiched between. Wilinski has been hampered by a recalcitrant arm that has refused to be good and get into shape. However, all indications point to its being O. K. at the present writing. If it is, Father McGuigan can draw a free breath or two on the approaching Eastern invasion, for Jack Trybus has turned out satisfactory, and with him, Wilinski and Reilly, there is small cause for deep apprehension, except possibly on the part of opponents. Phil Reilly is a clever understudy for Rooney, and Rozenas will probably see action on the slab with some degree of frequency. Ed Caye should get a chance to display his wares in right field, and several other subs of promise will also break into the line-up.

The Dukes are faced by tough prospects from now on and will have need of everything in their bag of tricks to come out with a clean slate. Waynesburg, Bethany, St. Bonaventure's, Juniata, St. Francis, Wheeling, Kaceys, Bucknell and Grove City are yet to be encountered, and as Bucknell and the Grovers will be out for revenge, there'll be several hot times in the old town to-night before the curtain comes down.

MUSINGS OF THE MONTH.

The 'Varsity basketball quint was dined twice during April, first at the Fort Pitt by Gamma Phi, and later on the Bluff by the resident students. Chuck Cherdini was elected Captain for the 1923-1924 season at the second affair, and promises to lead the squad to even greater success than it had under the brilliant Kendrick regime. Kendrick, Cherdini, Harrison, Cingolani, Houston, Rozenas, and Manager Chris Hoffmann were awarded letters.

There's a possibility—not a probability—of having Yale here to open the new gym. We doubt if the Elis can be persuaded to make the trip, but we'll wager if they do, they'll get a torrid reception. And further, while we're wagering, we know where there's currency of the realm that loudly proclaims the New Havenites will be knocked off if they ever do come here.

This department has come to the conclusion that life won't be worth living here next year unless there's a 'Varsity tennis team. We have the players and we'll have the courts. It doesn't cost a pile of money to run the net game, and it's the coming collegiate spring sport. Why not keep abreast of the march of events, and have a racket outfit?

Duquesnicula.

WE went to war for the principle, but try to get the interest."

Patient: I have no ambition to do anything.

Doctor: Join the police force.

A dying man is easily rattled.

Photographer: Look pleasant, Madam, "Click".

Photographer: Fine. Now resume your natural expression.

A man worth doing, is worth doing well.

Mary Rose

Sat on a tack—

Mary Rose.

He: I see where they advertised for 10,000 elephants to make piano keys.

She: Isn't it remarkable what they can train elephants to do.

"Are you the photographer, Mister?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"How much do you charge?"

"Ten dollars a dozen."

"Well, I'll have to see you again;

I only have 11 children."

I laid the proposition before him.

Oh! I see you killed it at the start.

Butler walks down the Avenue with Monaghan and Savage quite a bit.

Yes, the doctor told him to take exercise with dumb-bells.

Smith passed me with a blank stare.

Oh! I guess he just paid the income tax.

Undertaker to Widow—Don't worry, your husband had the right of way.

Everyone should learn to swim.
People are always getting in hot water these days.

Jack and Gill went up the hill,
To get something to eat.
Jack came down and pawned his razor.
And Gillette.

Suitor—"Willie, will you be sorry when I marry your sister?"

Willie—"Yes, I'll be sorry for you."

Savage—"A man told me I looked like you."

Vitullo—"Where is he? I'd like to knock his block off."

Savage—"I killed him."

One of the boarders is so dumb he thinks that the vacuum is the Pope's palace.

"Minnie, why don't you play quietly like Tommy? See, he is not making a sound."

"Oh, mamma," said Minnie, "that is the game. He is papa coming home late, and I am you."

Englishman—"In our country cabbage grows so big that two men can stand on one head."

American—"Oh, that's nothing. In our country I saw ten policemen asleep on a beat."

Love and porus-plasters, son,
Are very much alike;
It's simple getting into one,
But getting out,—good-night.

We have found a fellow who thinks that the "Police Gazette" contains reports from the jails.

He—"We are just entering a tunnel, are you afraid?"

She—"Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

Smith—"Have you found your dog yet?"

Jones—"No."

Smith—"Why don't you put an add in the paper?"

Jones—"What's the use? The dog can't read."

Jim—"I fell off a 100-foot ladder yesterday."

Joe—"It's a miracle you weren't killed."

Jim—"Oh, not so much. I only fell off the first rung."

Son—"Daddy, who was Hamlet?"

Wise daddy—"Aren't you ashamed of such ignorance at your age? Give me the Bible, and I'll soon show you who he was."

Butler-Monaghan, Arts, '25.



MORTITIS.

"Any serious complications, Doctor?"

"Oh, I think not. Of course, there is always danger of "Mortitis" setting in, but that's very trivial. Everyone falls a victim to it at some period in life, particularly at the close."

"What are its cause, symptoms, treatment and duration?"

"The causes of "Mortitis" are beyond reckoning. You see, anything from stepping a trifle too far over the edge of the Washington Monument, to the swallowing of a minnow's wish-bone might produce "Mortitis" In its symptoms, it is unmistakable. Absence of all sensation, painful or pleasant; temperature, zero; pulse, absolutely abnormal; respiration, none; appetite, gone forever; cheeks chalky pale or candle sallow; glassy stare and far, far-away look in the eyes; dropping of the mandible; collapsing of the diaphragm; stretching and stiffening of the limbs.

The treatment is very simple. It consists in placing a penny on the patient's eye-lids; supporting the prolapsed mandible with an anti-snore strap; injecting into the frame a few pints of cold storage cement. The patient is bathed and dressed in his best,

laid in a neatly embroidered box called a coffin, and is handed a lily. Visitors are admitted to the room, but the patient is forbidden to speak even to his parents if they themselves have not been stricken with "Mortitis". After a few hours, the patient is removed to the "Mortitis" ward, where a large stone chart bears his name, date of birth, and the inception of his present malady.

As to recovery, Dr. Darwin declares in his far-famed volume entitled, "Gorilla Islands": No one has been known to recover from "Mortitis". It is my earnest conviction that no one will recover until Doom's Day.

X. Perience, I. C.

Pyramid Director: Say, get a boarder to replace that fellow; he'll spoil this pyramid.

Walsh (from somewhere in the gym ceiling): I can't help it, Meier haint got no hip!

A local paper in a classified "want" ad section had the following item: "Three elderly ladies want washing."

Another daily advertized as follows:

WANTED: Room for young man with both kinds of gas.

If sedentary work weakens a person, then the more one sits the less one can stand.



SUNSHINE FOR THE SICK.

Dear frien phil—

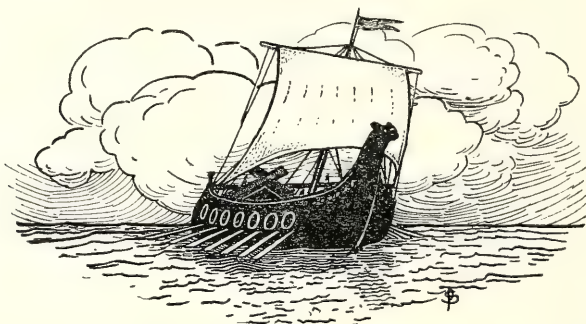
I heard you was turrible sick with ammonia and the amblance come for you but now youre convalesn. Thats two bad I mean if course that you took ammonia. I was around your way just now and everybodys well cept your big sister marmalaid. She was carrin some hot tapiyoka down cellar and the she-

cat was carrin her kitn up and your sister thought it was a sewr rat and she overlukt about 8 steps. Lucky there was a tub full a water at the bottom but all the same she detained a series injury in a broken collar button. She carries her shoulder ina swing. You know the bank where my pap and yourn keeps their money in? Well, that went bankrupt. Theres a sticker on your front door what looks like a for sale sign but it aint. Its a shuriff sale sign.

Well thats all I remember cept that yesterday I punctured your weal on a broken wiskey flash. I'll pay for it when I go to work. Get well soon.

Bud.

Ps. If you fale to recover kin I have Ketchum that pet blud-houn of yourn.



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VOL. XXX

JUNE, 1923

No. 9

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FLOWERS.

FLOWERS bloom in the garden plot,
Flowers bloom in the hot house pot.
Flowers like thoughts that are sweet and pure,
Bury their stems in the earth and endure.

Flowers kissed by the morning dew,
Flowers warmed by God's sun anew;
Flowers adorning a sick room bed,
Bring cheer and gladness when shadows are sped.

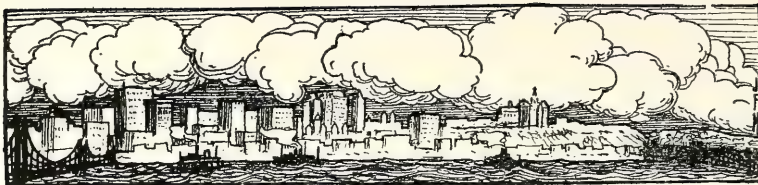
Flowers nurtured by skillful hands,
Flowers trellised on carven strands,
Flowers adorning a costly vase,
Give added beauty to nature's face.

Flowers plucked with caressing touch,
Flowers slumbering on nature's couch;
Flowers as tokens of love twixt two hearts,
Fill life with sunshine ere their bloom departs.

Flowers plucked for the moneyed mart,
Flowers sold from the florist's cart;
Flowers are flowers, though ever so choice.
Nature and art know but one master's voice.

Flowers bloom in the forest field,
Flowers bloom neath the hot house shield.
Flowers are gifts from the heavenly hand,
Given to brighten this prosy land.

A. Radascvich, '25.



The Business of Citizenship.*

TO-DAY is *April 29th*, in the year of our Lord 1923, and the independence of the United States, the 148th. For 148 years the people of the United States have been living under what is spectacularly known as a "government by the consent of the governed;" and for over 100 of these years a large percentage has been occupying seats in the audience of what has been aptly called the "Comedy of American Government." These impeccable citizens will not enter into the play themselves, but will sit back, and like the Theatrical "Death Watch", criticize the work of the players, often laughing at their difficulties and always envious of their successes. Yet dare to say to these people that they are not worthy of participation in the business of governmental administration, and they raise their voices in clamorous protests. They are content to occupy a chair in a club or a hotel lobby, or even a place on the street curb, to pour into the ears of willing listeners of their own ilk, a scathing denunciation of the political situation as it is; a plan for the remedy of all public ills; or a long drawn wail at the speed with which the land approaches perdition through the manipulation of crooked politicians.

They cannot be made to realize that the politician is in the strictest sense, the only worth while citizen of the lot, that he is the only one who is really attending to his duties. The fact that he is utilizing the government to his own ends is no reason for condemning him. He is able to do that only through the uninterested position maintained by his critics. If he has the ability and the energy to take advantage of their indifference, then good luck and more power to him.

And here is the meat of this political nut. The fact that the politician is conducting the government, as he wishes it conducted, is the fault, not of the few, but of the many. To do things, as he does them, requires a majority, and the political

* Prize Oratorical Essay.

boss or leader, controls that majority, and controls it through the fault of the non-voters. To illustrate: suppose a community of ten thousand voters. On any issue in this community it requires with all voting, 5001 votes to carry or to defeat the issue. Suppose further, as is more generally the case, 3000 voters stay away from the polls on election day. What is the result? Simply that the necessary majority has been decreased by 1500 votes. That is, while theoretically, it demands 5001 votes, in reality, 3501 will decide the question. In other words every voter who is in favor of the measure, and does not express his opinion by voting for it, is in reality casting two votes against it.

For a specific example, take the election of 1902, when everyone was out to get something from the election. What happened? 15,000,000 American Citizens failed to vote. 15,000,000 persons who called themselves members of the United States Government, gave themselves the lie. 15,000,000 Neros, fiddling while Rome burned. 15 of some 40 odd millions, who were entitled to vote. That's a big percentage—absent. And in off years when these are no important national issues, the percentage of absentees is much greater.

Now what of the 26,000,000 who did vote in 1920? Do they keep track of politics between elections. It is a freely acknowledged fact that the majority do not. They are too busy. Pay too much attention to financial and sporting news. For a good sample of general interest in politics, take the City of New York. In 1807 three (3) city officials organized a plan to determine the physical future of New York City, then occupying only the toe of Manhattan. It was to be a big job, to cover the whole of the Island. The plan itself was very simple. A criss-cross of right angle thoroughfares. All the land between the rivers was to become checker-board. The right angle was to be jealously treasured, because it was cheaper to build on right angled lot. But the prize package was the part of the plan, that provided for four east and west streets for every *one* north and south. These three men were wise; they knew that the future traffic of the city would run east and west, from river to river, forever. They knew that the city would never grow to need more routes north and south. In fact, they thought it a great joke to extend the checker-board plan, all the way to Harlem. O, yes, that was a prime piece of humor. They laughed. So did the voters who helped pass their proposition. The mistake was made and it lasts to the present day unremedied.

What is the lesson? Only that the people do not take an interest in political affairs, not even in those most intimate to themselves. Can there be any doubt that if a large portion of the intelligence that has marked New York City's part in the nation's progress had been applied to the good of the city itself, the result would be far different? Do not you suppose, if its that way in New York, it is the same in your own city?

But there are other things besides city planning that need the interest of American man and women voters. That is only one example. There are many other things fully as important. Government to-day is a regulator of human conduct that seems to stand forbiddingly before us in every move. Daily its contact becomes more and more intimate—more and more prohibitory. We need ability and intelligence in government now as we never needed it before. And with the problem of good government more than doubled in its difficulties, we find a smaller fraction of the nation's ability engaged in its solution than were interested a hundred years ago, when it was more than twice as easy.

Any person who does not think enough of his country to voice his opinion as to its laws or its policy is a wrench in the national gears. Any person, by being a non-voter, is a political non-entity and a governmental impediment. The United States Government needs everyone of its citizens, and needs them to take an interested and intimate part in the conduct of its affairs, if it is ever to truly realize its goal, if it is to be sincere in its endeavor to stand to the immortal Emancipators's glorious challenge that ours is ever to be "A government of the people, by the people and for the people."

C. V. O'Connor, '24.



The Obligation of Patriotism.

FEWER subjects are more calculated to awaken our emotions and make the blood course madly through our veins than that of Patriotism. At stated intervals it becomes the topic of conversation, the central idea of literature, and the ever present subject for the ever ready orator. Yet, despite this, nay, I would say for this very reason, fewer subjects are more misunderstood. Over-indulged enthusiasm and high-spirited emotion only, too often, serve to close the way to reason's ponderous passage.

Patriotism is not synonymous with a reverence for the heroes of past generations. For, if it were, the people of a country whose history does not contain the names of men who make glorious achievements possible, would lack patriotic spirit. Patriotism is more than hand-clapping, hat-throwing, flag-waving, band-playing, horse-prancing, loud-cheering, dress-parading demonstrations; it is a Christian virtue; a virtue that binds us in conscience, in the first place to honor and reverence the country of one's birth; in the second place, to make sacrifices proportionate to the need of the country, when she requires them. It will be seen, therefore, that patriotism is not a matter that we are free to practice or disregard according to our own inclination any more than we are free to be truthful or untruthful according to our pleasure. The man who acts unpatriotically is guilty in the sight of God, just as the man who lies or is intemperate; and if the unpatriotic act be of a grave character, and is done with deliberation and advertence, it is a crime, which unatoned for, will carry with it the penalty of eternal ruin.

Patriotism is a part of the virtue of piety that obliges us to honor and reverence our parents as the authors of our being; and just as man cannot sever the bonds that bind him in conscience to them, and transfer the love, honor, and obedience that is theirs to others, so he cannot free himself without crime, from the obligation to love, honor, and serve his country, and make sacrifice for it.

Virtue is a good habit, by the practice of which we obtain a strong moral character and the reward of which is happiness. Patriotism, as a virtue, is a great means to this great end.

A country is also a body, of which the individuals are parts, and therefore citizens must with utmost sincerity look for its welfare. Yet a country is not only a collection of individuals or families that live in the same place; who carry on trade with each other, who share in common the joys and griefs; a country

is also a union of souls in the service of the social organism, a unity that a man must guard and defend at any price, even that of his own blood, and under the leadership of those who direct the destinies of a nation. So, patriotism is the principle of unity and order; a principle that is sacred, and thereby Christian. Therefore, the only sure means by which a citizen can be a good patriot is by being a good Christian.

We are bound to be interested in the security and welfare of our country, and if we remain true to the principles of our religion, we must of necessity be true and loyal to our country. The Church has ever been the most powerful defender of the principles on which our own government is based. She is the champion of democracy. Her teachings will best qualify us for the discharge of our civic duties, to support and defend our constitution, to love and venerate our flag. She stands to-day the greatest exponent of patriotism, eloquently pleading with her children to be loyal law-abiding citizens; because she is ever actively engaged in unremitting warfare against the evils, the perils, the vices of the age, in fearlessly combating treason; anarchy, and socialism; because she makes love of country and of country's laws an obligation binding consciences under the pain of sin.

We, and I am speaking to and of citizens of America, and the heirs of a Christian heritage, we, I say, have been often taunted with a lack of patriotism; allegiance to Rome has been ignominiously flaunted in our faces, as a barrier against our love and loyalty to America. Un-American societies are committing heinous crimes with impunity in efforts to stigmatize us and prove us traitors. Let them remember and let us tell them in no unequivocal terms our doctrine on this matter. We can point to our war records of the past, to the heroes who fulfilled their obligation of patriotism in a Christian spirit; and we have had many in the recent war. We ever pledge ourselves to take up the torch from their wounded hands to keep flying the standard of freedom which they first unfurled; to be the living examples of a doctrine that is taught us by our religion, to be faithful to that obligation of our consciences; to be not hand-clapping, hat-throwing, flag-waving, loud-cheering patriots, but sincere lovers of our glorious country and self-sacrificing followers of the untainted flag that floats over the country of loyal patriots—our free and glorious land of America.

Earnest Wassel, '23.



The Crossroads.

BILL McDONALD let himself into his offices, seated himself at his desk, lighted a vicious-looking pipe and became lost in meditation. He never smoked this particular pipe unless confronted by a perplexing problem. After about a half hour of self-communing he rose in the manner of one who had arrived at a decision, locked up the office and went home.

The field of politics is usually entered with a view only to pecuniary remuneration. Such a view may or may not be tinged with some interest in the public good. Lately, however, the people have come to use the word "Service", the definite meaning of which they refuse to explain, and the word prevails for the moment as the fashionable substitute for the reality. The faded visions of the men of yesterday who sacrificed themselves for the public advancement can of course be easily forgotten in view of the trend of development both political and economic. When a man is mentioned as a champion of the people by some trusting soul, the appellation is greeted with cynical smiles which may or may not be justified. Still it is possible that the feelings which animated the champion of other days should find their way into the hearts and lives of our present day citizens.

The older inhabitants of Randolph pronounced Bill the best lawyer in the State. He was said to be a better orator and attorney than his illustrious father who had formerly been state leader in politics. McDonald, Sr., had been Attorney-General and later Governor of his native State. Unhappily he had attempted to overthrow the Wilcox "machine" which, together with the Graham "Trust", were securing a stronghold in both the legislature and senate. These politicians had even gone so far as attempt to dictate some of the supreme court rulings. McDonald, a lawyer, had always been a staunch defender of this body and, being opposed to machine ruling and all crooked politics, had attempted to oust them. Needless to say, his attempt was a failure and he, the attacker, was attacked in turn by the combined "machine" and "trust". Malicious falsehoods and outrageous fabrications were their weapons. McDonald by reason of wonderful personality and his "silver tongue", made a gallant

stand, but he was defeated. His reputation and influence gone, he had shortly afterwards died,—of a broken heart, said those who knew him.

These events had happened as Bill was completing his law course. They now all came back to him as he sat pondering over the perplexing problem of the offer made him by the newly-organized Citizens Party to support him as candidate in the coming election for the office of Attorney-General. That he would have to fight the Wilcox-Graham combination, as had his father before him, was certain; and Bill who was engaged to Mary Wilcox knew that both she and his mother deplored the fact that a conflict would result between stern old Colonel Wilcox and himself. His mother entertained bitter feelings against politics after the death of his father, for she knew the cause of the latter's death. Colonel Wilcox had been a friend and ardent admirer of the elder McDonald although their political views were divergent. He had no hand in the underground attack upon McDonald; he wanted to make an open fight of it, but the "machine" had gotten beyond the control of the boss. The Colonel had long since retired from politics, but the "machine" still bore his name.

When Bill reached home he told his mother of the offer made by the Citizens Party concerning the office of Attorney-General. She was silent for a few moments, and then lifting her head with a smile said: "Well, Will, I suppose you should accept the nomination, for although politics was the cause of your father's death, I think he would have wished you to enter the fight, not only to clear his name, but also for the good of the State. I think you know your father's views on political subjects. Remember, son, it will mean sacrifice and bear in mind those words of Addison: "Censure is a tax a man must pay to the public for becoming famous."

"Well," laughed Bill, "I don't think, mother dear, that I'll ever become famous."

Then his face clouded as he expressed his determination: "Mother, I'll clear dad's reputation, I'll clean out the "machine" and the "trust", for I know I shall secure the office; of course it will mean a fight, but everything worth while is obtained only after a struggle."

That evening after dinner he drove over to the Wilcox home, which was located on the outskirts of the city. Mary greeted him at the door: "Bill, is it true that you have been offered the nomination for Attorney-General?" she cried, you see, father heard it and told me."

"Yes, Mary," said Bill slowly: "What is your opinion, do you think I should accept?"

"Why, Billy, of course I do, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your father and mother. I imagine it would be a wonderful thing for your mother if you are elected. Oh, Billy, I shouldn't have used that word, "if", for of course you will win."

"With such faith as your's how can I help it," smiled Bill. "You know you reflect mother's feelings. I was rather doubtful about accepting, for I thought you and mother would desire otherwise, so I told Mr. Shaughnessy, who was chairman of the party, that I would give him my decision to-morrow. Let's go in and see dad; I suppose I shall encounter a little opposition in that quarter."

"Good evening, William," said the old gentleman as they entered the library. "What's this I hear about you being offered the nomination by this reform gang? Stay out of politics, my boy; you'll find it's for the best. You have arrived at the crossroads of your career: one, leading to politics; the other, to a high place in the legal profession; I don't care if I do say it myself, you have the necessary qualities," and the fiery old Colonel vigorously nodded his head.

"I'm afraid I'll need a larger sized hat if you and Mary continue handing me flowers," laughed Bill. "But to be serious, Colonel, I think dad would have wished me to accept; you, his best friend, know his feelings on political matters; you know our family has always served the State and Country to the best of their ability, and I do not intend to be the first to shirk because of an impending fight with the "machine" and "trust". As he said these words Bill squared his shoulders and the light of battle glowed in his eyes.

"I know, I know," said the Colonel, slowly stroking his beard; "I am afraid I was clouding the issue. You know that your views and mine do not coincide; you know that I believe in what is referred to as "machine rule", but what in reality is organization. Still", he mused to himself, "I might have known that a son of good old Billy McDonald would love nothing better than a good fight, and would sacrifice all for the good of our native State. God bless her!"

The old man's voice shook and the tears dimmed his eyes as he rose to shake Bill's hand. "Billy, boy," were his parting words, "if you are as good a man as your daddy was, the State will profit and the people whose blindness broke his great heart will be the winners,"

The following week saw the opening of the campaign. Bill's programme called for speeches in the cities and larger towns throughout the State. His was a difficult task; the audiences for the most part were very sceptical and hard to convince,—they were, nearly all, enrolled in the ranks of his opponents. Despite his best efforts defeat seemed almost a certainty; letters from his mother and Mary, however, served as stones and seemed to imbue him with new force and vigor, imparting a certain nobility or expression that caused even the most bitter of his opponents to be willing to concede him title to the name "Silver Tongue" that had been earned by his father and now seemed to have descended by inheritance to the son.

While in a small country-seat he encountered Martin, the gubernatorial candidate on the opposing ticket. "Well, McDonald, how goes it?" cried Martin, grasping Bill's hand.

"Well," said Bill slowly, "to be frank, things aren't going very well."

"Listen, son," Martin said, "I've been in politics for twenty years, and it's been my experience that the man championing the people's cause is the goat. It's a fact which may be deplorable, but nevertheless it must be faced. I'm a professional politician; I know you're not. It remains to be seen how we fare at the polls. Take my advice and drop out. Of course, I should have known you wouldn't," he said, as Bill shook his head; well, good luck; if the people want a good representative you'll get the office. "But believe me," he said earnestly, "I do hope they are awakened."

However, the real turning point in the campaign came one night in a small town in the northern part of the State. After his speech that evening Bill returned to his hotel. He was seated at the table, writing several letters when a knock sounded at the door. He was in an extremely despondent mood, for he had addressed an audience of miners, who were very hard to convince, concerning the evils of the existent regime, and he did not feel inclined to receive visitors. However, as the knocking persisted, he called a surly "Come in." The door slowly opened and in walked the one man whom Bill had reason to entertain bitter feelings against. He was Harry Monroe. It was the same Monroe who had used such despicable tactics against his father, He was a man who knew politics in all its phases,—a man who could appeal through the newspapers, for this was his specialty, to any class of people. To say that Bill was surprised at the visit is to put it mildly.

"Well," said Bill coldly, "what can I do for you?"

Monroe seemed to lack his customary composure. "Mr. McDonald," he said, clearing his throat, "my visit, I suppose, is somewhat in the nature of a surprise. I think the best way to state my errand is to treat the matter bluntly. I wish to join your forces."

"You wish—to join our forces," cried Bill, his jaws dropping agape.

"Exactly," said Monroe, beginning to smile, "I heard your speech this evening; in fact, I have heard you speak at several meetings, and I am convinced of the sincerity of you and your party. You know that I have always been a believer in organization in the form of what is commonly known as machine rule. The reason I attacked your father—please don't think I am making an excuse; but, to continue—the reason for my attack and methods was the fact that he was a menace to the organization, and therefore to the State. However," he said sadly, "I see the weakness and corruption of our organization. You see I would have joined your party upon its organization, could I but have believed that its principles were capable of being carried out."

Bill was silent, his chin sunk upon his breast. The other man knew that a struggle was going on,—a struggle at the crossroads: would he take the road to satisfy a petty jealousy and refuse the offer, or would he rise to the heights and accept it, for the advancement of the State.

After a few minutes Bill rose slowly to his feet, his hand outstretched. "Monroe," he said, "you are a man; the two of us will lick them. I'll see you in the morning; good-night, sir."

"I knew you would give me a chance," Monroe replied,—"a chance to retrieve myself in my own eyes, and to give the people a clean government."

The election was to take place in two weeks, and Bill in the intervening time worked unceasingly. Monroe's presence was soon felt. The papers printed glowing accounts of the platform of the new party. McDonald, he of the "silver tongue", was the strong link on the whole ticket, according to newspaper accounts. The night before election day, Bill closed his campaign in Lewiston, the largest city of the State. He was one of the two principal speakers,—the other being the gubernatorial nominee. Before his turn came to address the audience, Mary and his mother came to him in the small ante-room in which he was resting. "Bill," said Mary, "remember, to-night is the crisis; remember, it's for you, dad, and for the people."

"Yes," said his mother, "it's for dad and for me."

With these words he stepped out upon the platform. A mighty cheer that broke into a roar welcomed him. It was one of the greatest audiences the old city had ever seen. Bill spoke with such earnestness and conviction that he swayed the crowd to his every thought. When he stepped from the platform he was besieged by a host of admirers. After receiving their congratulations, he hurried, as soon as possible, to his mother and Mary. Their pride shone in their every action. "Just like his father, just like his father," was all his mother could say.

The next evening witnessed his greatest triumph. The Citizens Party swept all before them. It was a complete defeat for the "Old Guard". Bill attributed all to the wonderful faith of Mary and his mother and the help of Monroe. When the returns were given, Bill was at the Wilcox home. The Colonel was the first to congratulate him. "It was you, Billy, that won the fight; you were the strength of the ticket and I am glad, boy, glad. And," he added with a sly twinkle, "I think Mary is, also; she is waiting in the garden." Bill, his heart singing with joy, went out into the garden to claim Mary.

Francis Foley, '26.



Fanaticism.

PRESIDENT HARDING in one of his recent speeches to a religious gathering was quoted as saying: "There is no no relationship in this country between Church and State. Religious liberty has its unalterable place, along with civil and human liberty, in the very foundation of the Republic.

It is true that the Constitution of the United States provides religious freedom for the populace, but very many times this fact is forgotten. This forgetfulness is observed mostly by the statesmen who represent the people of this nation. The fears and anxieties entertained by these men are also felt by every patriotic

citizen who loves his country and its most sacred national tradition, that of freedom, of conscience, and of worship. In no period of our history, since the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution, has the menace to religious freedom been so great as it is to-day. Race prejudice, religious bigotry and lawlessness of every kind are running riot in the land. One cannot read a page of newspaper, unless he comes in contact with accounts of murders, suicides, race riots, divorce scandals and religious prejudice.

The propaganda of bigotry and persecution now in progress in the United States is sometimes open, but more often insidious, yet always aggressive and untiring. At times we hear its utterances from the pulpit or from the political rostrum, at times we get it through the press, or more often in books and pamphlets, especially edited and published for this purpose, and again it conceals itself in Ku Klux garb of mask and gown, going about in the cover of night and acting as does the detestable sneak. No man possessing true American blood would act so cowardly. If the members of the Ku Klux Klan claim to be doing justice in the interest of the Government, why are they ashamed of themselves? Why do they not act like men? Would anyone of them be brave enough to unmask and reveal his identity? They certainly would not, for the simple reason that they are cowards of the lowest rank, men of the lowest moral character, and citizens who are a disgrace to their country. The ocean of their baseness has no shores.

Besides the Ku Klux Klan, there are other organizations which have for their purpose the abolishment of religious freedom and the persecution of Catholics. The members of these unconstitutional assemblies are classed under the general term fanatics. A fanatic is one who attempts by law the regulation of the conduct of another. Fanaticism of religion or religious intolerance, as it is commonly called, is growing very rapidly among that class of people who are so narrow-minded, so ignorant, so bigoted and so unconscientious, as to take delight in trying not only to undermine Catholicity and the Jewish religion, but also to make life more miserable for the negro.

The leaders of fanaticism are not men of learning and culture, but simple-minded, unconscientious money makers. Their literature is written for the money they receive, and not for the purpose of expounding truth. Some of these men assume the role of representing the Protestant religion. Now a person in this

position should be cultured in mind, noble in character, broad in views, powerful in debate and pious in spirit. Not one of these qualities can be attributed these people who are trying to play so important a part and cover so vast a field with so little intelligence.

The narrow-minded reasonings of these fanatics can be observed in many of their writings. For instance, they attribute the cause of the recent World War to the underhand tactics of the Pope. They claim that his intrigues caused the greatest war the world had ever witnessed. That the Pope, with the help of his clergymen, spread hostile propaganda throughout the various countries, and drew the conflict to a breaking point, and consequently to war.

Every person with an ounce of common sense knew that the assassination of the Austrian Grand Duke by a simple-minded fanatical Serbian youth was the occasion, but not the cause of the great World War; that it was simply the match that lit the flame that threw the world into conflagration. We believed that the elemental causes of the war were to be found deeply imbedded in German Military Kultur; in Prussian despotism, and the conquering of the world; in the policies originated by Frederick the Great, and later perfected by ambitious Bismarck; in the belief of the Kaiser that he was the annointed of God, and that the Germanic people were the chosen seed.

Now, if we recall to memory the speeches made by the different Senators and Representatives of the nation upon the war subject, we will find that in every oration the speakers reached their loftiest heights of oratorical eloquence in denunciation of the Kaiser and his imperialistic designs to extend his Empire from Berlin to Bagdad, and to crush the liberties of the world with the mailed fist of imperialism, absolutism and despotism. All this we reasoned and believed.

But the reasonings of all these most learned diplomats, these renowned statesmen and writers, these Washingtons, Websters, Clays, Lincolns, Grants and Lees of the World War period, according to fanatics, all of them were wrong; not one reasoned correctly: The Kaiser did not cause the war, it was the Pope, the monarch of Rome, the despot of the world. He alone is responsible for the near ruin of the world, he alone urged the conflict, he alone incited the peoples of the hostile nations, and he alone is to blame.

This is the propaganda that these poor lunatics of fanaticism have been spreading since this country entered the late war. This nation has been flooded with literature containing matter of this kind, until the minds of the bigoted have been saturated with lies.

Thank God fanaticism is in the minority, and that there are still many broad-minded Protestants who know the intentions of these men to be vile and base. The clergymen of the Protestant religion have time and again denounced the policies of fanaticism, but to no avail, because the leaders of this movement are guided by the desire of the almighty dollar, and not by truth or conscience. It is a pity that these ignoble fanatics defend Protestantism, because they are a disgrace to the broad-minded members of this religion.

We read from history of the persecutions that Catholics were subject to. Of the martyrs who were thrown to wild beasts, roasted upon gridirons, scalded in caldrons of boiling oil, placed upon the rack, beheaded, and even crucified. All this we read, but in all history there is nothing recorded of ferocity and cruelty which parallels that hideous slaughter and infernal torture in Louisanna. It is so far beyond any human experience that we can find no words to describe it. It excludes the torturers from all right to be classed as elements of humanity, to be classed even with the brutes. For the brute does not prolong the agony of his victim. He kills his antagonist, as soon as possible, just as a human being accomplishes the task of murdering his fellowman to satisfy his passion. It is only under the influence of fanaticism, this fanatical desire to make men good, not according to their own free will, but according to the notion of others, that such fiendish enormities could have been possible, as have been perpetrated here in our own country, by men calling themselves apostles of morality and order. This horror cannot be described in words, because words are evolved from experiences. The world has hitherto been free from any such experience. It cannot be called savage, because no savage inflicted an injury so atrocious. It cannot be called bestial without grave injustice to the beasts. It can only be called Fanaticism and nothing more.

James McCaffrey, '26.





The American Flag.

FROM the dense mist of Colonial days, America has gradually progressed. She has evolved from the insipid dèc of recognition and respect to the fragrant heights of national affluence. The primitive ordeals of establishment have culminated in success. When the ponderous clouds of danger hovered over the infantile welfare of America, they were quickly dispelled by the unforgettable American Revolution. The foundation of America rests upon the mutilated skeletons of it's Revolutionary heroes.

The War of 1812 has marked the immortal era of American Inventions. With it's flaccid and sparse vessels America was then pitted against the greatest maritime power of the day. Did the spirit of the "Revolutionary Days" forsake her? No! the dormant spirit was again resurrected in all it's glory. It was the more intensified by a universal desire to achieve naval recognition.

The Civil War next entombed the prosperity of America in a chaos of uncertainty. Yet the same dominant spirit again reasserted itself in the sedulous activities of the Federalists. When the cloud evaporated, it had won. The Spanish-American and the late World War have both imbued our minds with the redolent fragrance of that same national spirit which had gradually emerged the victor.

It is due to these very wars that America ranks foremost among nations. In protecting her interests from the avaricious hands of her enemies, the United States has accelerated her rapid advance. Do we not, to-day, enjoy the merits of that sound government, which not only embodies the principles of individual freedom, but also religious emancipation, which encourages individual effort by her vast stores of opportunities, which offers universal franchise, and consequently an individual prerogative in federal, state and municipal legislation; and which protects, by stringent laws, her natural resources, the identical basis of her prosperity and material potency? Of these privileges and favors, we all are cognizant. Yet, do we perhaps realize that these very liberties, although considered our inalienable rights, and which moreover constitute the very nucleus of our national happiness, have been redeemed from the exploiting hand of England by the American Revolution, which have been safe-guarded by the War

of 1812, and which have been confirmed by the Civil, the Spanish-American and the late World Wars?

I SAY, "what has been the underlying influence which has stimulated that great American spirit; so admirably reflected by our past wars, and which subsequently enhanced victory?" I emphasize, "what occult factors have encouraged our Colonial heroes to inundate the stenching field of battle with their life's blood, which have goaded our men in that memorable War of 1812, to dissipate the very last atom of human energy in defense of American principles, which have frenzied the Federalists of the Civil War to cackle diabolically at the inhuman sacrifice of their fellow-Confederates, which have mesmerized our soldiers of the Spanish-American and the recent World Wars into the fetid realms of human destruction, there to eclipse the very clouds with the carmen elixir of their young lives?"

National freedom, with it's consequent virtues has been the "object or purpose," which has enspirited our soldiers with the radiance of bravery. However, the freedom of his country was not the direct influence which precipitated our hero into the abyss of fanatic patriotism. Was it not rather that sacred emblem of America's prosperity, which reflects her principles of freedom and independence that has procreated that dominant spirit of her loyal son to immolate himself in her behalf. That very emblem to which we can irrefutably attribute America's success, the direct issue of her wars, we behold in the dying vision of Commodore Perry. Conserving his fastly ebbing strength, the doughty Perry concentrated it into a single but immortal action. Glancing toward the top mast of the battered and riddled ship, a warmth of emotion suffused his blood-encrusted face. For there, waving gallantly o'er the currents of wind, that same emblem prompted Perry, as so many of his predecessors, as well as his successors, to consume his dying energy in the expression of the words: "Don't give up the ship." I emphasize that it was the same emblem, namely the "AMERICAN FLAG," which suggested to Webster the American Cicero, these immortal words which ever will ring in the ears of the true American patriot:

"I am now here ready to stake upon it that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Independence. It is my living aim, and by the grace of God, may it be my dying sentiment:

Independence Now and Independence Forever!!!!

Bernard J. Appel, '25.

The Legend of King Hooch.

OLD KING HOOCH was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he. His sway was over the millions who populate this lop-sided globe of ours. He was every inch a king, and his subjects in vast majority had the tenderest affection for him. He quenched their thirst, dispelled their sorrows and enlivened their jollification. It is impossible to determine the exact date of the beginning of his reign, though he must have been in power in the days of Noah, and the fact that folks had come to think him without beginning, naturally led to the opinion that this reign would never end. He was variously known as Grog, Bacchus, Fire-water, Hooch, etc., etc., according to the customs and usages of different localities.

Like all popular rulers, King Hooch had enemies. For the most part they were of his own household, so to speak, but as it is customary to have enemies when in positions of authority, Hooch had no reason to think that his enemies would one day accomplish his downfall. Yet the sad story remains to be told, that he was headed for a fall, and that destiny saw to it that he should fall. It happened in this wise.

There was a land famed in song and story as "The land of the free and the home of the brave." Here, as in the stoutest of strongholds, Hooch held sway and his minions were legion. As generally happens with minions, some of them abused the generosity of King Hooch, thereby giving a handle to the complaints of a tribe of human, known and royally detested as the "THOU-SHALT-NOTS". These gentry were generally represented as tall, lean, sour-faced, funerially-bedecked joy-killers. They had power and influence, and lots of reasoning folk spent much time in wondering how the Thou-Shalt-Nots accomplished all they did in the business of making life generally miserable for the multitude. It might have been better had the same multitudes spent more time in calling a halt to the detestable meddling of the Thou-Shalt-Nots.

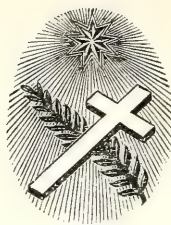
The worthy followers of the old-time Pharisees, who imposed burdens on folks, and did nothing to help them bear them, suddenly decided that the unthinking multitude had not brains enough to tell what was good for them. In the matter of the ministrations of King Hooch, the Thou-Shalt-Nots conceived the idea that the Multitude had no right to quench their thirst, to dispell their gloom or to enliven their jollifications; hence, King Hooch must be banished, buried or otherwise done away with. These sanctimonious gentlemen had another candidate for the office of ruler of the Universe. Long, lank, sour-faced and

funereal in misn like themselves, was this child of their adoption, and they called him Prohibition. He savored of the barren, arid wastes of the Sahara, where the traveller does not even find water to drink, though the zealous fashioners of public taste and so forth, conceded the multitude the privilege of drinking as much water as they chose.

King Hooch never had the ghost of a chance at his trial. The verdict was a foregone conclusion, and the time spent by the mannikin law-makers in arriving at a verdict was only so much torture added to the shame of ultimate defeat for Hooch. The law makers were mannikins, the Thou-Shalt-Nots, being the manipulators of the strings. So by ways and means well enough known to the reformers and best not aired, Hooch was sentenced to death. Then there was weeping and wonder, to say nothing of astonishment and keen disappointment on the part of Hooch's staunch admirers. The Thou-Shalt-Nots as well as the tear-choked law makers were present at Hooch's obsequies and in the mouths of such witnesses every word should stand. They all gave their word of honor that Hooch was dead. Yet the strangest thing of all must now be narrated.

From internal, as well as external evidence, the friends of the late lamented King Hooch have every reason to think that Hooch was merely playing possum on the day of his funeral, and that the grave-diggers had failed to fill in the grave with terra firma after the coffin had been lowered. Hooch's famous elixir flows almost as freely as though he had never been tried and sentenced and buried. He now numbers friends whose acquaintance he has made only since his alleged demise. He stalks abroad and finds his way into places where hitherto he had been a stranger. The Thou-Shalt-Nots are in almost the same plight as Herod found himself in when he thought that John the Baptist whom he had beheaded, had come back to life again. They feel that there is something uncanny about old Hooch, and in their desperation they have their flunkies working over time trying to run Hooch to earth. Money is being wasted lavishly. Like a fleeting phantom, Hooch always manages to keep a few miles in front of his most ardent pursuing enemy. So Hooch still lives, even if only in ghostly form, and the moral that the tale holds is especially for the Thou-Shalt-Nots. You may lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. The surest way to get a man to break a law is to force him against his will to keep it.

J. F. D.



“God Wills It”.

SINCE the chivalious armies of Peter the Hermit and Godfrey de Boullion rallied to this battle cry, never was such enthusiasm roused until the same cry resounded through the halls of Duquesne, the rafters of Syria Mosque and the arches of St. Paul's Cathedral, during the week of May sixth, when the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade thrilled the hearts of all Western Pennsylvania with mission zeal.

Never has Pittsburgh or any other American city seen a Mission Rally of equal power or magnificence; and we, members of the Unit of Duquesne University feel proud, almost beyond the allowance of virtue, of our share in this splendid success. We were flattered that the Ecclesiastical Seminary and other schools of Western Pennsylvania should look to us for leadership, and we were most gratified by their hearty co-operation in our arrangements for the Cathedral, the Exhibit at the Mosque.

Of course, we were all represented at the Poptifical Mass and were greatly edified by the remarkable ceremonies, and very much stirred by the eloquence of Father Thill. The rest of us were glad to see that the High School Unit had organized a booth of its own to display the spiritual wares of the Pittsburgh Local Conference.

But when it came to participating in the Pageant: The College Unit stood with the other Catholic Colleges, St. Vincent's and Seton Hill, in handling the principle speaking parts: The Day School of Accounts Unit created much interest in their basketball exhibition before the Pre-Medical representative lulled them to sleep: while the High School, the Commercials and the Boarders under Father McGuigan's tuition vied with the other Catholic High Schools and Academies in lending color, mass and rhythm to the Pageantry.

And, indeed, speaking of the Pageant, Duquesne is proud of its Dean of Dramatic Art, Doctor Clinton E. Lloyd, whose ability and marvelous grace gave us such an interesting, compact and symmetrical—a real professional—performance. And think not that we can forget the consistent backing of Father Hehir and Father Danner, or the service of Brother William and his

cafeteria aide in preparing lunch for the cast, where Superintendent Sill presided with his able assistants. One bone of contention we have with this affair that the bigger organization so absorbed the time and attention of Father Edward Malloy that we felt we had almost lost our Moderator. However, we trust that we had only loaned him to the common interest.

So on the whole we feel great satisfaction over our share in this marvellous accomplishment of organized Mission enthusiasm. That the students of the Catholic Schools of Pittsburgh should successfully conduct a rally of such proportions is surely a marvel. But that they should do so after less than six months' organization, and with about one month's actual work almost surpasses comprehension. We are all aware that the purpose of this affair was not to raise money; yet we are pleased to learn that after paying the enormous expenses there is a surplus of about six thousand dollars. We know that the Rally was a success, because of the interest it excited in Mission affairs, and with such manifest blessing of heaven, we are determined to continue our work as live Units of the Pittsburgh Local Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade for “ God Wills It ! ”

(*Crusader*).



Death Valley.

GARRULOUS rustics of the Colorado River Valley (where it leaves California) have often retold the weird and awe inspiring anecdotes of a valley less than two hundred miles from the Colorado river (as the crow flies) called Death Valley. None of these pastoral men have ever ventured to defy nature and scale the barriers it has erected.

Tourists from the urbane East have been told that the Panimino, Amargosi and Puneral mountains shut it off from the eye of man, who ceaselessly seeks wealth for himself.

Had one of the youthful listeners to some senescent ranger,

determined to explore the recesses of the hidden glen—Quid Accidet?

As he would ride into this dell, facing the Northern Peaks of the Puneral Mountains, he would not see the vines of Western California, or the giant trees of the Yosemite Valley, but a bare stretch of sandy plain, dotted here and there by cactus and greasewood, resembling Pioneer America with its few settlements fighting against the Indians, and also struggling for existence among the sands, which tolerate no life, animal or plant, and protest against invasion of the impertinent representatives of the vegetable kingdom.

Soon the alkali sands would notice this imprudent and youthful traveler, and like the warning of the Persians who sent to all Greek cities messengers asking for tokens of the submission, they would raise their heads, and wafted by a breeze, strike the face of the youth.

Undaunted youth would beshrew these sands and pursue his lonely foot-steps toward the Northern exit. Soon destiny persuaded by these powers of the Valley, would lead his steps to a group of cacti and greasewood, where he would notice the sun on its zenith, and would eat his dinner.

But in the midst of his luncheon, his eyes would wander under a nearby bush and, horrors, what would he see? The bleached bones of many a man, woman and child, a charnel dungeon, longer than that of fabulous dragons, pirates and robber barons. The rash youth would stare with terror at these few remains of once strong men, women and children—the alkali sands would again rise and whirl in a circle around the fatal bush, as if muttering a war song, ominous to all living things. Then these sands would again perceive the trespasser, and would murmur in their grotesque antics: "Rash youth, you will be a welcome addition to our collection—many have come, but none have left."

The terror-stricken intruder would mount his horse, and borrowing the wings of Mercury leave the valley, with the jeers of the spirits of Death Valley sounding in his ears.

For weeks would this tourist unfledged in years, see the apparition of the distant Californian valley in his dreams, and wake shuddering to think that but for his timely escape, his bones would also bleach that Californian plain.

Edward Luba.

Tennis to Tim.

| SAY, Charlie, what the devil are thim two doin' wid the snow-shoes, anyhow?

"Those are not snow-shoes, Tim, my man. They are tennie-racquets." Oh! so that's it. Well, now, I do believe yer crazy, man. They're makin' no more noise than would a deaf-an'-dumb preacher.

"Wrong again, Tim. That's only the name given the instrument; just as in cricket, you have the bat, wicket, and so on."

'Tis as clear as mud. But July's a queen time t' be battin' snow balls at one anither. Did ye see that, now? The lassie there takes one, an' whacks it wid the tennis bat. Begorra, the lad on the ither side of the fish-snare barely got his bat up in time to avoid gettin' the ball square betwixt the two eyes. She's a wicked shot, that one. I wonder could it be his wife?

"Tim, I see you are not well posted in this branch of athletics. Let me enlighten you. That isn't a fish-snare tho' it is called a 'net'." Well, thin, I suppose whin the lad dropped that last one in the nit 'twas a point fer him. Shure, if the colleen was makin' fer the nit, but almost struck the fillow in the eye, she should be barred from playin'.

"No, the idea is to keep the ball out of the net, but within bounds. You see, you have two courts"

G'wan, shure I know of more than that meself. There's the Supreme, the Juvenile, Judge Monoghan's an'"

"Just a second, Tim, let me finish. This is not law we are talking, but tennis. The net divides the court into two smaller ones."

Corrict ye are. One divided by a half leaves two.

"Now, each of these is again sub-divided into the outer and inner court."

Oh! I see. 'Tis a matter of advancement. The ball must go thru the outer court before it can come into the inner one.

Not exactly. In the centre of the whole court, runs a line lengthwise, which halves these inner courts. Now, at your first trial"

Well, sir, I can see right now from the start that Tim is not goin' t' take t' tinnis. It reminds me too much of me youth; all about courts, your first trial, second trial, serving, an', I suppose, —stone crushin'.

"I think that you will like it when you understand. Your first ball served need not land in the inner court; it might strike in one of the alleys, but"

Well, thin, the lassie's last was a clever stroke. Shure, she

shied the wee ball clean over yonder fince into that alley, an' thin yelled: 'Single,' but t' me it looked fer all the world like a good home run. "Not that alley, Tim. The one of which I speak is just inside the whole court."

An', would ye be so gracious as t' point me out the back yards an' the garbage pails. Divil a one do I see of either.

"You are incorrigible, Tim! Now watch. If this man's second shot lands in the opposite half of the woman's court, and she fail to make a successful return shot, then"

Then she did, indeed. An', d' ye know, if I were that gint's tinder spouse, I'd slap 'im across the teeth, so I would; thin I'd sue 'im fer a bill-of-siparation. He walks up t' the nit an' tells 'er right to 'er nose that he was makin' love t' forty. 'Tis an outrage, so it is!

"Well, now, Tim, her husband said nothing that was out of the way. He was merely reminding her of the score, saying it was: 'love-forty.' When she is serving, love-forty means that he has forty points against nothing; whereas, if he had said: 'forty-love,' it would indicate that she had forty, and he had none. The first two winning strokes which a player makes count fifteen each, and the last two count ten each. Should each of the contestants manage to score"

Ixcuse me, but that lad's a gentleman after all. Did ye hear that? He missed an easy one be half a league, an', I suppose, out of respiçt for his wife, instid of cursin' or swearin', as is the custom, he merely returned the ball wid a bang, an' said: 'Tis a deuce of a sit!'

"Just what I was coming to in my explanation. When both players manage to win five games each, you have a 'deuce-set'. This indicates that one of the contestants must take two straight games. Ordinarily six games determine a set."

I've caught on to it pritty well be now. But what's the idea of the soft shoes? So's they can sneak up on the ball nice an' quiet-like before smashin' it back at the opponent's head?

"No, they wish not to tear up a level court with heavy sharp-heeled shoes. Then, light footwear insures speed."

"Well, I can make much bitter time in me bare feet," remarked Tim, in commencing to remove his brogans; "so, come along now, an' I'll beat ye a game of this court-play."



The C. S. M. C.

WITHIN the last few years an organization of great importance in the work of the Church has been growing steadily in the United States. It is known as the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Through various activities it is interesting the youth of our great country in their priceless heritage and the divine command to teach all nations. Although America has been doing a certain amount of missionary work, the interest in it has not been as widespread as it might be; it is to remedy this that the crusade is being made by the Catholic students.

By means of study, plays, pageant, posters, prayers, lectures, exhibits, newspaper and magazine work, and the original ideas of each unit the work is being pushed forward, interest aroused, enthusiasm fired, and success attained.

Each unit carries on its work according to its own ideas; but nevertheless there might be said to be a general plan followed by all at the unit meeting, and prayers for the success of the mission work are said, and lectures by experienced missionaries or readings by the Crusaders themselves dealing with subjects relative to the cause are given. The members are divided according to the will of each into bands devoted to special work. Some who are interested in the missions in certain countries collect all the information they can about the spread of the Faith there, discuss it among themselves, and occasionally appear on the programme of the unit meeting. Those engaged in this work do not confine themselves to the statistics concerning the growing Church they interest themselves in the difficulties and needs of the missionaries arising from the customs of the people and the geography of the country. Others, not given to research and study, give plays, which by their nature make the audience visualize the many interesting and remarkable experiences or problems encountered in missionary work. Still others, who take no interest or have not ability for these activities, devote themselves along other lines: some, with artistic ability, design posters which will arouse interest in the many, others with literary bent, find many magnificent inspirations in the work of their fellow-crusaders; and others with ability for publishing and obtaining

publicity take care of the various periodicals of the organizations and of getting the general public interested through church papers and magazines, and the daily press. The last mentioned band is one of the most valuable in the broad plan of specialized labor, and are especially so, on great occasions when conferences, pageants and other extraordinary or unusual events take place. Many original ideas have been tried to raise money to help the missionaries, and much has been given by various units.

Hitherto France has been the great missionary country of the world, but America is being aroused, and with her fresh spirit and large resources, wonderful results will follow. The American youth, with his desire for adventure and his power of accomplishment, will enter the enormous field of missionary activity, and do much to make the slogan of the C. S. M. C., "The Sacred Heart for the World! The World for the Sacred Heart!" come true. Nor will his sister be left out of the work. Where he leads she can and will follow; the American girl of to-day, unlike her predecessors, is engaged in many occupations formerly done by men alone, she looks at the world from a different angle, and she is eminently fitted to take care of herself; she has the same active spirit and ability that her brother has; there is great need of women in missionary work, and where that need is she will soon be found.

The time is not far distant when the boys and girls of to-day, aroused by their knowledge and filled with the spirit that "God wills it" shall set forth to take more active parts in the work which the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in helping now and preparing to help in greater ways in the future.

William Maxwell, '24.

Diamond Dews.

In the wizard wildness of a flowery grot
 The rose-bud pouts for the sun;
 And the tears of dew on its petals are not
 Of cankering withering sorrow begot,
 But seem to rise
 In the flower's bright eyes
 With joy at the morning begun.

So the soul freshly culled from the garden of earth,
 Plucked from the bosom of time,
 Does not bear the traces of sorrow and dearth,
 The marks of her exile from gladness and mirth,
 But her wounds woe-annealed
 Become glories revealed
 'Mid the myrtles and roses of the Garden Sublime.

M. H.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Mission Rally.

CHIVALRY has had its heroes of history as well as those of romance and to the crusaders of old there has now been added a new interest through the Pittsburgh Rally, which was held here during the early part of May by the local Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. It is safe to say that probably not in years to come will a more impressive exposition of the spiritual mission of Holy Mother Church be offered to a public than what it was.

Combining all the splendor of medieval pageantry with present day school life, the masque, "God Wills It", told in detail the awakening of American students to the countless needs of the missions. It was no mere tale of romance, of adventure or of wonder—it was more, because the story was real and substantial and set forth truths that even a child could understand.

The mission display of booths in the Cathedral hall was a revelation to many hundreds of people that viewed it, and like the pageant, had its own message.

A solemn pontifical Mass celebrated by the Right Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of the diocese, also graced the celebration—and an eloquent sermon preached by Rev. Frank A. Thill, National Secretary-Treasurer of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

We would like to sing the praises of all those who labored so zealously for the success of the Crusade Rally, but, we cannot for the names would be never ending; so, let us give our voices to whom—rightly and firstly—the honor belongs, our President—the Rev. E. A. Malloy.

What Is An American ?

PERHAPS the above title causes you to believe that a grain of absurdity lurks behind this question. But honestly, and truly, I ask you, what is an American ? what does he mean ? of what stuff is he made ? Is he, as we are frequently told, the finest and most manly specimen of the rational animal yet discovered ? Is he so far superior to the European, to the Asiatic, to the Africano, that it is a waste of time to draw comparisons ? If this is so then somebody is making free with the gullibility of all humankind.

The average American citizen is but an ordinary man, a human being with sufficient brain to think out an idea for himself, occasionally, and possessing enough self dependence to voice his own opinion. He is not a god typical of the Grecian period; he is not inspired and does not have a super intelligence which outshines that of his foreign friend.

The naturalized citizen, that is upon his naturalization, proves to be only a member of the third class of people from that country which is his birthplace. That is, in about nine out of every ten cases this is evident. So he is not made of such superior stuff. It is here, in America, that he begins to see things with a mind not hampered with monarchical rule. It is here that he betters himself and thereby advances the zeal for learning in an unconscious way. It is our duty to make him see America as his country, a country that he must respect.

C. J. Hoffmann, '24.



Undue Severity.

DAY after day we see so many automobile accidents, that it is high time for us to combat the far-reaching effects of this evil. These accidents may be caused in diverse ways; but when they are due to the drunkenness of the driver of the car, the punishment to be meted out to the transgressor should be as severe as possible. Recently a drunken driver was sentenced to a thirty-day term in jail. It may seem to some that such a sentence of thirty days for mere drunkenness, when the driver had injured no one, borders too much upon the severe. Thirty days is a good deal of time to lose, let alone spending them in the jail for simply driving an automobile while intoxicated. Yet—

What can be said of the danger to which the many innocent pedestrians were exposed ? Let us suppose that in his

intoxicated state he had lost control of the machine, and either injured or killed some bystander. The injured one may have had to spend months, perhaps years, in a hospital until a complete recuperation were brought about. And what about the death of some utterly innocent person? Is it better, then, to permit these culprits to expose people to such dangers, or should severity of sentence be used in an effort to lessen the number of these dangerous occasions? Mental sanity cannot lead us to any other conclusion than that which decrees the most severe of punishment to any person attempting to drive an automobile while intoxicated. Thus, all in all, we must say that the above thirty-days term in jail to the drunken driver savoured more of leniency rather than of severity. For he who endangers the life of any creature in an unnecessary way, should be dealt with accordingly.

Joseph M. Rozenas, '24.



The June Graduate.

THE month of June besides bringing us the customary roses and brides also ushers in the graduate. After years of study and work the time has come when he must stand forth as being ready to take his place in life. It is his commencement. It is the beginning, the initial start.

As the graduate sits through the long ordeal of Commencement he has a wonderful chance to philosophize. A B. A. degree or even an M. A., or L. L. B. does not necessarily mean success in life. In fact, after all, any degree can be obtained, if the necessary study is forthcoming. In fact anything in life that can be rationally attained can be obtained if you want it bad enough. But to return to the graduate. He realizes that the fine things that are being said about him the eloquent English and nicely turned phases are all well meant yet will avail nothing in the battle of life. Work, energy applied to ambition and the will to conquer are the predominant requisites for success. The world that pats him on the back on graduation night is the same world that rebuffs him on the morrow.

Let the June graduate keep his feet on the ground and his head up. Trust in himself in so far as it is safe and logical. Fight hard to make good and never give up. But above all else he must work, work, work.

"Labor omnia vincit."

Clement M. Strobel, '23.

Public Education.

PUBLIC education has been slowly but surely forging to the front as an issue of vital importance. The vast majority of citizens have been content to sit back and let the work of educating take whatever course it would. They have, without protest—even cheerfully—made up large financial appropriations and besides this given all the moral support that could be expected.

But the World War made itself felt. Foreign languages, particularly German, were practically taboo. English was the one and only tongue, with French given the next highest rating. The various measures taken to enforce this programme, even the programme itself, were all right, as everything was done for the common good, and the nation was facing a grave emergency. But with the ending of the war our educators should have returned to a more liberal policy. Such, however, was not the case. Only recently a case came up before the supreme court of one of our Western States, a professor was indicted for teaching German. The case was being pushed with studied forcefulness. The arguments were concluded and the judge instructed the jury. But be it said to his credit, he instructed them to exonerate the teacher.

In the State of Pennsylvania another example is found. Governor Pinchot did not want to reappoint the state director of education, Dr. Finnegan. Professors from all over the State and many educators from neighboring states appealed to the executive to let Dr. Finnegan succeed himself. Cases like these cause the people to lose faith in their public institutions. The schools, above all else, should be above and beyond anything political. They must rest on a high pedestal unsullied by the lust for personal gain or party aggrandisement. It must also be immune from prejudice and rancor. The purpose of education is to open up and make a pathway; to dispel doubt and drive away ignorance; to lead the mind to unbiased deductions and sure and lasting certitude. But how can this be done if in our great public school system only certain languages can be taught. The study of language opens the mind to one of the greatest methods of real education—comparison. By a study of the different languages we perfect our own tongue. Look how closely knit are Latin, French, Spanish and Italian. English has taken liberally from French and German. Hence the foolhardiness of prohibiting liberal teaching. It is high time the people rose up to the fact that a great and cherished institution is threatened with destruction.

Clement M. Strobel, '23.

DUQUESNE DAY BY DAY

MAY 7—The Seniors ended their written examinations to-day, and are now awaiting the final verdict of the Faculty. The examinations comprised all the subject-matter seen in the lecture hall since January.

MAY 8—The same gentlemen were called on to-day to display their wares orally. The test lasted four hours and called for much endurance on the part of the fatigued prospective graduates.

MAY 9—Fathers E. Malloy and E. McGuigan have been hitting it on all six of late, making preparations for the Mission Pageant, which promises to surpass in magnificence any religious demonstration heretofore held in this vicinity.

MAY 10—Under an unclouded sky, the first performance of the Pageant took place at Syria Mosque. It takes a few persons to fill the same; yet several hundred had to be turned away, for want of accommodation. An equally packed house greeted the brilliant performers in the evening. The gorgeous display beggared all description.

MAY 11—Although the weather conditions were not entirely favorable, the Mission Crusade and Pageant scored their biggest success to-day. It was an all-day celebration, that began with a Pontifical High Mass celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese; Father Thill to whom the movement practically owes its existence preached an eloquent sermon. A mission display, representing every foreign mission field attracted numerous admirers to Synod Hall. The performances surpassed in beauty and precision the bounds of fondest hopes.

MAY 12, 13—Father E. Malloy spent the day in receiving the congratulations of his friends on the great success of the Pageant, Father Mack's share being no reflected glory.

MAY 14—The gymnastic display at the Pageant would seem to indicate that the art and science of Calisthenics are coming back into their rightful place in Duquesne. The youthful "knights of the bare arms" were seen in serious drill work to-day, preparing, I suppose, for the annual play.

MAY 15—After the College Mass to-day the Seniors were apprised of their examination results; and, judging from the

general feeling of satisfaction that permeated the class-room, all must have survived the ordeal unscathed. But, they yet enjoy the privilege of assisting at two lectures daily.

MAY 16—The boys are anxiously awaiting the new tennis courts which are due to the generosity of *Jim Nasium*. The building will be both unique and beautiful, and is responsible, too, for opening up the field of new ideas in the building line. Ask Brother Ammon to outline the continuation of the plans.

MAY 17—The first floor of Canevin Hall is in the hands of the plasterers, a good indication of its nearness to completion. The contingent from the Maloney Building is sizing up the building and has already chosen a floor all for itself. We hope the gentlemen from that department will fill one section.

MAY 18—The Baseball team has left on its Eastern trip in charge of Professor Campbell. If the boys will play in proportion to the whole-hearted enthusiasm of their temporary mentor, they should return with 1,000 percentage. The genial Dean of the Pre-Medical department misses a game about as often as he misses class—never.

MAY 20—The members of the College and Fourth High received Holy Communion to-day—the Feast of Pentecost—in the College Chapel. The Very Reverend President addressed them on the occasion, and took breakfast with them at 9:30.

MAY 21—"The Boomerang", a three-act comedy by Winchell Smith, was given at the Alvin Theatre to-day, by the Red Masquers. It was greeted by a crowded house and generous applause. The protégées of Doctor Clinton Lloyd covered themselves with glory, and acted their parts as professionals of long standing.

MAY 22—About the only feature of to-day was the fact that we began classes one hour later than usual. The actors soon forget their stage mannerisms, and mingled unostentatiously with those to whom the foot-lights are yet unknown.

MAY 23—If you are interested in the sporting page of the *Gazette-Times* you will happen upon some breezy bits of baseball from the facile pen of Paul Sullivan. Paul's articles are greatly in demand. He has full charge of the Semi-Pro column.

MAY 25—Looking over Father Dodwell's Juniors is quite a popular pastime of late. Many of the "future greats" are attracting general attention. Youngsters of a year ago are taking wicked cuts at the old apple, and promise fair for 'Varsity

timber in a year or so. Zapf and Loughran are High School graduates this year. Heyl, a natural born player, is banging the ball over the fence with amazing regularity.

MAY 26—With the written and oral examinations in all subjects, the extension courses for teachers ended to-day. Over fifty Sisters, preparing for College or University degrees, were registered during this year, and passed their examinations successfully.

MAY 27—Most of the Fathers went to Millvale to assist at the corner-stone laying of St. Ann's new church. The pastor, Father Gavin, an alumnus, and at one time member of the staff, is deserving of the highest praise for his zeal and efficiency. He is ably assisted in his work by Father Fullen, who needs no introduction to the readers of the MONTHLY.

MAY 28—The final examinations for the High School began to-day. A large class is anticipating or hoping for a successful week, and we have no doubt but that they will see their hopes realized.

MAY 29—A feature closing of the May festivities of Mt. Mercy Academy was the appearance of Father Mack's gymnastic specialists. The assemblage accorded them the glad hand; whereas the boys were very enthusiastic about the cordial welcome they received on *all* sides.

MAY 30—Decoration Day saw a lull in all school activities, and the chronicler himself set aside his memorandum.

JUNE 1—The Academic programme for a Doctorate was begun this afternoon at 3:30, when Sister Gregory Farrell, of the Sisters of Charity, presented herself for examination. Two members of the Faculty had previously examined her Dissertation on Hylomorphism. The test began by the singing of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, after which those who examined and about two hundred others went processionally to the students' library, where the discussion continued till 5:30 P. M. The examination continued on June 2nd, beginning at 9 and ending at 11:30. During those five hours of examining, Sister Gregory answered questions on fifty theses covering the entire field of Philosophy, and Ecclesiastical History, and had to face five different examiners. At 11:30 they adjourned, and in ten minutes returned with the announcement that Sister Gregory had passed with the mark of *magna cum laude*.

This being the first event of its kind in the University, it

naturally attracted a large gathering of priests and teachers. The Right Rev. H. C. Boyle, sent special regrets for not being able to attend the exercises.

On announcing the result, the Very Reverend President congratulated Sister Gregory on her amazing success and her calmness and quickness of reply to the many objections raised by the Examining Board. The MONTHLY expresses like sentiments to Duquesne's illustrious doctor.



COMING to the end of a fifty-fifty baseball season, we are moved to set down that the Duke hitting was good, the pitching excellent as a rule, and the fielding rather scaly. Pete Kilday's 'Varsity nine opposed six of the dozen tussles in which they engaged, and in nary one of the twelve did the defense accord the twirler perfect support. As a result, Jim Reilly, the most brilliant moundsmen we have ever beheld in action on the Bluff, was deprived of a couple of shutouts and had a pair of defeats charged to him, which most certainly should have been tossed into the victory sack.

Since the May issue of the MONTHLY went to press, eight tilts have passed into history. Four caused joy to our heart and the rest sent us home well-nigh bawling. Waynesburg came first, taking the abbreviated end of a 5-2 verdict on their own lot, and annexing just five safe swats from the educated delivery of Reilly. Juniata, with a ghastly run of defeats chalked up against her, made an appearance on the Hill and grabbed everything but the score-book to win, 13-7. Trybus started the battle and Wilinski finished it, and in so doing was pretty nearly finished himself. The sole bright spots of the afternoon were the circuit wallops of Wilinski himself, of Keefe, and of Reilly sticking for Wilinski in the ninth.

After Juniata the Red and Blue lit out for the East. A prodigious third frame allowed Bucknell an 8-1 triumph and ample revenge for their pasting at Duquesne a fortnight or so

previous. Reilly was the undeserving victim. The following day at Huntingdon Pete Kilday staged the old rescue act for Trybus with the tying run on the sacks via the free ticket route and only one down. Pete surprised himself and everyone else by fanning the Juniata twirler, initial batter to face him, and causing Meloy, the home captain and lead-off man to raise to Jimmy Carl in left, bagging the affair, 10-8. The St. Francis joust, billed for the next afternoon was called off on account of a vest-pocket-edition cloudburst, but postponed only till the ensuing Sabbath when the Martinites smacked Speedo Loughran's aggregation for a row of hot-dog emporiums, 7-3. Trybus began the fray on the slab, but gave way to Reilly at a critical moment in the fourth. Jim allowed neither hit nor run from then on. Nuf Ced.

Between the second Juniata mix-up and the St. Francis clash was sandwiched a sad fracas at Bethany. With Reilly serving 'em up, the Bisons were handed but five bingles and no earned runs. They were also presented with three gift tallies that were sufficient to give 'em a 3-2 margin when the returns came in. It was the toughest one we ever saw the Duke clan drop on the diamond, if we except the Grove City imbroglio in the Mercer County village a week later when the gang lost out, 4-3, to the Crimson by virtue of an eight-inning rally on the part of the Williamson outfit. The campaign closed on the Bluff—and closed with a victory. Waynesburg was the recipient of another mauling, 4-3. Naturally enough, Reilly occupied the box. Further, the Connellsville artist smashed one out of the lot with Rooney on second, accounting for the markers that spilled the beans for the Wolfepack.

Undoubtedly there were just four features of the late season: Reilly's pitching, Rooney's slugging, Kilday's magnificent all-around work, and the brilliant fielding of Keefe. Conley put up a clever game at third and Cherdini flashed classy form at the keystone. Both banged the pellet around plenty, too. Cramer was a tower of strength on the defense, but slumped with the willow, though a hit or two in various pinches covered up at least part of his weakness at the plate. Jimmy Carl performed beautifully in the left garden, and took the world's tough luck championship with the blundgeon. Jim met 'em nicely and they sailed oh-so-pretty, but—some one camped under 'em or in front of 'em and then where was Jim, we ask you? Bittinger chased flies nicely. His hitting was under par, though. Trybus lacks experience and confidence on the mound. When these come to

him and his hook gets to breaking where he wants it, he'll win ball games. Wilinski dropped out of competition with a sore arm after the first Juniata go. We trust his recalcitrant wing will round into form soon. Phil Reilly understudied Rooney to excellent effect and should develop into a batter. Loughren, in his one chance in the final contest, exceeded all expectations and will land a regular berth if he's back next year. And, of course, Father McGuigan deserves a pile of credit for his heady coaching and constant support.

The batting averages:

	AB	H	Av.
Kilday	43	16	.372
Rooney	46	16	.347
P. Reilly	3	1	.333
Loughren	3	1	.333
Cherdini	48	15	.313
Keefe	51	15	.294
J. Reilly	41	11	.268
Conley	49	13	.265
Carl	50	7	.140
Wilinski	8	1	.125
Cramer	50	6	.120
Bittinger	26	3	.115
Trybus	10	0	.000
O'Connor	2	0	.000
Totals,	430	105	.244

' VARSITY RECORD.

Duquesne,	4	West Virginia,	14
"	6	West Virginia,	7
"	5	Grove City,	2
"	7	Bucknell,	1
"	5	Waynesburg,	2
"	7	Juniata,	13
"	1	Bucknell,	8
"	10	Juniata,	8
"	2	Bethany,	3
"	7	St. Francis,	3
"	3	Grove City,	4
"	4	Waynesburg,	3

Totals: Duquesne, 60

Opponents, 68

Musings of the Month.

Fancy this: Captain Pete Kilday of the 'Varsity baseball squad faced opposing hurlers on fifty-three occasions and reached first base exactly twenty-nine times. He scored nine runs, garnered sixteen hits, and turned in an average of .372 for the twelve games. Pete has proven himself a great leader and a valuable player. This season is the first in which he has failed to bat over .400, but when it is considered that his responsibilities were such that he was frequently forced to put his own interests in the background for the weal of the team, and when one realizes the calibre of the hurling, the Dukes were running afoul of almost incessantly, that .372 figure looks mighty clever. We're over-joyed to know that Kilday will be back in 1924.

It is with the utmost pleasure that we print the dope on the first Duquesne 'Varsity tennis match. To be sure, the racket delegation is but an informal one, and has had but little practice; nevertheless it is a start, and that's what must be made in any line before much can be accomplished. Dick O'Connor, Hank O'Brien, Fritz Wilson, George Robertson and ye ed. hit the trail for Bethany one fine Saturday, and held the West Virginians to a 3-3 tie on their own courts. The Duke netmen would have copped, if we ourself hadn't gone to pieees with the winning set fair within our clutches. We promise to do better next time. Here's hoping that the Faculty Athletic Board will see fit to include tennis in the athletic curriculum the coming spring.

We offer our sincerest condolences to West Virginia University on the death of Cassell Mowrey, Mountaineer first-sacker, killed by a pitched ball not long ago. The Bluffites played against Mowrey, at Morgantown, in April, and found him a gentlemanly chap and a true sportsman. We regret his passing deeply.

Paul G. Sullivan, Arts, '25.

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

As usual the Juniors had a crack team this year in baseball. They played thirteen games in all and took the measure of opponents in twelve of these. The sole loss of the season was in the first game against Sacred Heart High; but coming to life in the second game, they massacred their conquerors by a 10 to 1 score, proving that they were a little off from the first time they encountered the East Enders.

This year's team had the following new members: O'Shea in right field, Quinan at third, Heyl at first, Doyle and Bacik

catchers, and Lezik and Cholko utility. Last year's team supplied Karabinos, captain and short, Lennox at second, Loughren left field, Zapf right field and pitcher, White and Callahan pitchers. As a fielding team this year's edition of the Duke Juniors was the admiration of all opposing teams. At bat they were better than any team of the past three seasons. Most of their games were won on heady baseball, the sort that takes full advantage of all miscues of opponents, by being up and doing from the beginning to the end of each game, and conscious that they could not lose.

Heyl was the season's find both afield and at bat. He displayed uncanny ability at the first baseman's job, and he was the team's slugger extraordinary, having three homers to his credit and many long hits that went for doubles and triples. Loughren, as usual, proved a crack fielder and was the team's most consistent hitter. Karabinos, at short-stop, was the last word as a kid fielder and his bat brought woe to many an opposing pitcher. Zapf was a most necessary cog to the entire machine, for his ability as a fly-chaser is acknowledged, and this year he took a hand at pitching and acquitted himself with glory, winning the games he hurled with ease that surprised everybody. Little Lennox showed excellent form all season at his position as did Quinan and the rest of the boys. Father Dodwell is justly proud of his boys, and thinks there is no team in the country their size and class that could take their measure.

Easily the most thrilling game of the season was that played against the Nativity Church league team. This was played on a quiet Sabbath behind closed gates, and every minute of that game was crowded with excitement and excellent baseball. The game went ten innings, being fought tooth and nail to the glorious end. The Dukelets went into their tenth batting turn with one run less than the other fellows. Things looked gloomy enough when White, who had pitched a wonderful game, struck out. But Loughren who had already garnered two scorching hits, was passed. Lennox promptly popped up a fly; it was muffed and he also was safe. Heyl, who had fanned ignominiously once before, now came to life and walloped the ball for a screeching single which scored Loughren. Nativity now did not know what to expect. Quinan pulled the the unexpected by bunting in the direction of the enemy first baseman who was not looking for anything of the sort. Lennox then scored from third with ease, and we had won that game.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the pitching staff. Zapf, Callahan and White breezed through the season like world-beaters. White has done the best pitching of the season, though our only loss is credited to him. He has everything a good pitcher ought to have, and dishes out curves and such with all the skill of a veteran. Callahan and Zapf are comers, each having a fine bag of tricks hidden in their trusty right arms and level heads to do the right kind of selection on each pitch. We have not seen better pitchers amongst the Juniors this year and hardly expect to do so.

SEASON'S RECORD	Pitcher
Juniors 8, Ralston H. S.	2—White
" 24, St. Mary's Fresh	2—White
" 4, Schenley Fresh	1—Callahan
" 16, D. U. All Stars	4—Zapf
" 5, Sacred Heart H. S.	7—White
" 6, D. U. Residents	5—Callahan
" 10, Sacred Heart H. S.	1—Zapf
" 12, Latimer H. S.	2—Callahan
" 20, Culver	3—White
" 28, St. Rosalia's H. S.	1—Zapf
" 12, Longley H. S.	5—White
" 9, Irresistibles	0—Callahan
" 4, Nativity A. C.	3—White (10 innings)
Juniors—Won 12, Lost 1	

J. F. D.



Duquesnicula.

Waiter—"Did you have a vanilla or a pineapple soda sir?"

Customer—"I don't know, mine tasted like glue."

Waiter—"It must have been a pineapple, sir, the vanilla tastes like paste."

Peggy—"I noticed in this evening's paper that the jury awarded the plaintiff the sum of \$500 for a kiss stolen by the defendant."

Grace—"Mercy! and I've been giving them away."

Fond Parent—"Don't take that rag from baby, he will swallow many a yarn when he grows up."

Manager—"Why did the customer walk out without buying anything?"

Saleslady—"We didn't have what she wanted."

Manager—"You are not supposed to sell them what they want, sell 'em what we have."

Rady—"This kind of weather chills me to the bone."

Tush—"Try wearing a warm cap."

He—"I was once in love with a girl in this town. I understand she married a broker."

His Wife—"Why, Jim, he could not possibly be broker than you."

Salesman—"Try our new electric bulbs, they are the best out."

Prospective Purchaser—"Oh! If that's the case I don't want them."

Speaking of Chinese bandits, our laundry man sure does hold out for a check.

A Definition.

What is a pedestrian?

A pedestrian is one about to be on the automobile injury list.

Some of the modern "gold diggers" are convinced that money grows on family trees.

Prune—"What is strawberry short cake?"

Sap—"Something that doesn't last long."

A smile crept over her face.

No wonder, if it went faster the dust would fly.

Friend—"Whom does your son take after?"

Father—"No one, he grabs first at everything."

Butler-Monaghan, Arts, '25.



Examination Results.

Successes, Failures, Summer Session.

THE fourth term examinations were held during the last week of school, and the results were announced on Tuesday morning, June 19. Two hundred and sixty-four certificates were awarded to students who had consistently obtained honors throughout the year without permitting any failure to be registered against them; in addition, sixty-six honor cards were distributed to those who had made eighty per cent. or more in at least two subjects in their course, and had passed satisfactorily in all others.

The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College) J. M. Rozenas, P. G. Sullivan, J. H. Styka and J. S. Meier; (Commercial) C. L. Janda, J. F. Ryan, F. J. Monaghan; (Science) M. J. Reisdorf, W. F. Holveck, L. J. Holveck; (Academic) E. K. Brogan, J. S. McDonald, C. G. Roehrig, R. J. Callahan, M. J. Carrick, N. J. Georganas, M. A. Dravecky, J. M. Mishaga, J. J. Cooney, A. A. Miller, H. E. Felich and R. J. Donley.

In several of the classes failures were registered. These failures resulted from lack of necessary application to home work. Our programme is stiff; it demands at least three hours' daily application at home to lessons and written exercises. It is now so easy to secure employment after school hours that many unwisely grasp at the dollar, and are so fatigued in the evening that they too readily excuse themselves from devoting the necessary time to their academic assignments. Little by little they drop in their classes, fail to register mentally explanations given by professors, become hopelessly entangled in the solution of problems and the application of rules, and miserably fail when they are put to the test of scholarship. During their high school course, not five boys in a hundred can accept steady employment, and keep up with their classes.

It is noticeable that the percentage of failures in the fourth term exceeds that of any of the preceding terms. In addition to the cause given above, we may mention the attractions of baseball, tennis, motion-picture shows, and automobile rides. Pleasure is the aim of life, not work to be accomplished with the joy that duty done brings with it. Youth is the time to lay the foundations of later achievements; if that time is unwisely spent, retribution in the form of blighted hopes and disappointed ambition is sure to follow. Success in life is purchased only at the price of sacrifice.

To qualify for promotion to a higher class, those who failed must pass conditioned examinations on August 23 and 24. As a help to this end, summer sessions will be conducted from July 2 to August 3. We urge the loiterers along the flowery path of knowledge, to enroll in these classes organized for their advantage. If for any reason they are unable to attend, they should set aside a portion of each day for study and review—preferably in the morning, for we all know how readily we can find excuses in fatigue, social amenities, and family demands upon our time and obedience, for self-dispensation. It is better to forego pleasure and excursions during the summer season than to be constrained to sacrifice a year of one's life by remaining in a lower class to which we have condemned ourselves by neglect of the duty of study.



School of Philosophy.

THE first of a special class of ten to receive the Doctorate degree in this department, as mentioned elsewhere in this issue was Sister M. Gregory Farrell. For those who would revert to the days of their philosophy course, as for the information of such as may be interested in this special work, we give the following excerpt from the *Catholic Observer* of May 24:

“Since the thirteenth century it has been customary to conduct examinations for the doctorate as public university exercises, and the occasion was usually accompanied by solemn academic and religious exercises. This exterior pomp was intended to impress upon the assistants at such functions the dignity of the degree, the seriousness of the work required to obtain it, as well as to hold up before the world the high standards set by the various schools.

Duquesne University, whose philosophy department has ever been of the superiorly serious kind, will open its portals on June 1 and 2, to conduct its first public examination for the Doctorate in Philosophy, when Sister Gregory Farrell, of the

Sisters of Charity, will present herself for the examination. There will be Solemn Benediction in the University chapel at 2:30, after which the preliminaries will take place for the test. At 4 o'clock Sister Gregory will be examined on her written dissertation of 30,000 words, "On the Scholastic Theory of the Constitutive Elements of Bodies." The examinations will continue on Saturday, June 2, on 50 theses subjoined herewith.

As a girl, Sister Gregory attended St. Stephen's school and was later graduated from the Pittsburgh Central High School. She has been a member and an honor to the daughters of Mother Seton for 20 years, during which time she has attended Catholic University and Duquesne University for courses in chemistry and philosophy. She received her B. A. and M. A. degrees in 1916 and 1918 respectively. As a member of the staff of Sacred Heart High school, the K. of C. school and Seton Hill college, her career has been one of humility and unprecedented success. The theses on which Sister Gregory will be examined on Saturday, June 2, are as follows:

1. The object of Philosophy being ens, it treats of the real and of the ideal order of things.
2. Ideas, Judgments and Reasoning constitute the material object of Logic.
3. The general division of ideas can be made from their extension and comprehension.
4. Opposition in propositions is affirmation and negation about the same subject in the same way and under the same aspect, and the species of opposition are contrary and contradictory.
5. All reasoning is reducible to the syllogism which in turn is governed by eight rules.
6. The forms of argumentation are two-fold: Induction and Deduction.
7. Knowledge implies the antithesis and the union of the knowing activity and of the known object.
8. Truth denotes conformity between a mind and an object.
9. The existence of certitude is attested directly by our cognoscitive powers and indirectly by the authority of other men.
10. Objective evidence is the ultimate criterion of truth.
11. It is erroneous to assert that universals exist only in name.

12. Universals exist (1) in the name, (2) in the idea, (3) in the thing as a reality, but differently, however, in each.

13. The principles of demonstration depending on Being are five.

14. Four principles enter into every being: Potence and actuality, essence and existence.

15. Substances have an objective reality.

16. There exist accidents really distinct from substances.

17. Personality is the individuating principle of a suppositum.

18. The origin of the inorganic world is explained by three theories: Atomism, Dynamism and Hylomorphism.

19. Reason can prove that the world is produced *ex nihilo* by God.

20. There are substantial changes in nature.

21. The laws of nature are not absolutely immutable, and therefore miracles are possible.

22. The phenomena of spiritism which cannot be attributed to natural causes must be attributed to evil spirits.

23. The human soul is essentially a simple being.

24. The human soul is immortal.

25. The soul of man is spiritual.

26. The soul has a direct influence upon the body, and the body upon the soul.

27. Not Generationism, not Traducianism, but Creationism, can explain the origin of the human soul.

28. Freedom is the basis of the essential factors of morality.

29. Only persons have rights and obligations.

30. There exists a natural moral law.

31. The natural law is immutable.

32. Right to possess property is not from a primeval pact, nor from civil law, but from the law of nature.

33. The existence of God needs to be proved and can be proved.

34. In God there is a real identity between essence and existence.

35. God is all perfect.

36. Descartes' philosophy on certitude is based on mathematical clearness.

37. Spinoza held that created extension and extension of thought are modes of God's attributes.

38. One of the features of Leibniz's philosophy is that the world is an agglomeration of forces called monads.

39. Neo-Scholasticism is the development of the Scholasticism of the Middle Ages during the latter part of the nineteenth century.

40. The steps leading up to Faith are five.

- (a) The Preambles of Faith.
- (b) Theoretic Judgment of Credibility.
- (c) Judgment of Credentity.
- (d) Credulity.
- (e) Acts of Faith.

41. Motives of Credibility are of two kinds: internal and external.

42. Of these, the external motives, miracles and prophecies are most important.

43. Religion is the relation of dependence of man on God.

44. Advantages and disadvantages accrued to the Church nascent in Jewish civilization.

45. The Greek Schism severed the faithful of the Greek Empire from the unity of the Catholic Church.

46. The Pontificate of Gregory VII. opened a new era in the Church.

47. The Council of Trent was convoked as a means of arresting the progress of error in Germany.

48. The Vatican Council defined the dogma of Papal Infallibility.

49. The first three general councils were convoked in order to suppress heresies in the Eastern Church.

50. The Migration of Nations brought about a turning point in the history of the Church."



Exchanges.

THE College periodical has done much towards the unification and standardization of American Education both in its essentials and accidentals. By its means one is enabled to follow the trend of events, the methods, plans, studies and building arrangements. Each department in any Catholic college can be compared with its contemporary, and one is never too perfect in literary endeavors not to need advice. Our Exchanges furnish the student who wishes to keep in touch with modern systems, with almost all the necessary data for his work. In fact, the Exchanges are a gauge of the wholesome and solid religious literature of America to-day, and hold out a fair promise of extensive productions in prose and verse that may find place some day in the history of our literature. No better idea could be launched than that friendly literary relations exist between the various Catholic colleges and universities, that the powerful and mighty should help the small and weak, by valuable constructive criticism, and be fair to all. The Duquesne MONTHLY has been particularly favored by her contemporaries in these respects. The various editors have been loud in singing our praises. So the suggestions we make in this issue might be helpful in this way, that they come from one who neither "has a crow to pluck," nor "an ax to grind."

With regard to exchanges, my first remark is, naturally on *exchanging*. Is there any paper that gets the courtesy of an exchange from all or nearly all of our higher institutions of learning? If not, why? As far as I know, the Duquesne MONTHLY has about seventy periodicals on its mailing list; and I am perfectly sure that the Exchange editor does not get anything near that number in return. The only reason I can see, is that the Exchange editor does not (he cannot) give a comment on all the journals; or if he gives a comment that is not altogether laudatory, it is taken as an insult. Let us get together, we are in a minority, we are organized to the breaking point in so many ways, why neglect this golden opportunity of being fellow-laborers in the field of education. If a school sends you its paper, don't throw it in the waste-paper basket, give it to the editor in charge, and even though the ever present "please exchange", is not found on the wrapper, please exchange. That is politeness. Anent this "Please Exchange", there is a remark I would like to make; it is a psychological point. Do not keep on begging for an exchange, which you have been getting every month for years. I have a couple of instances in mind where our

paper is mentioned among the exchanges, and "Please Exchange" is ever on the envelope of the same. What happens? You become so accustomed to seeing the sign and to knowing that it does not apply, you overlook cases where your own paper is requested and not sent. A little care and "checking up" is all that is required to right this wrong.

In closing this point I may mention that I have sent a special request to a Catholic seat of learning, sent it more than once, for an Exchange, and that because I was interested beyond the ordinary, because I recognized its worth, had often recommended its quality and style to others; yet, to date, I have had no reply. Exchange, please. You have no patents that others would steal. Give young Catholic men the benefit of your study. Cultivate the spirit of solidarity, and adopt that good old motto: "Service, not Self."

Again, I suppose we get your Exchange, (or you get ours, the problem is the same), when does it come? Does it come regularly? It is the general rule to have ten issues to a year. But 'tis with our *journals*, as our watches, none, etc." Some come at the beginning of the month, which is marked on the cover, some at the middle, some at the end, and some in between. Printers might sometimes be held responsible for such unevenness, but often (I speak from personal experience!) the editor is to blame. Now, no editor wants to be reading proofs, or furnishing copy in July: the first of that month should mark the limit, the *terminus ad quem*, of our publications. A college magazine, then, of ten months should have its first issue out by October 1. The holidays at Christmas and Thanksgiving will not interfere, as the last *copy* will be with the printer about that time.

But, you will say, if they all come at the same time—and they may number over one hundred, the Exchange editor cannot review them, and his department will necessarily suffer. There are too many at once; he cannot review them, he is behind time, and some more important copy finds its way to the editor's desk; the result being: "No Exchange this month," a consequent irregularity, a lagging of interest, and what is more to be deplored, a just ground for complaint on the part of our contemporaries. I think the department is already too big for any one man to handle with success. Although a college man's time would be well spent, if in a year, his English compositions were confined to reviewing exchanges, it is almost too much to expect; and, furthermore, peradventure the teacher of English might demand

more varied contributions. Would it be possible to draw a diagram dividing your Exchanges among your entire Senior and Junior College men? Give one or two periodicals to each one every month, varying them, or leaving the same in their hands throughout the school year. Insist on brevity and thoroughness; the editor-in-chief, would always be well supplied, and the work would not be either irksome or monotonous. A monthly meeting in conjunction with the staff could supplement the work, would be both instructive and interesting, and would bring out latent talent, and the potential merit of the papers under discussion. How do you arrange it? Have you an Exchange department? Do you think it ought to be made more of, or is it, in your opinion, a negligible part of a college periodical?

The youthful exchange editor cannot be made to order; and his own personality will be reflected in his work. His column is not the place to vent his spleen, or "get off" some of his own "line"; his first lesson should be on the "art of criticizing." He should give credit where credit is due, calmly express his opinion where, in his mind, improvement could be made, praise if praise is merited, and be very, very tardy in his blame. Irony is always a poor weapon, and a very imperfect method of argumentation. Let these few remarks suffice till we begin a more prosperous school year.



HAMILTON WATCHES

HOWARD WATCHES

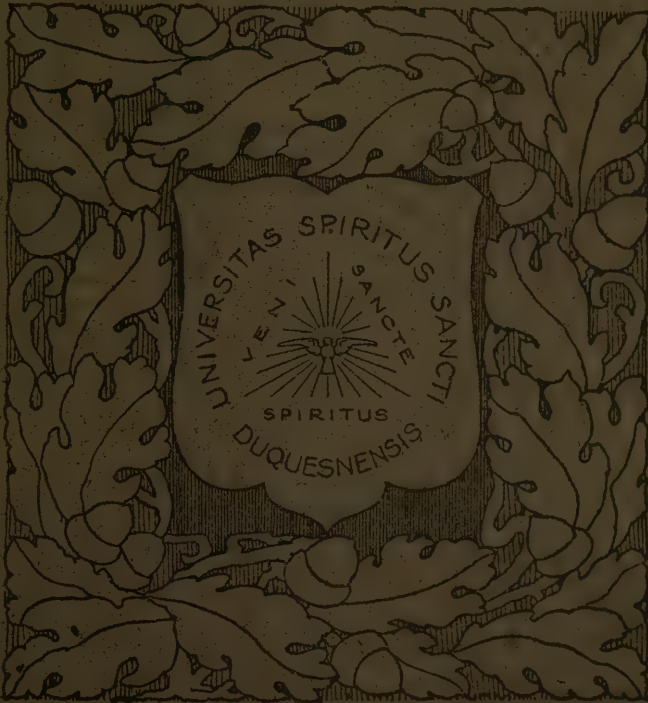
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Duquesne Monthly



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MY BOOKS.

FAREWELL, my kind, my silent, trusted friends,
My helpful books, to-day I bid farewell.
Your tacit presence cheer and comfort lends,
In every page the dearest lessons dwell.

'Tis but for short; but, even then, farewell!
Old friends of life through every trying hour,
New courage came; with your enchanting spell
I built for aye a secret, hallowed bower.

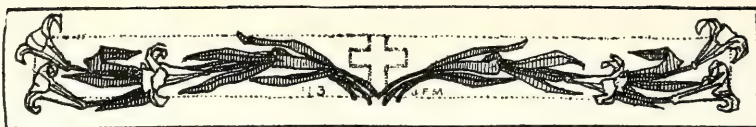
Not always kind, not even unto you,
I see each day the wrongs that you forgive:
When others fail your hearts are ever true,
Yes, true to me—your promise while I live.

Each worn cover holds within its grasp,
The stores that sages gathered down the years.
Each book has, too, its genial hearty clasp—
A friend in joy and friendlier still in tears.

Those friends of old have heard my faintest call,
I leave you now, mute, even hapless thrown;
You know; and yet you love, in spite of all;
My own, farewell, farewell my very own.

M. F. C.





Bacculaureate Address.

(Very Rev. Bernard Joseph Hynes, P. R., LL. D.)

[Before the Staff of the "Monthly" resigns and hands over its work to another generation, it is fortunate in coming into possession of most of the manuscripts of the speakers at the graduation exercises. It is happy to give them a place of permanency in this Commencement Number].

AMBITION is a sign of the times. To be up-to-date one must have some high object in view, to which all the faculties of mind, body and spirit are directed, which occupies the waking thoughts and colors the sleeping fancies, which guides the actions of life, and receives its quietus only in death. For some it is wealth; for some it is fame, and for some it is knowledge. For a very few it is a calm content, which cheers the mind, and smoothes the pathway of life from the cradle to the grave, from the first light of reason, to the darkness of a mind in the shadow of the tomb.

This contentment is the greatest endowment which a reasoning man can possess. It is a gift of God, a reward for manly endeavor, making man happy in itself and by itself; happy in lowly fortunes and in gilded prosperity; it imparts a golden glow which surpasses earthly things. It comes from a cultivated mind, and is the chief result of the struggles and trials that are encountered in the path of higher education.

In a certain woodland country, where all the men were woodcutters, there was one amongst them who worked harder than the rest during the summer months. Whilst they were satisfied with one bundle of wood to meet the necessities of life each day he cut down three: he sold one for his daily sustenance, the other two he stored away. When winter came he was able to have abundance of heat in his hearth-stone, and abundance of provisions for his table. The night winds might howl around his cottage, and the frozen earth might not give up its stores of provision, but that held no terrors for him; it was a time of sufficiency and happiness. This lesson, young men, may be applied to you. Now is the time for you to accumulate the means of a happy and contented old age. I do not mean in the material things of life, but I refer rather to mental endowments. Now is the time for you to store your minds with that knowledge

which will bring you contentment and happiness when all other things fail you.

Is there anything more cheerful to view than a well-educated old age?

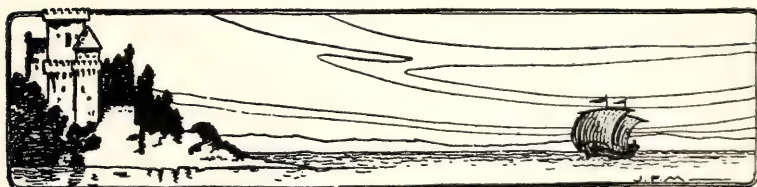
See the man who has striven for and acquired knowledge, reclining in his latter days, before his hearth, humble or lofty enjoying the store which he has laid up for himself for the time of outside cold and darkness.

His mind presents him with a continual feast, and he has enjoyments which the crude and ignorant can never comprehend.

"His mind to him a kingdom is," and in that kingdom all thoughts of beauty, and truth and love, are his faithful vassals. The winds of adversity may roar outside: with him is the happiness of calm content.

At the present time much is thought and said and written about the evolution of man.

Many various opinions are advanced with regards to the development of man as a whole; but there can be but one opinion of the evolution of his mind. Reading history from the earliest ages, we cannot but believe that the faculties of the mind are vastly improved from those of our ancestors. Continue to develop them, young men; love to know; learn to know; it is a foretaste of a knowledge that will never end.



Outward Bound.

AS the young and inexperienced sailor stands on the heights of a rocky promontory, gazing at the ocean, and beholds that vast and mighty mass of water shifting and turning, now white, now blue, now black, ever restless in its unceasing turmoil, boiling and raging as if torn by internal revolt; cruel and powerful in its strength and terror, striking in

its awful immensity, what doubt must assail his mind, what fear must tug at his very heart strings as he realizes he is about to put to sea? His ship lies at rest in the harbor. At the flush of dawn she will slip down the bay and make for the open sea. And then—the battle! What hidden forces are already at work awaiting only the place and the hour? The perils of the elements to be encountered? What does the hand of destiny withhold? Will he bring his ship to port or with cargo lost and passengers deserted, will she drift on the crest of the mocking waves, a battered hulk, a desolate derelict? These are the thoughts that torment the anxious sailor as he impatiently awaits the dawn.

To-day we stand on the ragged cliffs of reality, knowing that in the dawn of to-morrow, we must step into the pilot's cabin, and steer our ship out upon the unknown sea of life. What dangers lie lurking to ensnare us; what fearful storms and driving gales lie in our pathway; what impending doom will seal our fate we do not know, but their gaunt specters loom up in the distance and, like the inexperienced seamen, we are torn with hope and despair, and tormented by our fears. Will we have a peaceful voyage and steer our craft safely to port, or shall we go aground on the shoals of misfortune? Will the tempestuous storms of human passions drive us back, or despite the wildness of the sea, will we win through?

Though the sailor be fearful of his voyage and is apprehensive, lest he meet with ruin and disaster, yet he sails fortified by the thought that he has made adequate preparations. He has a full crew, a good ship, and plenty of fuel. Nothing is overlooked that might help him as he plows through the trackless waste to his far distant port. So, too, the student, as he leaves the safe anchorage of scholastic waters, has prepared himself to the best of his ability to meet his duty and acquit himself in true sailorly fashion. He realizes that conditions will be different when he leaves the quiet haven of secluded life given over to study and reflection, and steams out to sea to test the strength of theory against the strength of experience.

But as he goes outward bound on the high seas of life, and valiantly pilots his way to safety and progress, he is spurred on by the self-reliance of collegiate training. His mind is keenly alert, and he takes instant advantage of every opportunity. If he mistakes, and he will, he never offends again in the same way. If adversity forces him back, and it will, he makes a fresh start,

and resolutely launches out into the deep. He never fails in vigilance, for to do so, is to invite certain disaster. He studies conditions with zealous care and then quickly and skillfully decides his course. He is never hasty; cool and confident he sails just close enough to the drifting derelicts to see the cause of their state, and then glides past. The impressions he receives are vivid and retentive, and the farther he sails the more accomplished mariner he becomes.

Education, then, is the chart and compass of the intrepid young mariner. Every day finds him relying with steadfast faith on their readings. Gleaming and inflexible as the northern star, it leads him on, and in implicit trust he follows. It is the source of his courage, the fountain of his knowledge and the spur of his ambitions. It gives him power of perception and the will to do: the ambition to achieve and the determination to conquer. His goal is set and he must obtain it or perish in the attempt. He sails onward until the day comes when his objective is sighted, and in a calm and unruffled sea he makes for port.

Fellow classmates: the time is at hand. To-day the dock is being cleared, and in the dawn of a new day we will slip down the channel outward bound. For some of us tempestuous seas are running and the sailing will be difficult. We may be driven back, but courageously we will try again, always hopeful. Let no shoals beset our course, no raging elements impede our progress. And if the weather be wintry or the fog thick, let us not lose sight of the great objective, but sail on and on. So that in the sunset of life, our goal looming up on the horizon, with blazing decks and smoking funnels and the pennant of success flying at the masthead, and in the flash of silvery spray the prow of our ship may cut the leaden sea in a last and triumphant dash for port.

Clement M. Strobel, '23



Reflection.

Like stars that in the waves below
With heaven's reflected splendor glow,
The flowers, in all their glory bright
Are shadows of a fairer light.

Father Tabb.

The Crime Wave.*

SINCE the Great War we have heard, read and said much about the crime wave spreading over the United States.

Crime and lawlessness in the United States have been steadily on the increase and out of proportion to our growth, and there has been a steady and growing disrespect for law. In my opinion this is not a result of the war. Statistics do not show the proportional increase in crime from 1916 to 1922 greater than from 1910 to 1916, and crimes and violence have not materially increased in France, England or Canada during or since the war, although the effects of the war naturally must be more marked in those countries than in our own.

The criminal situation in the United States, so far as crimes of violence are concerned, is worse than that in any other civilized country. Here there is less respect for law. While it is impossible to obtain exact figures, it is estimated that there were more than 9,500 unlawful homicides in 1921 in this country, and in no year during the last ten years did the number fall below 8,500. In other words during the past ten years no less than 85,000 of our citizens have perished by poison, knife, and by some other unlawful and deadly instrument, a greater number than were killed in the A. E. F. during the World War by the enemy on the fields of France.

Crime flourishes because criminals escape punishment, due in the first instance to lack of efficiency in apprehending them, and in the second place due to the leniency in dealing with those who are apprehended.

To the north of us is a country possessing the same substantive laws, and for the most part similar races; in that country, however, the criminal conditions are strikingly dissimilar to our own.

The Canadian situation might throw some light upon our own condition. In Canada homicides are 400 per cent. less; burglaries, robberies 600 per cent. less than in the United States among a population of the same size as that of Canada.

What is the cause of this great disparity, and why are criminals' activities cut down to a minimum in Canada, and flourish in the United States to such an astounding degree?

The administrators of the criminal law in Canada are absolutely beyond the reach of politics. The chief of police in any Canadian city is secure in his office for life, if he makes good, and so is every other policeman. The police force is a compactly

* Master's Oration, delivered June 19, 1923.

organized semi-military body with a consequent military discipline. The magistrates are there for life and needs please or favor no politician or political body to assure him of re-election. Justice there is swift and certain; trials are held almost immediately after the commission of a crime; penalties imposed are far more severe than our own. In fact, the theory there seems to involve protection to the public, with only a secondary concern for the criminal. And what is the result? Fear of the law deters the criminal and prevents crime.

Our Constitution provides "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy trial." As everyone, familiar with prosecutions knows, this is the kind of enjoyment that few charged with crime desire, but we seem to put the criminal at ease by our dilatory system of bringing him to trial, giving witnesses plenty of opportunity to forget the facts, prosecutors to lose interest, evidence and witness to be lost, and thus aid the criminal in escaping conviction.

In most cases the parole and probation laws, as administered very generally fail to accomplish the purposes for which the laws were designed, and weaken the administration of criminal justice. In some cases first offenders should be eligible for probation, but first offenders only with a corresponding severe sentence in case of a second offence. Serious crimes deserve severe punishment, and not to inflict it is an utter disregard of the safety of the public, and wholly defeats the purpose of the law.

I do not believe there is much truth in the contention that crime is largely due to mental disease, for it is absurd to contend that we are so mentally inferior to all other nations as to make the great difference in crimes existing between our country and other nations. It is not mental disease, but largely inefficiency of the guardians of the law that causes the difference, and is responsible for the crime wave in the United States to-day. We need all over the United States a police and detective force consisting of all, not only of some men, who know and appreciate their duties, all men of character and efficiency from the chiefs down to the lowest rank. Politics should be eliminated and men put on the force on account of their ability and integrity and not to pay a political debt; and if any man in the service himself participates in a crime, as has frequently occurred in the last few years, punish him to an extent that will deter criminals from donning the uniform to shield their own or the criminal activities of others. With the degree the improvement in the police system, fear and respect of the law will rise and crimes decrease.

Joseph F. Weis.



In Crippledom.

“WAITING for someone, Sir?

“Yes, Miss, a bed, since 2:45.

“Strange. It is now 6:45.”

“Strange, but for all that, true,” I assented, standing with one hand caressing an aching ear, the other tendering a hospital permit.

Entrance.

“You have quite a fever; are you very ill? Apparently, your ear is painful.”

“Oh, I guess the temperature isn’t batting above a hundred-and-four, not counting my red hair. Sick? You might page Mr. Calligan, the superintendent of cemeteries. As to my ear, it feels quite comfortable, except for the occasional sensation of a half dozen devils digging for water just beyond the ear-drums. When they weary of work, they try a little rope-jumping for diversion.”

“That’s too bad, Mr. Itis. Here, put this on, and when you are ready, ring.”

Whereupon Miss Sloans left me to wend my way into one of those hospital outfits whereinto the guest enters from the rear, and not from under, as is the custom with the ordinary breed of “nightie”. I pushed my thumb with the electric button and Miss Sloans appeared as by magic. Mayhap I looked rich, but Carnegie and I had long since dissolutioned partnerships.

“Dr. I. O. Dine to examine you, Mr. Itis. I am going off duty now; if there is anything that you want, Miss Nightshade will attend to it.”

“Thank you ever so much, Miss Sloans. Good night.”

The Once Over.

“I’m pleased to know you, Dr. Dine, and to enjoy your services.”

Before that worthy M. D. in-the-making got through with me, I found that it is as easy to win one’s way to the operating-tray as it is easy to prove to a stone-deaf jury that you are innocent when nabbed in the act of wearing the “victim’s” watch, chain, and overalls. Name, address—that is, where shall we

deliver the remains in case the operation should be successful, but the patient happen to die—? age, (past, present, and future, in the case of females), color, country, list of one's present and past ailments or operations. This the theory; now to afford the Interne a little practice.

"Extend the tongue, keeping the hard palate closed, and whistle "Ah"; wiggle the upper mandible till your false teeth need refilling. Look down, up, inside-out. No, just one eye at a time, please. You may contract Ben Terpin's bad habit of having the stop-and-go signals both pointing in the same direction. Steady your blood; this flashlight will not harm you. That's fine. How are the lungs?"

Without waiting for a reply in this matter, he produced what resembled a deaf-and-dumb man's radio outfit shaped like a crutch. The part that fits up under the arm, he placed to his ears; what should remain on the ground, he applied to my abdomen.

"Sorry," says I, "but as I am no ventriloquist, I can not communicate with you from that quarter." Moving along up to the chest, he directed me to inhale and exhale deeply. This he called "Reparation", I believe. Evidently, he did not like the color of the carbon dioxide in my lungs, because he began to tap in different spots with his right index finger between two fingers on the south-paw. When granddad used to run a saloon on the corner of Kettle and Kan Streets, he would do this same to ascertain just how high the tide was on the inside of the beer barrel. Well, he finally found what he wanted, so he next proceeded to my knees. Holding one of them in his left hand just behind the joint, he pounded upon the cap with what looked like a candy-hammer. Evidently, my knee resented this, for it made a vicious kick at him with every stroke. However, doctor had lots of patients; he did not become vexed; in fact, he seemed pleased.

Drawing a small mechanical set from his hootch-pocket, he proceeded to scandalize a brand new Spencerian pen; laid out two tiny plates of glass; also scandalized one of my fingers, and remarked what beautiful paper there was on the wall. I declared the room was painted, but we disagreed. When I looked to reassure myself, the pen slipped and stuck my finger. The young man took a tube between his teeth, drew the blood into it, placed it in a small bottle, drew something into the tube, shook both together, and replaced it in the case. He next took two midget magic-lantern slides, and made a blood sandwich. I guess, may-

hap, there was to be a show that evening in the broken-neck ward.

"To-morrow, I suppose they will take pictures."

"Gee! That's great; I love photography!"

Sleep By Induction.

The night nurse entered with a stunted bicycle pump; so I thought, but it wasn't. This and my arm she scandalized, just as doctor had done. She introduced the nozzle into my right bicuspidor muscle below the shoulder of my right arm. I enquired for the name of the operation. I think she said it was: "Si McDermick" (named after the inventor, no doubt). I lapsed into a sleep which was more restive than restful. In a dream, I was employed in a Victor talking-machine factory. Here, there were about twenty machines going simultaneously. I informed the nurse of my peculiar dream.

"You were not dreaming at all, Mr. Itis. You see, the children's ward and the nursery are just beneath and above you"

She was right; these nocturnal impromptus, replete with dissonant vocal chords, punctuated my periodic naps all during my six-weeks'-stay in the hospital.

Taking Pictures.

Trays were served at 7:45; but my appetite had gone to Palm Breech. Remembering the doctor's promise, I looked forward to a day in the woods, taking pictures. I was badly mistaken; after a refreshing bed-bath, the orderly left, and Miss Sloans induced me into one of those hospital observation cars, with two-wheeled, hand-propelled locomotion, and a small wheel for a rudder. We went to the X-spray room.

"On this table, sonny."

"Yes, Sir."

"Raise your head till I set this plate."

He took the upper portion of my ear and tucked it neatly between my neck and the collar of the bathrobe. Then, placing my ear directly on the plate, he laid a weighted band across the head to steady it, I suppose. "Here she goes." The electricity was turned on and off. He repeated the performance for the benefit of the other car.

"All finished," and another flock of nice, newly-fledged green-backs took rapid flight from their nest, my purse. The report read: "Both mastoid cells a little indistinct—." Of course, it is a capital offense to read a chart or report in the hospitals; but I

wasn't much worried, because if they cut off my head they must naturally take the ear-ache too.

Preparations.

"I've glad news for you, Mr. Itis. Dr. Scalpel will operate to-morrow."

"Well, it suits me, if he remove this cause of exquisite suffering from the ears."

"Have you ever taken ether before?"

"No, but I have read quite extensively about ether waves." Here, Miss Sloans almost swallowed her epigolottis in an effort to suppress an unruly giggle; though I could never tell why. Well, to-morrow was Sunday. When it dawned, there was no church for me. It was January 28th, but felt to me like August 15th. The little animal with the silver backbone that they ram beneath the tongue or jam into the armpit scored .103 without coaxing

"Good morning, Mr. Itis. How are you to-day?"

"Oh, swell, Miss Sloans; but why the Gillette? I did not know that you shave."

"Yes, once in a while," she said, as she slapped some soft soap about my head and ears. "You see, I must remove the thatch from the region for the incision. Have no fear, I've done this before."

After about a minute, I was glad she had told me. "Nurse, if I'm—ouch!—not too inquisitive, what profession did your father follow?"

"That razor—WOW!—works like an eyebrow plucker."

"Oh, no offensive whatever, Mr. Itis, my dad was a cloth-cutter."

"Well, you certainly do take after him. Kindly lend me that razor. Just you map out our course on the globe there, and get our line of limitation."

I shaved my head above the ears to the required distance, then accidentally on purpose crippled the razor to save some patient less robust than I a nervous break-up. "That's too bad," regretfully.

"No harm done. I think Sears & Roebuck sent us another sample set of their latest Juliet razor. Now, we'll just slip you into these ether socks."

"Socks, or sacks? It looks to me like preparations for a bag-race with the crutch-climber in the next flat." Then came the ether jacket. I think the inventor later evolved from this article the Whirl-Serious-Chess-Pertector, a device employed by catchers

to protect them in the event of a man's striking out in the ninth with three on, two down, score tied.

Going Under.

A ring at the telephone: "Hurry No. XYZ to the operating room." Miss Sloans waltzed in with a large overgrown tray having two central wheels and one hind leg.

"All aboard, Mr. Itis."

I stepped aboard, to be sure, but I chose the wrong end of this harmless looking vehicle, i. e., the end without a leg. It got all fussed up, acted like a coal-chute, and made me do a Ty Cobb scissors-slide into the opposite corner of the bunk. However, there must have been three down; I heard no cheers from the stands.

Without further mishap, we arrived in the nonsensicalizing-room. Here, I was directed to transfer to another table sufficiently like the one I was on to be its twin uncle. The new one was triple-jointed and could be bent into different shapes.

"Tie his hands, Miss Binder, please."

"Oh, that's all right, Nurse, I do not walk much in my sleep."

"It isn't that," said she, smearing some axle-grease about my food-and-air intake; "you see, you might get sea-sick and roll overboard." Before my meat-hooks were manacled, she clapped a truncated funnel affair over my nose, directing me to "Take a deep breath and blow it away." The "it" that came across was an odor, at once stifling and gagging. Nurse had to side step sort of rapid to evade the now flying funnel, while I came up for oxygen. Prior to a second attempt, my hands were strapped, a nurse took care of each knee, an orderly parked upon my chest, and another took a toe-hold upon my chin. I had to inhale the anaesthetic now, whether I liked to or not. Soon, there crept over me a sensation of floating, a powerlessness of movement, with a steady bzzz, bzzz, bzzz, in my ears or head; then (as the Hebrew declared when the Harp hit him with some Irish confetti), that's all I remember.

Coming Out.

"Oh, Tony, quit spinning the barber chair! I'm as dizzy as a drunk now."

"Oh—oh—oh! Can't someone lift this locomotive from my head? Hee-hee-haw-haw that was a funny one! Two angels were fencing, and one poked the fence in the other's eye. Oi!

my poor stomach feels like an over-crowded ice-cream churn. Water! Water!"

"No water just now, John. Wait a bit."

"My weight, you say? Three-ten-and-a-quarter in my ether socks; Toledo Scales, no springs guaranteed. Water! Water! Water!"

"Water would sicken you. Be patient."

"Yes, Mrs. Wilson. I'm a patient. How's the President? Why I had hardening of the appetite. You don't say! Ha-ha-ho-ho-oh-oh! Won't someone help me off with this head-gear? The head linesman just kicked me for a goal."

"Sh! That's your bandage, John. You are not playing football. You are back in XYZ. Don't you know me?"

"Oh, hello," said I faintly, as I recognized the nurse. There was also one there whom I had not seen before. She was a Grad-nurse in white livery, with the whites of two eggs beaten to a stand-still, and perched on her head. They were held captive by a gem-studded, non-skid hat pin. This was Miss Wachya May Callum.

"Water!" as I reached for a vase of Japanese Pantries that was on my table. I never reached them, however, as the nurse had them vanish rather rapidly.

"Here, drink this slowly," as I was helped to a *teaspoonful* of water.

"Gee, your generous. A fish would stand a poor chance after an operation."

"That's quite enough for the first."

"Enough! Why, I could drink so much that you would hear a splash when I swallow the next calomel pill."

Another Si McDermick, and I was asleep.

.

"Water! Water! What's this?"

"Here's the water, take to it slowly. Why, those are ice-caps we have applied to your ears."

"Yes, I see. Ice-caps on the outside, and a flat jazz band on the inside. What time, please?"

"2:05, Mr. Itis. Why? Hungry?"

"Ugh! Do not mention food to me, please. Just let me alone. I'm drenched with perspiration. Won't you please page another outfit, and then recommend this one to the nearest clothes line? Ye gods! for a glass of cold orangeade, I'd give my brand new shave-while-you-wait outfit, my girl's latest gift

to me. I believe that I have imbibed enough of that ether to rock a day-nursery to sleep."

"Oh, that will pass off, Sheik."

"Sheik! What do you mean?"

"Well, take a glance into that mirror, and see what I mean."

"Yes, with that endless B & B or J & J bandage for a turban, and two rubber thermos bottles to serve as ear-rings, I am some sheik." The sickness did pass off. Then came pills, powders, and solutions. Sometimes, there was served the sick man's sandwich: orange juice, castor oil, orange juice.

Treatment.

"Well, how's the head to-day?"

"Fine, doctor, I'll bring it up if you want to inspect it."

"Yes, sit up. We'll take a look."

I gently gathered my head in my hands, and rose to a sitting posture with no little difficulty. The bandage was removed with a clip of the scissors; the surgeon took out the packing from each ear.

"Does it hurt?"

"Well, I enjoy a good joke much better; but, go ahead. Where did you keep all that gauze that you are unpacking? A fellow once told me—OUCH!—that if heads were made to fit Panamas, I could pull a peanut-shell down over my ears. I know he was wrong. Did you see anything of brains while you were working around that region?"

"No. You see, that is just the trouble, there is no microscope in the operating equipment."

"The reason I asked is this: that same flip guy informed one of my friends that if brains were belts, I could not support a Jersey mosquito's geans."

"He was just jollyng you, Mr. Itis. Any appetite to-day?"

"Appetite, yes. But, no desire to eat. You see, my maxillary is rheumatic; my neck is stiff and sore, and my head is suffering from Merry-Go-Round. I eat ice-cream by inhalation."

"Well, you'll improve," assured he, steeping a cotton-tipped applicator in silver nitrate, and probing my tunnels *DE TÊTE* with vigor.

"Oi! dat boins, toctor."

"We have to do it, son. You will feel better, now."

Visitors and News.

"Someone to see you, Mr. Itis."

"I thought that I had requested a 'No Visitor' sign for this afternoon."

"Yes, but that was your error. The correct thing would have been: 'All Welcome'. Human nature, you know, John."

"Yes. I don't know. Direct the delegation herein, *silver plate*."

"Don't get fresh. My name is *Sloans*."

"Well, who said it wasn't? 'Silver plate' is French for: 'If you don't mind.' How very stupid (beneath my breath, of course)!"

The customary, "Oh, dear, how you must have suffered—poor thing—doesn't he look white?—do you feel very pale?" etc.

"That is my chief worry; am I sick?"

"Well, from a secret source, I learned that you were in danger of death for about five days. You see, should the infection have traveled towards the head, possibly you would have succumbed to death by water on the brain; whereas, if it had found its way to the spine, death would have set in as a result of *spidermansitis*."

"What's that?"

"I don't know exactly; I think it's a disease of the spine, wherein the latter becomes over-spread with a web-work of infection. That's how you get the spider in the disease, I think. By the way, here is a letter bearing a Philly postmark."

"Ah, news from home. Read it, will you, please?"

Dear bruther John—Me an' another kid had the most slickes' feed one day las' week. We was cadyin' fer the Open air Gulf klub, an' we gotta setout cause one of the members—a big, lanky guy with only one arm—made the firs' 6 holz in one each. Y'autta been their. We had soup firs'—I think it was cald sockt turtel or somethin' to that affect. The name di'nt make no difrns t'me. They had the swelles' band, but I couldint hear any of the pieces they surrendered until Jim higgins finished his sockt turtel. Then, we had a lotta other stuff all served up in difrent corsets—I think that's what the eats program said—I can't read well jus' yet, John—smasht petates, sparethegrass, strung peas or grean beans, which ever y'likt the bes', an' a hole lotta other stuff what I can't spell. Sorry y'wernt there. It was great, speshly the strawburys. Gee, them was the oysters ear-rings—all covered with skinned milk—no, it was likt cream, that was it. I'm permoted to the furst graid, but I din't go t' school at all the nex' day after the feest. We all hope you're getin' long awright at colege, an' that y'll soon come home on vacashun. There's a big guy round r corner what's always pickin' on us little kids.

Love from muther—sis—me an' dad. Lew.

"Sweet little pal! I must keep the letter close to my heart. but the contents thereof far from my stomach. Last summer when I was at home, mother was almost frantic one day; the kid ate so much of Pillsbury or Kelly Hogg's bran that his whole body broke out in freckles. I hope he got over it fully. Just drop the kid a line, Mae, to let him know that I am delighted with his first effort at journalism; but can't answer just now, as I have stepped on my thumb, and correspondents' cramp has set in."

"Surely, I'll do that for you; and now, is there anything that you want?"

"No, I think not. Let's see—you might peddle me two of those Eskimo pies; not to eat, of course, but they would be so much more becoming than these dangling and perspiring ice-caps. So long."

A 'Side' Issue.

"O! O! O! Holy smokes! Ou! Ou!"

"Well, what's the matter, now?"

"O! Great guns! I can't breathe, Miss O! O! Sloans When—I—do, it feels as if I had swallowed a knife—feet—first—it hurts my side and kid-kid-kidney awful."

"Well, to moan and groan like that does not help any. Try to stop for the sake of the other patients."

"I WOW—will—OUCH—tr-tr-try. Kindly send me the nun."

The sister (one of those most unselfish of creatures who devote all that they have to the glory of God in serving the sick, from seven in the morning until ten at night) divined the trouble at once.

"It pains most severely when you inhale, doesn't it, John?"

"Yes, Sister."

"Some adhesive tape, Miss Sloans, please. Hurry."

"Now, indicate the exact spot; and when I tell you, exhale your breath to the limit."

"Let—UGH—me see. Right—there, Sister."

"Are you sure?"

"No, Sister, I'm *certain*."

This angel-like nun, with the skill of a surgeon and the tenderness of a mother proceeded to strap me with tape. The effect was immediate. I heaved a deep sigh of relief and relaxed my whole body in exhaustion.

"Oh, that's wonderful, Sister. God bless you. If any of the patients on this floor wants to know what was the trouble, just

say that it was nothing serious; the firemen got the blaze under control without much difficulty. What was up; did I swallow a cross-cut saw, or a grappling-hook?"

"No. You have a simple case of pleurisy."

Well, if this is *simple*, excuse me from the compound and the complex kind. Good-night, Sister."

"Good-night. I shall prescribe a hot-water bag to insure a little rest."

"Thank you very much, Sister."

She was there in filling her said prescription. Along with it and a dose of codine, I fell asleep. From here on, the old packing was removed from the ears daily, and a fresh supply poked in. Gradually, the amount lessened as the incision healed from the interior, little by little. Shaving had been out of the question for many days, so that I now presented to the on-looker the appearance of a very-much-peeved porcupine. When the barber did operate, it felt like a bad job in dentistry.

Sick Man's Slant.

"What are you doing parading the corridors at this hour of the night? Why, it's 12:15. Return to your room, and turn in."

"That is useless, nurse; I am in agony from the hop-step-and-jump of these ears. It is not from the incision, but from the outer-ear that I have the excruciating pain."

Here, objects began to come at me with a rush, and yet, become more dim. I was taking on a peculiar slant, too.

"Watch him while I get some acrobatic spirits of that pneumonia patient," is what I think I heard off in the distance. "Here, drink this, and you will feel better. To-morrow you must inform the surgeon of that pain in the left ear."

"Well, I do not experience it during the day when my mind and imagination are otherwise occupied; it is only in the dark and quiet of the long night. I cannot sleep, of course. What was wrong; did I faint or throw a stand-up-fit?"

"Never mind, take this capsule, and go to sleep."

A Bug in His Ear.

"Doctor, the night-nurse directed me to inform you of a severe pain which I experience in one of my ears during the night only. It seems to be just inside the lobe of the left one."

"Let's have a look; maybe it's a bug."

The reflector on his forehead focused a spot of light upon the painful region.

"Right there, (indicating with a thrust of a steel applicator), isn't it?"

"Yes!" punctuated with a leap into the surrounding atmosphere.

"A knife, some anaesthetic, and we'll cut that boil. I think he will get some ease. Steady his head, please."

As the dope applied had not had sufficient time to benumb the nerves, I leave the sensation of this operation to those who have had to sit or be held down through it. In life, there are moments much more pleasant. I had toddled down to the dressing-room; but I got a nice ride back. Dinner was partaken of in a walking posture; after this, I took to bed exhausted, trembling like a dish of very successful raspberry jello in a rapidly-moving B. & O. freight-caboose.

On the Incline.

"If you feel stronger, you might benefit yourself by moving about a bit, Mr. Itis."

It afforded me much pleasure to visit the children's ward to try to amuse the little sufferers for whom Mother Nature shows such predilection in knitting bones or healing incisions much more rapidly than in the cases of adults. Then, too, they are care-free; all have clean and clear consciences, two factors which go far in the way of building health anew. I visited the morgue on the quiet. Of course, 'tis a poor place whither to repair if one is seeking life. Yet, (did it ever strike you?) there is nothing so close to life as death itself.

"While man is *growing*, life is in *decrease*;

And *cradles* rock us nearer to the *tomb*.

Our *birth* is nothing but our *death* begun."

"Open one of the boxes," directed my guide, I think that there are no corpses in just now."

"The *Think* was not sufficiently reassuring for John's credibilliy, so he declined the honor with gentlemanly deference to the *weaker* sex. The nurse gingerly opened one of the boxes; saw that it was empty; then, stepped back in triumph for my approach or reproach; I don't know which. There is on the inside a sliding tray on which the body is placed and pushed into the "cooler". On a slip of paper that had been left, I saw the name, age, address, disease or cause of death, and the name of the physician that had been in attendance upon the patient while he enjoyed the inhaling of Pittsburgh soot. He had "passed out" during that day.

Visitors Again.

"Come right in, Father. I am delighted to see you. I know that you must have a letter from home; and then, too, I heard that you were present all during the operation. I want to hear all about it from an eye witness. Congratulations on your courage. I think that the starch would have left my knees after the first few moments."

"Well, I wasn't anxious to exchange places with you, at that. It was very shocking, to you particularly. The surgeon made an incision behind the ear. The skin was then fastened back with some clasp affairs; then, he chose a hammer and a chisel, and proceeded to bang away at your skull until he had effected an exit for the infection which had no other safe avenue of escape. After some working around, they packed, sewed, and bandaged the unkindly-kind cuts. Allowing about forty-five minutes for each ear, you took up an hour-and-a-half of the doctor's time."

"And, I suppose, I was perfectly at peace?"

"By no means! You gave them to understand that to have the skull trepanned is a touchy operation, even tho' the patient is supposed to be asleep."

"Trepanned, is that what they call it?"

"Well, not exactly, but it will do."

"I ask for a reason. I saw an operation on a skull once. In a community in Philadelphia, there was a large, weighty, female follower of Cham. She was cook. Another Chamite stranger found himself with very pinched belt-line one day, so he entered the house and gum-shoed his way into the kitchen in quest of chicken, steak, chops, or any other victuals that might be seeking a home. The ebony-colored queen of this hot-dogdom spied him, crept up, and FRYIN'-PANNED his skull. The operation was quite different from mine. He showed all signs of a calm resignation to sleep for several half-hours. So trepanning and fryin'-panning are quite distinct, at least, in effect.

Exit—Six Weeks Later.

"Here is your release, Mr. Itis. Present it to the nun-in-charge; she will give it back for presentation at the main office. Return in three or four days. Take care that you do not contract cold."

"Thank you, doctor. I'll be careful."

* * * * *

"Well, Miss Sloans, I graduate to-day. Doctor discharged me this morning."

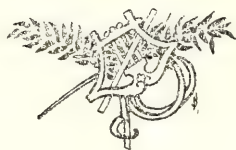
"Rather sorry to hear it. That's too bad."

"Exactly what the woman said when she opened a dozen of strictly fresh eggs; but I am glad. You see, I may be keeping someone out of a bed; and I do not like to be selfish, don't you know."

"Self-sacrifice; very heroic, Mr. Itis. Well, what will you do now?"

"Why, I shall have to pray and plug (lay stress on the plug) that I may make up for and pass successfully the coming examinations. I hope to graduate this year. I suppose, then, I shall marry. In order that I may not forget this little episode, I shall christen my first son, Master Mastoid Itis.

J. A., '24.



Development of the Law.*

THOSE of us to whom it has occurred to consider our laws as a whole are impressed with their almost infinite number and variety, affecting every relation of life in a civilization, the complexity of which far surpasses the wildest dreams of our ancient ancestors.

The growth and development of this system of law is one phase of a social evolution which has progressed slowly and patiently, ever onward and upward, for thousands of years. The inspiration, the main-spring, of this progress has been the wants and fears of men, from the simple needs and sudden dangers in the lives of our barbarian ancestors to all the manifold desires and ambitions that urge us on to-day.

For the purpose of briefly sketching the development of the law from its inception, it may not be too bold a speculation to imagine a state of life when not even the family relation, as we know it to-day, existed. Let us watch one of our ancestors, long before the dawn of the old stone age, living apart from his

* Lawyer's Oration, June 19, 1923.

fellows, moving from place to place, appropriating to his own needs anything he may choose. He knows no law but nature's. The man moves slowly down the centuries. At last we see him join his fellowmen and then for mutual protection and the preservation of harmony it becomes necessary that they must not kill nor maim one another, nor disturb another in his possessions.

For a long time possession was the only property right which was recognized, but it is inherent in man to desire the fruits of his own toil, or at least some recompense therefor, and as tribes and then nations became organized, this desire for protection of person and property took the form of definite laws, most of which, however, were punitive in their nature. They looked upon every infraction of these laws primarily, as an offense against the state. It had not occurred to them to award damages to the individual who was wronged. This step was long in coming, but it could not be indefinitely postponed, because it followed inevitably the development of commerce and trade.

Some men, endowed with a more acquisitive nature than others, amassed great wealth and employed their less fortunate fellows for the purpose of increasing that wealth. From this relation of master and servant or employer and employe grew the law defining their rights and liabilities.

We are sometimes apt to consider as a natural prerogative our right to appoint those who shall have our property after death, but it is not a natural right, nor do heirs have any natural right to succeed to the estate of their ancestor. In ancient times there were no wills and when one was called to relinquish his hold on material things, the next man that took possession had a better right than any other. But man grew in his desire to provide for his children, and it was conducive to industry and good citizenship that he be allowed to lighten their burden after he was gone. So grew the law of decedent's estates, the law of wills and laws governing descent and distribution of property.

In the early days, contracts as we know them to-day, had no place in the law. A promise, even for a valuable consideration, gave the promisee no rights, and it was only after a long time and slowly, step by step, that this important branch of the law was developed to its present state.

Local resources could not long provide for the needs of rapidly expanding populations in towns and villages and commerce with far-off lands and peoples grew apace. For safety and convenience bills of exchange were introduced, and then began

the development of our law of negotiable instruments such as checks and promissory notes.

And all this time man was burrowing into the earth, gazing starward and experimenting with the elements. As one result of this energetic curiosity mining became a great industry. But if one man owns the surface and another the minerals under a tract of land, it is obvious that they may conflict in the enjoyment of their respective rights, so the law was called upon to regulate and harmonize a new relation.

The invention of numerous labor saving machines was followed by the expansion of manufacturing, and great industrial corporations were organized to carry on the work that had grown beyond the capacity of the individual. Then was developed a new and important field of the law. The rights and duties of stockholders, directors, creditors, and the state or nation had to be defined with respect to the corporation and to one another.

Among these corporations were railroad and canal companies and other common carriers who owed particular duties to their patrons and to the public as a whole. The advent of these public service companies still further widened the rapidly growing field of law.

And now have come the telegraph and telephone, apartment houses, the aeroplane and the radio, each of which has or will have the effect of adding to our already huge volume of legal lore. But the volume of our laws need give us no concern if each comes into being to answer a real need.

The continued development of our political, industrial and social life will further expand the body of the law, but if we follow in the foot-steps of those who have gone before and turn to the solution of each new problem with the same unfaltering determination to seek justice and the truth we shall move steadily onward to that ideal day when each shall move among his fellows in obedience to that single great command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Herbert Allen Kenan, '23.



The Ninth Crusade.

ALLOW me to take you back for a few moments to a period in Medieval Times, often misnamed the Dark Ages. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries much unrest was witnessed on the Continent, due to political conditions. The feudal element was asserting itself in governmental control, while in opposition we find the towns striving to attain supremacy. The pendulum of balance of power was continually swinging back and forth, slowly ticking grievances that gave rise to disputes. The Church and State found themselves in entanglements which eventually brought about separation. Nations were turning to materialism. The Church, in striving to overcome this decline of man, had to neglect those distant possessions which soon slipped from her grasp. The scenes of the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Our Lord had always been the cherished goal of pilgrimages. Undaunted by the hardships of the long journey, and their ignorance of countries and languages, thousands set out from all parts of Western Europe. But when the Pagan Turk seized these Holy Lands these pilgrimages were merely long marches to one's death. Thousands continued to set out, but they returned in units of tens, rarely hundreds, to spread the tale of miseries they had witnessed.

Pope Gregory VII. was the first to conceive the idea of a military expedition for the purpose of ending both the degradation of the Holy Land and the sufferings of the Christians, but it was left to his successor, Urban II., to preach the first Crusade. His eloquence rallied the nations around the cross and everywhere was heard the battle cry, "God wills it." The medieval knight, clad in armour, with the shield and lance for weapons, and doubly guarded with cross about his neck, marched on through strange and savage countries. For two hundred years army upon army of pious volunteers traveled to far distant lands, underwent incredible hardships and faced an almost certain death, from the noblest and most unselfish motives. During this time eight successive Crusades have been undertaken.

The sun has risen in the east and set in the west many a day since the last knight removed his armour and laid aside his shield in some medieval sanctuary as a token of his courage and love. Once again we find man in the clutches of materialism, bringing the consequent depression of zeal in the Church. We find those distant people, who have yet to bask in the sunlight of Faith, suffering from our worldliness. Nations are divided against themselves and kingdom has risen against kingdom. Our own beloved country alone offers solace to all the world's suffering.

Here within our own shores we find the Ninth Crusade being organized. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has taken form to combat this spirit of materialism and to restore an interest in our pagan brethren. From north to south and from Atlantic to Pacific our Catholic colleges are ringing with the cry "God wills it." Students are assembling around the cross as did the bold knight of old, ready to advance to tell of heathen countries and of their inhabitants. Unlike the medieval crusader the students are not clad in armour, nor do they bear the shield and the lance, but they have adopted his chivalry, his courageousness, and his faith. The weapon of the Ninth Crusade is education. Man only acts after the intellect presents truth to the will, hence the need of placing before the youthful student the missionary conditions of the Church. Missionary activities and the need of more are given to him by the methods of modern education. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is not an organization to foster vocations to a missionary life, nor is it a society of lay missionaries. Its fundamental purpose is to educate, to tell the student the truth concerning the real activity of the Church. The budding youth of to-day will in the future be the motive power which shall turn the machinery of Catholicity, and only so much force can it give as has been potentially stored in early life. Just five years ago with a handful of students as a nucleus, the constitution and by-laws were drawn up and a few scattered units were found. Since then the movement has grown with such rapidity that hundreds of thousands are leagued with a common end in view. Everyone is trying to learn more of the missions; everyone is trying to aid them as much as he can. So in future years the Crusade will give to some the zeal and the courage to labor in foreign fields, while those who have long since graduated, and will be enjoying the fruits of success, will give financial aid to God's work.

But there is a far greater crusade, which each and everyone who holds this world as a habitat must fight. It commenced back in the distant past when God first made man. It is the Crusade of Life. Every young man sooner or later must enroll himself as a crusader in the battle of life. In every fray there must be those who lead, and what else may we consider graduation than the sending of young men into life's battle to be leaders of others. Four years ago the graduates of to-day started to prepare for their station in the ranks. They selected Duquesne University, because in the field of learning she holds first place, for she offers that without which all schooling is

merely superficial, namely a Christian education. They selected Duquesne because yearly she has sent from her portals men who have proven the best leaders, and whom all citizens revere with civic pride. They entered the hallowed halls of the University with a faith in all she had to offer, and with a hope that she would give to them what she had given to others. But as the days passed on and months gave way to years that faith and that hope gave way to a nobler and more sublime virtue, namely love. They learned to love that school which one day would crown them with success.

To-day, fellow-graduates, she gives to us the insignia of our rank in life. The commission with which we are endowed of necessity places us in separate lines of battle. But as you fight your cause, often recall those happy days spent at Duquesne. Recall those friendships made while training for life's battle. And as you struggle ever be true to the banner under which you have labored during the past four years, the red and the blue. Always stand for the ideals she has imparted to you. Ever know that there is a host of other men who have proven loyal; men for whom no shore was so distant to remain unexplored, and for whom no race was so savage as to hold fears. Be true to the flag under which you have lived, reflect upon the stripes of sacrifice nestled with those of pure love. In union there is strength, as is symbolized by the cluster of stars in a field of blue. Then, too, ever be true to the cross. Always have him for a model whose figure is found thereon. Lawyer, fight for justice as He fought for it. You, who hold business degrees, hate the extortioner as He hates him. And you, upon whom have been conferred the arts degrees, love wisdom as He loved it. But fellow-graduates, as we hearken to the bugle calling us into life's struggle we needs must part; part, perhaps, to meet only when we answer the trumpet that taps the end of time. So let us bid each other a fond farewell.

Reverend Fathers, and kind professors, you have trained us well during the past four years. Your long experience has well fitted you for the position you hold. You have been most self-sacrificing in your duty toward us, and have given back a hundred-fold that which you yourselves had imbibed, and we shall feel indebted to you all the days of our life. But as we leave you, most noble educators, know that in 1923 you sent forth men of whom you may be proud; men who shall ever be true to the ideals which you have imparted to them. So kind Fathers, as we go quickly on to face life's work, we bid you all a kind farewell.

Kind friends, it is with joy mingled with sorrow that we appear before you this evening. Joy, because we have now reached the goal of our ambition, and we know you rejoice with us; sorrow, because we must now depart from your midst to up our labors elsewhere. During our college course our appearances before you have been numerous, and most generously have you responded with your applause. And often when the burdens of a student's life bore heavily upon us, we were about to give up in despair, a thought of you ready to give a word of cheer and encouragement, carried us on. But we now come to a word which inevitably enters into the life of everyone; so kind friends, we bid you all farewell,—farewell.

Edward J. Caye, '23



The Necessity of a Business Education.*

APPROXIMATELY twelve years ago, I arrived at "Decision Point", that period of life when one begins to give serious thought to the selection of a life profession. My father suggested a business education which did not exactly meet my approval for I was inclined to pursue a legal course. After much deliberation I decided to pursue the profession selected by him, go to the city and become an accountant. Upon arrival in the city, I found my business college training sufficient to function as a clerk, but I soon realized it would require many years of practical experience in connection with my business college training to be thoroughly familiar with the many complexities of business of our modern age. I arrived at another "Decision Point" to decide whether to acquire the training necessary by years of practical experience or re-enter the University School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, and eliminate ten or fifteen years of practical experience.

* Oration delivered at Commencement, June 19, 1923, by J. Lee Owens, School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

My five years of University training have enabled me to perform duties with ease in competing with men who have had fifteen years of practical experience; have broadened the circle of existence; have provided a wider comprehension of society and life, and have increased my earning capacity approximately 400 per cent.

Positions of responsibility require intelligence with accurate and rapid thought,—powers that broad education alone can give, for business under modern conditions means vastly more than mere routine of office work. One needs only to glance over the schedule of courses to note how our universities are meeting the demands of the modern business conditions with instruction mainly by practical men who are engaged with the line of work on which they lecture.

Walk the streets of a modern city and what do we see? Stores, offices, manufactories crowded with men and women, and all actively at work, automobiles and trucks fill the streets, streams of people pass along the sidewalks, all in a hurry, nearly all intent on buying or selling, everywhere bustle, rush, noise and labor. A city is a hive of industry. Now all this is business. The great bulk of people in any city are in one shape or another dependent directly on business for a livelihood and every man is to some extent a business man.

Business is international in scope and a business man must know the anatomy as well as the psychology of industrial society. In a peculiar manner, recent events have given new significance, for the United States has assumed new responsibilities and allied herself with new interests and schools of commerce are made necessary by enlarged commercial operations and by the demands of our public service.

A business education is necessary, because, that conditions are rapidly changing, because more efficiency is required in less time, and each year brings forth changes in our industrial world with which we must grapple new problems which we must solve. Let us consider two great changes in the industrial world during the last five years:

FIRST. The Income Tax Laws—These laws require men trained in the science of accounts and business law. The burden rests upon the accounting profession. The solution of the many problems requiring a broad education has been worked out by them. They are prepared to meet the emergency, and I feel confident that you will agree with me that the legal profession is

unprepared to satisfactorily prepare the forms required by the Income Tax Law.

SECOND: The large mergers, reorganizations, re-financing for large undertakings during the past few years. To whom must we give the credit? The man skilled in the science of accounts and corporation finance of course.

The men at the helm of the large corporations and those practicing public accounting are skilled in accounts and finance, and must have a working knowledge of many other subjects. The many branches of business requiring extensive and exact knowledge, deserve to be called in every sense of the words, liberal and learned professions.

Perhaps your friend, who is a physician or a lawyer, says: "No I am a professional man. My neighbor who is president of a corporation is a business man, but I am not." He is both right and wrong. Is he practicing merely from benevolence or for amusement? or in order to add to his scientific knowledge? He may have all these objects; but if he is a good doctor or lawyer, he charges round fees and takes pains to collect them. He is not alone in that respect. The accountant does likewise. He analyzes, advises, and prescribes for the business. That is his life's work for the attainment of his livelihood the same as the doctor or the lawyer, who follows another avenue which is a part of the human activity in which money getting or money keeping is an element. Thus, you see, a business falls little short in being as broad as all science in its technique.

Our universities to-day provide a scientific training in the structure and organization of modern industry and commerce suitable the needs of a 20th century American Citizenship.



The Sunbeam.

A ladder from the Land of Light,
I rest upon the sod,
Whence dewy angels of the night
Climb back again to God.

Father Tabb.



“Quantum Mutatus”.

THE recent copious celebration of the Knights Templar, held in Pittsburgh, roused much sentiment in the witnesses,—in the non-Catholics, a feeling of pride as picturesque and, for them, awe-inspiring processions and other activities; in the Catholics, a feeling of aversion towards these bigots and usurpers of the sign of true Christianity, the Cross.

This convention of Knights tended to arouse curiosity as to the origin of the Order. The Knights Templars, the earliest of the military orders of the twelfth century was founded in 1118 by Hugues de Payens and eight companions who pledged themselves to protect the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem against the Mohammedans. The name originated from their first place of abode which was a part of the palace near the Temple. After the organization of the Order, Payens went west to seek recruits and to obtain the approval of the Church. At the Council of Troyes, he, in the name of the Knights, adopted the rule of St. Benedict and the white habit of the Cistercians, to which he added a red cross. This journey proved very fruitful to the Knights for men literally flocked to join the Order.

The Order became very popular over the whole of Europe. The Pope took it under his own special protection and released it from all duties to other authorities; he also merged the property of the Knights and thereby made it untaxable. This provision was the origin of many quarrels with the clergy, for as the property of the Templars increased, the revenues of the various churches diminished and these parishes found it difficult to exist.

Besides these privileges received from the Pope, the Knights also were awarded large benefits from the temporal sovereigns of Europe. The Order was allowed to build castles and to maintain strongholds in every state. Indeed, it (Order) became so financially powerful that it was able to grant loans to the smaller powers, and at times practically controlled these governments.

But this wealth did not prevent the Knights from fulfilling their vows with regard to Jerusalem. They were almost constantly at war, and for this reason the number of members was kept from increasing. This very fact tended towards the de-

gradation of the Order. For to secure the sadly-needed recruits, even ex-communicants were admitted to the Order, provided the applicants showed a desire to do penance for their sins by fighting the Turks.

To prove the sincerity of these recruits, certain rites were practiced in the utmost secrecy. This practice gave rise to many accusations which were the immediate cause of the downfall of the Organization. The chief accuser was Philipp the Fair. The Prince volunteered to attempt an amalgamation of the various military orders for the purpose of stopping the financial rivalry existing between them. To carry out this work, Philipp needed men and money which he tried to get from the Templars. Acting on a questionable revelation, he secured the aid of the Holy See to prosecute the Knights on the charge of secret, corrupt and heretical practices. The Prince made a preliminary examination of certain members, and he ordered all the others to be arrested on the same day, October 13, 1307. Since the accused could only be condemned on the strength of their own confessions, Philip used torture—a practice of the age—to obtain admissions of crime from them. Many of these confessions were false, but they served to arouse the suspicion of Pope Clement who, after having stopped the investigation, later allowed it to proceed.

During these examinations much of the cruelty of the times was brought to the fore. If a Knight confessed his guilt, the clergy tried to reconcile him to the Church, imposing penances on him; but if after he admitted his guilt he then recanted, he was looked upon as a relapsed heretic and was burned at the stake. Such was the case of the head of the Order. After the various episcopal trials were completed the Order was examined by a Papal commission. Molay, the grand master, was put on a platform before the Notre Dame Cathedral and was, there, to publicly confess his guilt. But he, becoming courageous, denied his formal admissions and declared the Templars innocent. He was therefore handed over to the Civil authorities and was burned at the order of Philip.

At the outcome of the trial the Pope declared the order dissolved, March 22, 1312. The innocent members were allowed either to join another order or to retire to private life where they received a pension.

This was the tragic end of the once wealthy, valiant and even Holy Order of Knights Templars; it was also, in a way, the beginning of an order, self-named the Knights Templars. It is like the original, a secret society, so not much is known about

the requirements of its members. It has for its emblem a cross with the heavenly-sent message, "In hoc signo vinces", and advertises as its aim, the protection of the cross. But what is known about the Organization, is that it has not the approbation of the Church, or rather that it has its (Church) disapproval. This is only natural if one considers that the real Knights Templars no longer exist.

The view that most Catholics of the Order is that it is anti-Catholic. The Templars seem to like the many masonic or "A. P. A." societies that are at present flourishing all over the world.

There were several significant facts made evident by the Pittsburgh concursus. One was the extraordinary manner by which the city catered to the Knights. The celebrants literally had full possession of the town. Decorations and signs were displayed everywhere, even on wires in the middle of the streets; some places of business went so far as to suspend operations during the time of the parade. Every Catholic of the city, undoubtedly thought of this question, would such things be done if a Catholic celebration were held? The question must be answered according to each one's opinion. Another thing brought to the foreground was that: no matter how irreligious a society may be, it seems unable to exist without at least an outward display of Christianity. In the parade the cross was very prominent; every banner except the national emblem bore the sign of the cross and every parader wore crosses on his uniform.

In one sense a parade of Masons to-day is similar to a procession of Knights in the Middle Ages. In medieval times Catholicity was the religion of the world, and it was a common event for a large gathering of the most prominent members of this religion. At present, Masonry seems to be the predominating "religion", and hence it is a common-place occurrence for a crowd of adherents to celebrate.

Norbert J. Schramm, '24.



Education.

EDUCATION is the process of dispelling ignorance. Regardless of whether that education is obtained through the medium of efficient teaching, or by the equally thorough school of experience—the result is, in the main, accumulation of knowledge. The intellectual evolution of the race is reflected in that of the individual. We start from sense knowledge and gradually advance to a higher plane. From the knowledge of things around us we deduce other knowledge. God is the ultimate source of all our knowledge. In the evolution already mentioned, it became natural that certain people should make it their life-work to impart the benefit of their experience and study to those coming up from the younger generation. Thus colleges and universities came into existence.

The Greeks were the originators of the first schools properly so called. The philosophers, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, broke the trails that afterwards broadened into vast avenues of learning and culture. After these hardy pioneers came the poets, artists and historians. Athens became the center of culture of the civilized world. Her schools were crowded to overflowing, and she enjoyed an unparalleled period of prosperity. But Greece, through a dangerous economic policy, was soon reduced to a state of subjection. Her barbarian conquerors destroyed much of her intellectual power. The march of progress pushed westward and Rome began where Athens finished. But the Roman grip was soon weakened and the center of learning shifted once more to Greece. The subsequent invasions, however, interfered greatly, and education lost ground. After the invasion of the Christian world by the Arabs the fires of learning burned low.

The Scholastic movement revived the dying embers and with the advent of such masters as Thomas of Aquin, Bonaventure, Scotus, and Abelard, they were fanned into leaping flames. Philosophy with all its kindred branches was revived and the intellectual brilliancy of the times outdid everything that Greece had done. Never before and never since has the world seen such masters. The University of Paris totally eclipsed that of Athens. Students flocked from all over the then known world and Paris could scarce contain them. For a century the student ruled the French capitol. Her walks and avenues were measured by the slow tread of the philosopher. Side by side walked students from Ireland, Germany, Spain and Greece. This truly was university life.

With the advent of the vast geographical discoveries of the fifteenth century the learning of the scholastics was pushed into

the background and the age of materialism might be truly said to have begun. Men's blood stirred by a desire for wealth and fame forsook the schools and traveled to foreign parts. The intellectual side of man was made subservient to his material side. Culture was forgotten and learning neglected. The lust of gold and adventure had supplanted the nobler desires.

Our schools and universities of to-day are, in a way, a composite. We want to instil learning and culture, but we will not allot the necessary time. We are still very much materialistic. Education is not measured by an intellectual standard, but rather by an economic one. The question is: how is a student going to commercialize his schooling? What is it going to bring him in dollars and cents? It is unfortunate that such sentiments should actuate the student, but we must accept the fact and face the reality. We are living in a super-economic age. Everything is done for utility and expediency. There is no moral or rather formal cause; we have nothing but material causes left, and these material causes are four-fifths final causes. The end in the sight—the goal of achievement—is to succeed in life. All else is inconsequential.

Let us look forward to a future where man will revert to the ideal system of education—learning for learning's sake; where culture is really culture and not a superficial gloss; where materialism loses its hold on humanity and ideal and noble passions will guide and direct him.

Clement M. Strobel, '23



My Star.

Since that the dewdrop holds the star.

The long night through,
Perchance the satellite afar
Reflects the dew.

And while thine image in my heart
Doth steadfast shine;
There, haply, in thy heaven apart
Thou keepest mine.

Father Tabb.

An Ideal World.

THE world, as a world of individuals, hardly knows any term better than the word "ideal", although in an abstract way its true meaning may be beyond the comprehension of the masses. In one sense it is a natural state of affairs, because men, as men, necessarily tend towards good and perfection in the highest degree. The best in everything is their motto, and this is what the term "ideal" really signifies.

Men set up in their creative minds the perfection of their desires,—what they consider most satisfactory in every respect, and call it ideal. We hear them in their daily chats discussing politics with such ardor that their friendly conversation becomes a very heated argument. Each points out the advantages of one form of government in contrast to the defects of another. They say that this form or that is an ideal form of government, and assuredly feel satisfied that their statement of that fact clinches the argument, although each in his own mind's eye has a different ideal government.

Again we see the striving for the ideal clearly shown in the unrest of the times. Everywhere men seek working conditions most agreeable and most profitable. They set up a standard in their minds of what should exist, and what falls below this concept cannot be a perfect realization of the fond pictures etched in their imagination.

Then, too, how often do we speak of an ideal day, and surely when the breezes of spring or summer frolic in the trees, while the sun plays hide and seek among white clouds that float lazily across a blue expanse of heaven; when the birds in their vernal warblings send their calls from field and tree which echo in the distance; and when peaceful solitude, away from the noise and rumble of city life, invites us to tarry awhile and enjoy nature and her gifts;—yes, that is a day of days. It is needless to say that this is the sort of a day that men dream of as satisfying their every wish and corresponding to the pictures drawn in their imagination of what a perfect day should be,—what they mean when they say it is an ideal day—leaving nothing to be desired.

As a matter of fact, since the human race is striving towards God, the One Great Good, and good in general, naturally it desires everything ideal; but this is impossible in our present world. Imperfection in this life is the price of Adam's sin. If everyone had all the good qualities of every other individual combined in himself, it would appear that we would be ideal creatures, and that this would be an ideal world. But suppose each one of us was an ideal statesman knowing how to execute

perfectly the various duties of government; again, consider for the moment, if each person was an ideal business man, and was capable of handling the most intricate problems of the commercial world; and if each one of us poor mortals was a poet, and could paint the most beautiful and imaginative, or sentimental word pictures; or if every person had centered in himself all the perfections conceivable in a human being, each having as much knowledge and capability as his fellowman, would this be an ideal world? The world as it now exists is not an ideal world in the sense that it is perfect. God could have created a better world as easily as this one, because His is infinite power; but in view of its author and its destiny there could not be a better world, because God, the All-Perfect, the All-Wise, the All-Powerful, created this universe from nothing, in order that it might reflect His glory and His infinite perfections. If conditions were ideal in every way, in our estimation, would this be an ideal world? If everyone on our earth was as talented as his neighbor, and to the highest degree imaginable in the human fancy do you think that this would be an ideal place for human habitation? Realize for a moment how dull and common-place life would be for everyone. All individuals would be equal in a moral, physical, and intellectual sense, and as a result ambition would wane and die out. We would be merely existing with no human interest in life, and would be bored with everything and each other. The only thing that keeps us interested to-day is the fact that new occurrences are constantly happening and will continue to take place in the future. Our whole interest centers in something new, something unseen or unexplored,—promise of something out of the ordinary. If ideal conditions as we see them existed in the world living would become a task,—a continuous boredom for this reason, that what one person could accomplish his fellow-men could also accomplish in the same degree of perfection, and no act of his would bear the least semblance of individuality, which in itself serves as an incentive to men in human activities. In last analysis, life would be robbed of all its thrills, and the satisfaction which follows from being accomplished in some worldly attainment. Each one has a natural talent from God or ability for a certain type of work or undertaking, so it is to his advantage to discover that latent gift, and to develop it, as far as he is able, to a greater degree of perfection. It is for this reason that one person is superior to another in the pursuit of a particular branch of the many activities of life, and why the various accomplishments are not given to

each individual, but are distributed among many. Men can appreciate the wonders of nature more in this manner and acquire a more comprehensive knowledge of God's greatness by seeing His power manifested in various ways and through different human agents.

As the world exists in its present state, man has his happiness broken, now and then, by sorrow and pain; his pleasures interspersed with disappointments; besides the talented persons there are those less accomplished, and the so-called dull individuals, but each of these, in his own way glorifies and serves God by discovering the perfections with which he is endowed, and at the same time reflecting in himself the greater perfections of God. Conditions on earth are not as man wishes them to be, nor will they ever be so, because this is an imperfect world,—a world of men, the children of Adam; but considering it, all in all, who can deny that existence here would be monotonous if ideal conditions, as we consider them, were a reality, with nothing to break the even tenor of days and years of peaceful calm. So in taking this view of our erring and imperfect world, I am convinced that this is an ideal world, and I agree with the sentiments of the poet who wrote :

“It is queer how things go by contraries here,
 ’Tis always too cold or too hot,
 And the prizes we miss, you know, always appear
 To be better than those that we’ve got;
 It is always too wet, or too dusty and dry,
 And the land is too rough or too flat,
 There’s nothing that’s perfect beneath the blue sky,
 But
 It’s a pretty good world for all that.

Some people are born but to dig in the soil,
And sweat for the bread that they eat,
While some never learn the hard meaning of toil;
And they live on the things that are sweet;
A few are too sick and a lot are too poor,
And some are too lean or too fat—
Ah, the hardships are many that man must endure,
But
It's a pretty good world for all that.

The man who must think envies them that must be
Ever pounding and digging for men,

And the man with the pick would be happy if he
Might play with the brush or the pen!
All things go by contraries here upon earth,
Life is empty and sterile and flat;
Man begins to complain on the day of his birth,
But
It's a pretty good world for all that."

William E. Boggs, '23.



The Church and Civilization.

IF we were to have the privilege of standing on a Mt. Olympus as did the mythical gods of Ancient Times, and thus behold man in his multitude of relations to civilization, we would thus perceive at a glance the part the Catholic Church has played down through the ages.

Let us for the moment accept Catholic Church to mean the chosen people of God from the earliest days. Among these we find those faculties which make man a rational being in a higher state of perfection than those outside this society. We have the Old Testament couched in the best phraseology that then simple language could supply. We find them constructing temples, the architecture of which could not be excelled. We find them in all simplicity, obeying the most simple code of laws ever promulgated, namely the Ten Commandments. What a contrast is this to our time, when people finding this comprehensive code insufficient, legislate for every need so much so, that the people are burdened with thousands, yes tens-of-thousands of laws. It is among these people we find the standard of morality raised to a high degree. Those who refused to accept the law of the Prophets ravaged and plundered the land. But here we find the Church only in an embryonic state, soon to bud forth in all its true grandeur.

Christ, with his Apostles as a nucleus, gave His Church a foundation of stability that was never once to be shaken; it was to be the Rock of Ages. When he breathed upon them the grace of God, and later sent the spirit of truth and holiness he formed a society that was to last even until the end of time. What has this meant to civilization?

Were we to view merely the literary influence the Church

has had upon the world, we would, indeed, find a wealth of material worthy of note. The very words of Christ were written in the most pleasing and most simple style. Who would seek reading of more literary merit than the beautiful pen pictures of Luke. The early Fathers of the Church adopted a standard of writing that was well nigh perfection. The subsequent authors, who found an inspiration in the Church, gave literary gems to the world. The magnificent edifices are sufficient to show how she aided architecture, but this is made more noteworthy when we consider that the monk of former times was his own architect. So I may take you through all the fields of knowledge and there in each you would find the Church preeminent. I just need mention the system of Philosophy, which after a process of evolution, culminated in Scholasticism.

In this capacity we do not behold the Catholic Church in her most intimate connection with mankind. Her divine founder founded such a society to be the norm of man's actions, and it is thus we find the Church ever exerting her presence upon the human race. It is she who saved the civilization of the Continent when barbarian hordes let slip the dogs of war and ravaged all the land. It is she who gave morality and impetus when she placed woman in an exalted position. It is she who has determined the relations between master and servant, so that each receives justice. In modern times we find her omnipresence in the curtailing of the intolerance of the workingman. It is she who has emerged unscathed and untainted from the recent World War, for St. Peter's still stands glorious and immortal, even till the consummation of time.

Edward J. Caye, '23.



Photographed.

For years, an ever-shifting shade
The sunshine of thy visage made;
Then, spider-like, the captive caught
In meshes of immortal thought.

E'en so, with half-averted eye,
Day after day I passed thee by,
Till suddenly, a subtler art
Enshrined thee in my heart of heart.

Father Tabb.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Sustained Effort.

THE address of the Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, to the graduates of the University was an eloquent and impressive lesson on the end and necessity of sustained effort. It will be found fittingly as an editorial in our closing issue:

"It is my pleasant duty, on behalf of the administration of Duquesne University, on behalf of the faculties of the various schools, and, I hope, also on your behalf, to congratulate these young men and young women who have finished their course in the institution. Anyone who has achieved what they have achieved deserves sincere congratulations. The difference between success and unsuccess in life is the difference between one man's capacity, and another man's lack of capacity, for great and sustained effort. Almost anyone can begin; those that finish successfully in spite of difficulties and in the face of discouragement, have done a great work well. Such are the graduates of this evening.

"A good deal of thought, a great deal of inventive genius, are devoted nowadays to lessening effort. An astonishing amount of money is expended merely to provide pleasure. A whole philosophy has been built up to rid the world of pain. Yet, wherever men have made progress, wherever men have lifted themselves above their fellows, it was because they sacrificed something that was pleasant, to embrace pain. There are no scholars to-day, there will be no scholars to-morrow, no authorities in law, medicine, theology, business, who will not "live laborious days and shun delights." It is the price we must pay for success. It is true, very oddly true, there is a keen and high pleasure in sacrifice.

"Where men are thrown upon their own resources, and

forced to rely upon themselves, there we discover progress. In the space of forty years, Florence, a little city-state of medieval times, produced more men of genius and more works of genius than any other European town produced in a hundred years. Their own age and every succeeding age acclaimed them superior. It seems to be a law of life that wherever men are absolutely thrown upon their own resources they achieve that degree of development—they produce those rare exploitations that we call genius. If you need a man to manage a great industry, to be a leader in law, in art, in commerce, look into a little group where men are forced by circumstances to develop themselves into experts. In the degree in which they are obliged to depend upon themselves and put forth sustained effort, in that degree will they progress.

“The tendency to-day is more and more to shun effort. People seek to avoid family obligations, social duties, and their legitimate share of civic burdens, because these mean pain, suffering, effort. My advice to the graduates is: not to fear pain, not to seek pleasure, but aim at usefulness. It is true in every walk of life—the man who becomes more and more capable of sustained effort has the key to success. All doors will open to him. The will to work is the open sesame, not only in these modern times but in all times.”



Going Down the Home-Stretch.

EVERY race has a goal. When a runner is within sight of his objective he is then said to be going down the home-stretch. Graduation is the goal-post of all students and student activity. The MONTHLY is a student publication.—*Ergo*.

Looking back over the course that has been run we can be pardoned a justifiable pride. Obstacles have been overcome that might have eliminated even the most hardened runner. We owe a debt of gratitude to those who took care of securing the printing and publishing of the copies. This is a work of great magnitude and requires a thorough knowledge of the publishing game.

The Editorial Staff also extends sincere thanks for the co-operation given by the student body. Just as an athlete needs the urge of the non-playing but enthusiastic “stude” so too a college paper. Fellows we must not stand still, and we dare not

go back. "Onward—sail on—and on." Let us put our publication on a high pedestal. We can do this by keeping our standards high. The greatest master-piece that embraces the maxima of perfection in each individual art was a work of inspiration—and back of the inspiration was a material or visual ideal—a standard. Keep it high.

We are going down the home-stretch. The goal will speedily be obtained. A more gruelling race will be run next year, yet we do not fear the result. Experience gives us confidence, and confidence leads to faith. Our best wishes for next year.

Editorial Staff.



Drifting.

DRIFTING is an aimless or misdirected, or rather undirected wandering, over which we ourselves exert no positive control of will. It is an imperfection to which many of the race of Adam are subject.

The willingness or tendency to drift is a defect that shows the lack of some vital organ or instinct in the drifter's make-up, just as a drifting ship denotes the lack of either a steering apparatus or an efficient navigator, both of which are absolutely necessary to the attainment of the end for which the ship was constructed. No drifter can hope to attain the end for which an all-wise Creator ordained him; neither can he go through life, losing his course, shifting with the winds and tides of time and circumstances, without interrupting and interfering with the course of others. The drifter is not only a mistake of the universal system, he is a menace to its proper functioning.

Insofar as the absence of this power of consistent direction is an imperfection, it follows that all men are more or less affected. All times and all climes are open to infection. Education and illiteracy, learning and ignorance are alike subject to its influence. It makes and breaks men, changes the policy of nations, the history of ages and the geography of the world. It may be classed as a disease and like all these, has its mild and virulent stages, its lighter and its more dangerous forms. Likewise, it has in the same way, in certain times and places, general outbreaks or epidemics.

One of the worst forms of the sickness is the one that affects our political organism. The drifter who drifts or eases through his civil or political duties is a greater danger to the community

than was the most violent outbreak of typhoid or 'flu'. The carelessness of citizens is a more insidious undermining and a more effectual weakening of a race's morale than the most brilliant stroke of inimical arms or diplomacy. A slovenly sense of duty to society, this is, morally a profession of anarchy, a tacit declaration of war on organized social or political systems.

A man who does not think enough of his citizenship, a voter who has not a sufficient sense of his duty and privilege as a participant in the well-being of his community, is a liability to that community. He is a drifter. He is like a chip on the water, no purpose, no goal, no aim. He is worse than an agitator against his government, because an open opponent can be dealt with, where a passive friend is like a pain in an inaccessible spot or, what is perhaps more apt, like an itch where you cannot reach it.

Another very dread form of the drifting sickness is the religious "will-o'-the-wisp", the man who is careless of his duty to his God and to himself. In most cases this is a rather ridiculous infection. The so-called triumph of a mind over the "preposterous rantings of the clerical gentry." It is the tragedy of ignorance and even at the same time it is the "Comedy of Education",—superficial and worldly; the intelligenza who refuses to submit to the doctrines of religion because they cannot understand it; the mental giants who refuse to be confronted by dogma, who cannot insult their intellect by consenting to the confines of the "rigid line" that must be adhered to by a real religion of a real God. It is disgusting yet it is pathetic, much like a railroad train, which confident in its strength and powers, defies the "rigid line" of steel that controls it, and goes careering across the country. It may enjoy the experience for awhile, but it doesn't go far, and what is more important it doesn't reach its destination, therefore it's a drifter.

Chas. V. O'Connor, '24.



A Railroad Engineer.

AS we survey the field of human industry during the term of man's existence and activity (as we see it in the limelight of history) we pause to marvel and esteem those flitting and silhouetted heroes that peopled the realms of Persia, Greece and mighty Rome; and as our eyes rove on to where Christianity began to send its benevolent beams to the desolate

earth, and see the undaunted missionary, and then the gallant chevalier, we cannot but eulogize their deeds and life.

But as our gaze reaches the heyday of industry, and we see it all a servant to the coveted lucre,—all the charms and romance which thrilled and enticed men in the days of yore seem to have fled and yielded their place reluctantly to the pursuit of wealth.

And yet amidst a few of the present occupations of man there lurks a remnant of that ancient quality which refuses to be driven out.

Among the lowly occupations of life, we would say that the begrimed and dusty railroad engineer, so seemingly insignificant, enjoys all the thrills of an early hero. For has he not harnessed a mighty power—an element of nature—as his faithful servant, and must he not exercise the utmost vigilance to keep it in subjection? It obeys his every impulse and whim, and at his imperious command angers the mighty wind whose ascendancy in speed is threatened. What mental exultation does he feel as that mass of steel races over the rail and wind howls mournfully at his side, and hurls invectives at presumptuous man.

But here we also find the sorrow and disaster which stamped itself on every industry—the consequence of an error—either his own or that of his contemporaries. This creature of industry which obeys his every gesture, becomes at the slightest provocation a demon of destruction and bestial rage. The precious burden of lives in the coaches behind weighs, like a mote in your eye on his buoyancy since he knows that the slightest blunder can plunge him and his priceless freight into destruction and undescrivable agony; and the picture of a mass of debris with flames leaping like gruesome spirits, the groans of many people in mortal agony, and the sight of bodies mangled and distorted by death ever haunt his mind.

E. Luba.



Westward.

And dost thou lead him hence with thee

O setting sun,

And leave the shadows all to me

When he is gone ?

Ah, if my grief his guerdon be,

My dark his light,

I count each loss felicity,

And bless the night.

Father Tabb.

Exchanges.

SOUNDING through all the periodicals of the latest issue, there is a note of similarity: "Commencement Number", "Graduation Day", "Commencement Exercises". Yes, another scholastic year has closed. For many of us, as proudly we approach to receive our "Dip", life commences in *earnest*. Our *Alma Mater* has weaned us from the sweet milk of learning, and now we must thrive and develop upon the more solid and substantial food to be plucked from the garden of labor, experience, mistakes. Still, let us ever bear in mind the deep debt of gratitude due to our Fond Mother who has sustained us in youth, and armed us for the battle of life. Good luck to you all, Grads!

The Holy Cross Purple.

Ten victories, one defeat; no mean record, *Sainte Croix*, particularly as some of your opponents unfurl no faded flag in the great pageant of baseball. Let's hear from you in the Fall with similar success on the grid.

Murray's "Playing the Sax" gives us to understand that he has his "What's what's when it comes to an analysis of popular music. Syncopation, another name for it, is nothing more than a removal of the rhythmic beat from its proper place, the first and third beats, to one of the "ands" with a tie, or to the second and fourth whole beats. "Chicago" is characteristic. "Jazz" further embellishes "ragtime" by introducing "blue" harmony. Here is where your Sax shines, I believe. Ragtime rhythm is catchy, and you just "gotta shuffle yer shoe-leather."

The Nazarene.

Congratulations Misses Clarke and Pulskamp! To win a scholarship is no slight indication of intelligence on the part of the honored one. May you benefit by them, as you have profited by the studies that enabled you to acquire these honors.

Fifteen young women who will do their bit in bettering our world either in the capacity of model wives of worthy young men, or as nuns consecrated to the service of God and man in some contemplative or active order of the Church! Success and happiness to you, honorable graduates, in whichever state it shall please God to place you.

We concur heartily in the most beautiful sentiments set forth in "The Sitting Room". There is no doubt about it that the home is the hot-bed of Christ's white lilies and the State's stalwart oaks.

Fleur de Lis.

A tone of seriousness pervades this month's issue. Descartes' Provisional Doubt, Othello, West Point Discipline, Architecture of

Our "College Church", Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra", *Amore Nostri Saucium* are some of the profound studies set forth. Dahm's masterful exposition of the symphony orchestra enlightened us not a little. However, though we believe that the Cornet might be the queen of instruments, to the Pipe Organ alone do we attach the title of King.

Alvernia.

May your beloved Father De Mattia find his reward and rest eternal in the loving arms of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! *R. I. P.*

The "Graduates, God Bless 'Em" tickled us, we can assure you. It was new, original. For instance, we can almost picture your dear confrere and alumnus, J. Reichert. He is most likely, a torch-and-tousled-headed chap (after a game of football) hence, the "Reds". He is, further, "ideosyncractic" in having as hobby, Latin. A Latin hobby and a red-headed hubby form a combination sweet to the palate of any young woman. We might easily reconcile red-headed and "hard", and the "look-me-over" naturally accompanies the Latin hobby, as there are so few contemporary interpreters of the Latin Classics. Long life and a successful career to you, Reds!

Dial.

Well, Mr. Higgins, you certainly struck the head on the nail in claiming that "the individuals who write short stories as easily as we do our daily tasks are few" and fortunate (let me add,) mostly fortunate. Woe is us! We can assert the same of those unfortunates who are placed upon the staff for the Exchanges. They might just as well hire out as thoughtless thinkers, or as Hebrew proof-readers. There is much more opportunity for garnering those precious, golden grains of pig-ore.

As we have had the good fortune to secure and read "Mother Machree", we can endorse your praise of it and the author: "a most valuable addition to the number of our Catholic novels, and it is with expectations of your appreciation that we bring Father Martin Scott, S. J., and his story to your notice."

Do you recall that genius' name, *Dial*, that got the idea of dividing our day into eight hours for work, eight for rest, and another eight for recreation? Well, even though you do not remember, why overlook an account of this last division's doings? Give us an insight into the less serious side of Saint Mary's life through the medium of a few side-splitting, local jokes. It might be added under the caption of "Krazy Kitchen", "Coo Coo Corner", "Just Jokes", or something of that sort. We call ours "Duquesnicula", and we hope that you enjoy its humor, flat and otherwise.

A rollicking and refreshing vacation to all book-worms, and gym-heroes!

J. Aikens, C. S. Sp.

Duquesnicula.

Phenominal.

Teacher: "What do we call that animal with only one sense?"

Studious: "A clam."

Perplexed One: "Well, teacher, my dad ain't even a clam, is he?"

Teacher: "Why, certainly!"

Perplexed: "He can't be; ma says he ain't got no sense at all."

Ambiguous.

Q. "Does your sister play by note or by ear?"

A. "By ear."

Q. "In what keys does she usually play?"

A. "In flat keys."

Similar Sonance.

Neurotic: "Nurse, please have that three-handed dog fight stopped. It is getting on my nerves."

Nurse: "That is not a dog scrap. You hear a tonsil patient gargling his throat."

Between Ticks.

Night Lodger (indignantly): "See here, you assured me that there were no animals aboard these beds."

Proprietor: "Yes, sir. As a rule, there aren't."

Night Lodger: "Well, what do you call that?"

Proprietor: "That is the exception to the rule."

Night Lodger: "And (upon further investigation), how about all these other turtle-shaped parasites?"

Proprietor: "They are the exception's wife and family."

An Old Model.

Aviator (on maiden trip); "Do you want to go up in her, Sam?"

Sam: "No, sah. I'se gwanna 'main right w'ere ah is."

Aviator: "Why, what's the matter?"

Sam: "Dey's a'wright s'long as dey keeps a gwan, but w'en we gits up 'bout fo'teen t'ousan' millemeetems 'bove sea level, she might stop kin'a sudden, an' yoh might 'quest me t' crawl out an' crank 'er up."

Correct At That.

Teacher: "Billy, if you had two dollars and I gave you two more, how many would you have then?"

Billy: "I'd be two in the hole."

Teacher: "How so?"

Billy: "Why, I owe mother six."

Defeat.

Papa of hard-to-fit son: "They say 'tis a feat to fit feet."

Salesman (replacing twenty-first pair of shoes): Yes. Particularly if the customer has a cork leg as a birth-mark."

Exchanges.

"You can push a pen," boasted the *bleistift*, "but a pencil has to be lead."

Said the pool-cue to the favor-seeking safety match: "Go to blazes. I won't work without a tip."

Banana Peel: "You might be bright, Sun, but I've given brighter than you the slip."

Ex Toto Corde.

"Beneath this stone my wife doth lie.

She is at rest, and so am I." (quoted)

Literally Speaking.

"Father," said a man to the young priest that entered the parlor, "I have been violating the laws of the country by bootlegging, and I have come for absolution."

The priest was a very recent immigrant, and could not exactly place bootlegging on the calendar of crimes, so he excused himself to consult his pastor.

"Your reverence, I have a bootlegger waiting down in the parlor, but I do not know what to give him."

"Well," said the pastor thoughtfully, "if it's good, give him \$1.75."

Mike Gets Muddled.

Saint James says: "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." Mike Mahoney is of that opinion, too. When wooing a certain damsel who piqued herself upon her extraordinary attractions, Mike's tongue wrought wreck of his marital skiff right at the very launching. Mike was not much at speeches, so a friend of his, rather adept at after-dinner addresses and love-making, gave him the following formula as preamble to his proposal. This encomium was to be delivered on his knees:

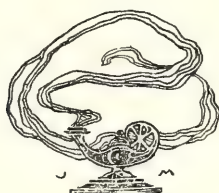
"Ah, my comely Queen, your presence sets my affections all aflame! The vision of your raptuous face sinks into my fluttering heart; and when you smile, how wonderful the symmetry of

those pearls of the deep ! As your ruddy lips touch mine, I feel that your breath has robbed the Roman divinities of their nectar; your tiny, ringing voice, even the nightingales envy; and, ah, what a noble head your raven locks bedeck ! Your shimmering eyes are those of a dove, O Cupid ! ”

After a week of rehearsal, our love-lit Irishman thought himself quite prepared to unburden his memory, so he threw himself upon his knees that sad, Wednesday evening, and began his love-lore thus :

“ Ah, my comedy Queen, your presence makes my affections all lame ! The vision of your ruptured face goes to my flattened head; and when you smile, how wonderful the cemetery after those perils of the deep ! As your muddy lips touch mine, I feel that your breath has robbed the roaming demons of their coal tar; your tinny, ringing voice, even the night gales envy; and, ah, what a noble dome your raving locks bedeck ! Your shimmying eyes are those of a dog, O Stupid ! ”

John Aikens.



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